A Paraphrase UPON THE DIVINE POEMS.

BY

GEORGE SANDYS.

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TO THE

BEST of MEN,

AND

MOST EXCELLENT

OF

Princes,

CHARLES,

BY THE

GRACE of GOD, KING

of *Great-Britain*, *France*,

and *Ireland*;

LORD of the Four Seas; of *VIRGINIA*,

the Vaſt Territories adjoining, and Diſperſed Iſlands of the *Weſtern Ocean*;

The Zealous DEFENDOR of the *Chriſtian Faith*:

GEORGE SANDYS,

The Humbleſt of His Servants, Preſents and Conſecrates theſe his PARAPHRASES upon the DIVINE POEMS, to receive their Life and Eſtimation from his Favour.

THE Muſe, who from your Influence took her Birth,
Firſt wandred through the many-peopled Earth;
Next ſung the Change of Things; diſclos'd th'Unknown.
Then to a nobler Shape transform'd her Own;
Fetch'd from Engaddi, *Spice; from* Jury, *Balm;*
And bound her brows with Idumæan *Palm:*
Now Old, hath her laſt Voyage made; and brought
To Royal Harbor this her Sacred Fraught:
Who to her King bequeaths the Wealth of Kings;
And dying, her own Epicedium ſings.

TO THE
QUEEN.

A Night-piece moſt affects the Eye;
Sad Words and Notes charm powerfully:
The pleaſing Sorrow they impart,
Slides ſweetly to the melting Heart.
Since no ſincere Delight we taſt,
Our beſt of Daies with Clouds ore-caſt;
Wiſe Nature giddy Mirth diſdains,
And tunes our Souls to Mournful Strains:
As Æthiops, *who fair colours lack,*
Place Beauty in the deepeſt Black.
And we are counſel'd to be Gueſts,
Rather at Death's, than Hymen's *Feaſts.*
This was that well-limn'd Face of Woe,
Whereof we but a Copy ſhow:
To you addreſt, whoſe chearful Ray
Can turn the ſaddeſt Night to Day:
Not to infect, or make it leſs;
But to ſet-off your Happineſs.
Nor are we all of Black compos'd,
Our ſetting Sun ſerenely clos'd.
And, as in Job, *all Storms diſpel'd,*
His Evening far his Morn excell'd;
So Juda, *in her wandring Race,*
At length ſhall riſe to greater Grace.
Our Vows aſcend, that you may taſt,
Of theſe, the only Firſt, and Laſt.

TO

TO THE
PRINCE.

SInce none but Princes durſt aſpire
To ſing unto the Hebrew Lyre;
Sweet Prince, who than your Self more fit
To read, what ſacred Princes Writ?
Though yet your Roſe breath in the Bud:
They who partake of your high Blood,
Grow ſoon in Underſtanding old;
Nor ſhould their Age by Years be told:
Whoſe Souls, more ſwift than Motion, clime;
And check the tardy Flight of Time.
Far off, I ſee that dawning Gray;
The Enſign of a glorious Day:
Yet ere this gild the World, I muſt
Reſolve into neglected Duſt.
If then reſtored by your Breath,
Not all of me ſhall ſleep in Death.

To my noble Friend Mr *Sandys*, upon his *Job*, *Eccleſiaſtes*, and the *Lamentations*, clearly, learnedly, and eloquently *Paraphraſed*.

WHO would inform his Soul, or Feaſt his Senſe,
And ſeeks or Piety, or Eloquence;
What might with Knowledge, Vertue join'd, inſpire
And imitate the Heat and Light of Fire:
He, Thoſe in Theſe by Thee, may find embrac't,
Or as a Poet, or a Paraphraſt.
Such Raies of the Divinity are ſhed
Throughout theſe Works, and every Line o're-ſpread;
That by the Streams the Spring is clearly ſhown,
And the Tranſlation makes the Author known.
Nor He being known, remains his Senſe conceal'd;
But ſo by thy Illuſtrious Pen reveal'd,
We ſee not plainer, That which gives us Sight,
Than we ſee that, aſſiſted by Thy Light.
All ſeems tranſparent now, which ſeem'd perplext,
The inmoſt meaning of the darkeſt Text:
So that the Simpleſt may their Souls aſſure
What places mean, whoſe Comments are obſcure.
Thy Pen next, having clear'd thy Makers will,
Supples our Hearts to Love, and to fulfill:
And moves ſuch Piety, that her Power layes
That Envy, which thy Eloquence doth raiſe.
Even I (no yielding matter) who till then
Am chief of Sinners, and the worſt of Men,
(Though it be hard a Souls Health to procure
Unleſs the Patient do aſſiſt the Cure:)
Suffer a Rape by Vertue, whil'ſt thy Lines
Deſtroy my Old, and build me new Deſigns:

She

She by a Power, which conquers all controul,
Doth without my conſent poſſeſs my Soul.
Thoſe Miſts are ſcatter'd which my Paſſion bred;
And for that ſhort Time all my Vice is dead.
Thoſe looſer Poets whoſe Laſcivious Pen
Aſcribing Crimes to gods, taught them to Men,
Who bent their moſt ingenious Induſtry
To honour Vice, and gild Impiety;
Whoſe Labours have not only not imploy'd
Their Talents, but with them their Souls deſtroy'd;
Though of the much remov'd and diſtant Time
Whoſe leſs enlightned Age takes from their Crime,
Will no defence, with all their Arts, deviſe,
When Thou againſt them ſhalt in Judgment riſe:
When thou a Servant, ſuch whoſe like are rare,
Fill'd with a uſeful and a watchful Care
How to provide againſt thy Lord do come,
With great advantage the intruſted Sum:
And thy large Stock even to his wiſh imploy,
Shalt be invited to thy Maſters Joy.
The Wiſe, the Good, applaud, exult to ſee
Th' Apollinarii ſurpaſs'd by thee: Socrates. Scholaſti-
No doubt, their Works had found in every Time cus.
An equal Glory, had they equal'd thine;
How they expect thy Art ſhould Health aſſure
To the ſick World by a delicious Cure,
Granting like thee no leech their Hope deſerves,
Who purgeſt not with Rhubarb but Preſerves.
What numerous Legions of Infernal Sprights,
Thy Splendor dazles and thy Muſick frights!
For what to us is Balm, to them is Wounds;
Whom Grief ſtrikes, Fear diſtracts, & Shame confounds;
To find at once their Magick Counter-charm'd,
Their Arts diſcovered, and their Strength diſarm'd:
To ſee thy Writings tempt to Vertue more,

Than they, by theirs assisted, could before
To Vice or Vanity; to see Delight
Become their Foe, which was their Satellite.
And that the chief Confounder of their State
Which had been long their most prevailing bait;
To see their Empire such a loss indure,
As the revolt even of the Epicure.

The Cause of *Castalio's* Translation.

Those Polite-Pagan-Christians who do fear
Truth in her Voice, God in his Word to hear;
(For such alas there are) doubting the while
To harm their Phrase, and to corrupt their Stile;
Considering th' Eloquence which flows from hence,
Had no Excuse, but now have no Pretence:
These, both to Pens and Minds Direction, give,
And teach to Write, as well as teach to Live.
Those famous Herbs which did pretend to Man
To give new Youth; Chymicks, who brag they can
A Flower to Ashes turn, by their Arts power
Return those Ashes back into a Flower;
May gain Belief, when now thy Job *we see,*
So Soil'd by Some, so Purifi'd by Thee.
Such was his change, when from his Sordid Fate
He re-ascended to his wonted State.
So see we yearly a fresh Spring restore
Those Beauties, Winter had deflour'd before:
So are we taught, the Resurrection must
Render us Flesh, and Blood, from Dirt and Dust.
To Jobs *dejected First, and then rais'd Mind,*
Is Solomon *in all his Glory join'd.*
Less specious seem'd his Person when he shone
In Purple Garments, on his Golden Throne.
This Eloquence call'd from the fartherst South
To learn deep Knowledge, from his Sacred Mouth
One weak, and Great; a Woman and a Queen:
Which (his Conceptions in thy Language seen)

So

So likely ſeems, that this no wonder draws,
When with the great Effect, we match the Cauſe:
Nor had we wondred, had the Story told
His Fame drew more, than all his Realms could hold.
For no leſs Multitudes do I expect
To hear (whilſt on theſe Lines their Thoughts reflect)
To have in this clear Glaſs their Follies known: Eccleſiaſtes.
Nor will thoſe fewer prove, who in their own
From theſe thy Tears ſhall learn to waſh their Crimes; The Lamentations.
And owe Salvation to thy heavenly Rimes.

Another.

SUch is the Verſe thou Writ'ſt, that who reads Thine
Can never be content to ſuffer Mine:
Such is the Verſe I Write, that reading Mine,
I hardly can believe I have read Thine:
And wonder, that their Excellence once known,
I nor correct, nor yet conceal mine own.
Yet though I Danger fear, than Cenſure leſs;
Nor apprehend a Breach, like to a Preſs:
Thy Merits, now the ſecond time, inflame
To ſacrifice the Remnant of my Shame.
Nor yet (as firſt) Alone, but join'd with Thoſe
Who make the loftieſt Verſe, ſeem humbleſt Proſe.
Thus did our Maſter, to his Praiſe, deſire
That Babes ſhould with Philoſophers conſpire:
And Infants their Hoſanna's *ſhould unite*
With the ſo Famous Areopagite.
Perhaps my Stile too, is for Praiſe moſt fit;
Thoſe ſhew their Judgment leaſt, who ſhew their wit:
And are ſuſpected, leſt their ſubtiller Aim
Be rather to attain, than to give Fame.

Perhaps

Perhaps whilſt I my Earth do interpoſe
Betwixt thy Sun and Them, I may aid thoſe
Who have but feebler Eyes and weaker Sight,
To bear thy Beams, and to ſupport thy Light.
So thy Eclipſe, by neighbouring Darkneſs made,
Were no injurious, but a uſeful Shade:
How e're I finiſh here, my Muſe her Daies
Ends in expreſſing thy deſerved Praiſe:
Whoſe fate in this ſeems fortunately caſt,
To have ſo juſt an Action for her Laſt.
And ſince there are, who have been taught, that Death
Inſpireth Prophecie, expelling Breath;
I hope, when theſe foretel, what happy Gains
Poſterity ſhall reap from theſe thy Pains:
Nor yet from theſe alone, but how thy Pen,
Earth-like, ſhall yearly give new Gifts to Men:
And Thou freſh Praiſe, and we freſh Good receive
(For he who Thus can write can never Leave)
How Time in them ſhall never force a Breach;
But they ſhall always Live and always Teach:
That the ſole likelihood which theſe preſent,
Will from the more rais'd Souls command Aſſent;
And the ſo taught, will not Belief refuſe,
To the laſt Accents of a Dying Muſe.

Falkland.

To my much honoured Friend Mr *George Sandys.*

IT is, Sir, a Confeſt Intruſion here,
That I before your Labours do appear:
Which no loud Herald need, that may proclaim,
Or ſeek acceptance, but the Authors fame.

Much

Much leſs that ſhould This Happy Work commend,
Whoſe Subject is its Licence, and doth ſend
It to the World to be Receiv'd and Read,
Far as the glorious Beams of Truth are ſpread.
Nor let it be imagin'd, that I look
Only with Cuſtoms Eye upon your Book;
Or in this ſervice that 'twas my intent
T'exclude your Perſon from your Argument.
I ſhall profeſs, much of the Love I owe
Doth from the Root of our Extraction grow.
To which though I can little contribute;
Yet with a Natural joy, I muſt impute
To our Tribes honour, what by You is done,
Worthy the Title of a Prelates Son.
And ſcarcely have Two Brothers farther born
A Fathers Name, or with more Value worn
Their Own, than Two of you: whoſe Pens, and Feet
Have made the diſtant Points of Heav'n to meet:
He by exact diſcoveries of the Weſt,
Your Self by painful Travels in the Eaſt.
Some more like you would powerfully Confute
Th'Oppoſers of Prieſts Marriage by the Fruit.
And (ſince 'tis known, for all their Strait-vow'd life,
They like the Sex in any ſtile but Wife)
Cauſe them to change their Cloiſter for that State,
Which keeps men Chaſt by Vows legitimate.
Nor ſhame to Father their Relations,
Or under Nephews Names diſguiſe their Sons.
This Child of yours, born without ſpurious blot,
And fairly Midwiv'd as it was begot,
Doth ſo much of the Parents goodneſs wear,
You may be prov'd to own it for your Heir.
Whoſe Choice acquits you from the Common Sin
Of ſuch, who finiſh worſe, than they begin.
You mend upon your ſelf, and your Laſt Strain

Sir *Edwin Sandys* view of Religion in the Weſtern parts.

Does

Does of your First the ſtart in judgment gain,
Since, what in Curious Travel was begun,
You here conclude in a Devotion.
Where in delightful Raptures we deſcry,
As in a Map, Sions *Chorography:*
Lay'd out in ſo direct, and Smooth a Line,
Men need not go about through Paleſtine.
Who ſeek Chriſt here, will the Straight Rode prefer,
As nearer much than by the Sepulchre.
For not a Limb grows here, but is a Path
Which in Gods City the bleſt Centre hath,
And doth ſo ſweetly on each Paſſion ſtrike,
The moſt phantaſtick taſte will ſomewhat like.
To the Unquiet Soul Job *ſtill from hence*
Speaks in th' Example of his Patience.
The Mortifi'd may hear the Wiſe King Preach,
When his Repentance made Him fit to Teach:
Here are choice Hymns and Carolls for the Glad;
And melancholy Dirges for the ſad.
Laſt, David *(as he could his Art transfer)*
Speaks like Himſelf by an Interpreter.
Your Muſe, rekindled hath the Prophets Fire,
And Tun'd the Strings of his neglected Lyre;
Making the Note and Ditty ſo agree,
They now become a perfect Harmony.
I muſt confeſs, I have long wiſht to ſee
The Pſalms reduc'd to this Conformitie:
Grieving the Songs of Sion *ſhould be ſung*
In Phraſe not diff'ring from a Barbarous Tongue.
As if, by Cuſtom warranted, we may
Sing that to God, we would be loth to Say.
Far be it from my purpoſe to upbraid
Their honeſt meaning, who firſt offer made
That Book in Meter to compile, which you
Have mended in the Form, and Built anew.

And

And it was well, considering the Time
Which scarcely could distinguish Verse and Rhime.
But now the Language, like the Church, hath won
More Luster since the Reformation;
None can condemn the Wish, or Labour spent
Good Matter in Good Words to represent.
Yet in this jealous Age some such there be
So (without cause) afraid of Noveltie;
They would by no means (had they power to chose)
An Old Ill Custom, for a Better lose.
Men who a Rustick Plainess so affect,
They think God served best by their neglect:
Holding the Cause would be Prophan'd by it,
Were they at Charge of Learning or of Wit.
And therefore bluntly, what comes next, they bring
Course and ill-study'd Stuff for Offering;
Which, like th'Old Tabernacles Covering, are
Made up of Badgers skins and of Goats hair.
But These are Paradoxes they must use
Their Sloth and bolder Ignorance to excuse.
Who would not laugh at one will Naked go,
'Cause in Old hangings Truth is pictur'd so?
Though Plainness be reputed Honours note,
They Mantles add to beautifie the Coat.
So that a Curious (unaffected) dress
Adds much unto the Bodies comeliness:
And wheresoe're the Subject's Best, the Sense
Is better'd by the Speakers Eloquence.
But Sir, to you I will no Trophie raise
From other Mens detraction or dispraise.
That Jewel never had inherent worth,
Which ask't such Foils as these to set it forth.
If any quarrel your Attempt or Stile,
Forgive them: their own Folly they revile.
Since 'gainst Themselves their factious Envy shall

Confess

Confeſs this Work of Yours Canonical.
Nor may you fear the Poets common Lot,
Read, and Commended, and then quite forgot.
The Brazen Mines and Marble Rocks ſhall waſt,
When your Foundation will unſhaken laſt.
'Tis Fames beſt pay, that You your Labours ſee
By their Immortal Subject crowned be.
For ne're was Author in Oblivion hid,
Who Firm'd his Name on ſuch a Pyramid.

Henry King.

To my very much honoured Friend Mr *George Sandys*, upon his Paraphraſe on the Poetical Parts of the Bible.

THeſe pure immortal Streams, theſe holy Strains,
To flow in which, th'Eternal Wiſdom daigns,
Had firſt their ſacred Spring, in Juda's *Plains.*

Born in the Eaſt, their Soul of heavenly Race,
They ſtill preſerve a more than Mortal Grace,
Though through the Mortal Pens of Men they paſs.

For pureſt Organs ever were deſign'd
To this high Work, the moſt Etherial Mind
Was touch't, and did theſe holy Raptures find.

You Sir, who all theſe ſeveral Springs have known,
And have ſo large a Fountain of your own;
Seem Born and Bred for what you now have done.

Plac'd by juſt Thoughts, above all worldly Care,
Such as for Heaven it ſelf a Room prepare,
Such as already more than Earthly are.

Next

Next you have known (beſides all Arts) their Spring,
The happy Eaſt; and from Judea *bring*
Part of that Power, with which her Airs you Sing.

Laſtly, what is above all Reach of Praiſe,
Above Reward, of any fading Bayes,
No Muſe like Yours did ever Language raiſe.

Devotion, Knowledge, Numbers, from your Pen
Mixtly and ſweetly flow; whilſt liſtning Men
Suſpend their Cares, inamour'd of your Theme.

They calm their Thoughts, and in their Boſoms own
Better Deſires, to them perhaps unknown;
Till by your Muſick to themſelves brought Home.

Muſick, (the univerſal Language) ſways
In every Mind; the World this Power obeys,
And Natures Self is charm'd by well-tun'd Layes.

All diſproportion'd, harſh, diſorder'd Cares,
Unequal Thoughts, vain Hopes, and low Deſpairs;
Fly the ſoft Breath of theſe harmonious Airs.

Here is that Harp, whoſe Charms uncharm'd the breſt
Of troubled Saul, *and that unquiet Gueſt,*
With which his Paſſions travel'd, diſpoſſeſs'd.

Job *moves Amazement,* David *moves our Tears;* Job. Pſalms.
His Royal Son, a ſad Apparel wears Eccleſia-
Of Language, and perſwades to Pious Fears. ſtes.

The Paſſions of the Firſt riſe great and high,
But Salomon *a leſs concerned Eye*
Caſting on all the World, flows equally.

Not

Canticles not then Printed.

Not in that ardent courſe, as where He wooes
The Sacred Spouſe, and her chaſt Love purſues,
With brighter flames, and with a higher Muſe.

This Work had been proportion'd to our Sight,
Had you but known with ſome allay to Write,
And not preſerv'd your Authors Strength and Light.

But you ſo cruſh thoſe Odors, ſo diſpenſe
Thoſe rich perfumes, you make them too intenſe
And ſuch (alas) as too much pleaſe our Senſe.

Lamentations.

We ſitter are for ſorrows, than ſuch Love;
Joſiah *falls, and by his fall doth move*
Tears from the people, Mourning from above.

Judah, *in her* Joſiah's *Death, doth die;*
All Springs of grief are opened to ſupply
Streams to the torrent of this Elegy.

The ſeveral Hymns.

Others break forth in everlaſting Praiſe
Having their wiſh, and wiſhing they might raiſe
Some monument of Thanks to after-Days.

Theſe are the Pictures, which your happy Art
Gives us, and which ſo well you do impart,
As if theſe paſſions ſprung in your own Heart.

Others tranſlate, but you the Beams collect
Of your inſpired Authors, and reflect
Thoſe heavenly Ray's with new and ſtrong effect.

Yet humane Language only can reſtore,
What humane Language had impair'd before,
And when that once is done, can give no more.

Sir,

Sir, I forbear to add to what is ſaid,
Leſt to your burniſht Gold I bring my Lead,
And with what is Immortal, mix the Dead.

Sidney Godolphin.

To my worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys.*

I Preſs not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy Place with my unhallow'd feet:
My unwaſht Muſe pollutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here, humbly at the Porch, ſhe liſtning ſtays,
And with glad ears ſucks in thy Sacred Lays.
So, devout Penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and ſome beneath the Font,
To ſtand and hear the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not aſſiſt the ſolemn Exerciſe.
Sufficeth her, that ſhe a Lay-place gain,
To trim thy Veſtments, or but bear thy train:
Though nor in Tune, nor Wing, She reach thy Lark,
Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Ark.
Who knows, but that Her wandring eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-worms, may adore the Sun?
A pure Flame may, ſhot by Almighty Power
Into my breaſt, the earthy flame devour:
My Eyes, in Penitential dew may ſteep
That brine, which they for ſenſual love did weep:
So (though 'gainſt Natures courſe) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht.
Perhaps, my reſtleſs Soul, tyr'd with purſuit
Of mortal beauty, ſeeking without fruit
Contentment there; which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirſt, nor ſatisfi'd, though cloy'd;

Weary of her vain ſearch below, above
In the firſt Fair may find th'immortal Love.
Prompted by thy Example then, no more
In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;
But tear thoſe Idols from my Heart, and Write
What his bleſt Spirit, not fond Love, ſhall indite.
Then, I no more ſhall court the Verdant Bay,
But the dry leaveleſs Trunk on Golgotha:
And rather ſtrive to gain from thence one Thorn,
Than all the flouriſhing Wreaths by Laureats worn.

Tho. Carew.

To my worthy Kinſman Mr *George Sandys*, on his Excellent Paraphraſe upon *Job*.

YOU teach us a new Pleaſure, and have ſo
Pen'd the ſad Story, we delight in Woe.
Tears have their Muſick too; this mournful Dreſs
Doth ſo become Job's *ſorrows, and expreſs*
Affliction in ſo ſweet a grace, that we
Find ſomething to be lov'd in Miſery.
Here Grief is witty, that the Reader might
Not ſuffer, in the patience you write.
Let others wanton it, while I admire
Thy warmth, which doth proceed from holy Fire.
'Tis Guilt, not Poetry, to be like thoſe
Whoſe wit in Verſe, is down-right Sin in Proſe:
Whoſe Studies are Prophaneſs, as if then
They were good Poets only, when bad Men.
But theſe are purer Flames, nor ſhall thy Heat
Becauſe 'tis good, be therefore thought not Great.
How vainly do they err, who think it fit
A ſacred Subject ſhould be void of Wit?

I boldly dare affirm, He never meant
We ſhould be Dull, who bids, be Innocent.
'Tis no excuſe, when you your charm reherſe
So ſweetly, not to hear, becauſe 'tis Verſe.
Religion is a Matron, whoſe grave Face
From Decent Veſtures doth receive more Grace.
In holy duties fondly we affect
A miſ-becoming Rudeneſs, and ſuſpect
Clean Offerings; we think God likes the Heart
Where leaſt appears of th'Underſtanding part.
As if Gods Meſſengers did but delude,
Unleſs what they deliver us, be rude.
Choice Language is the clothing of your Mind;
Your matter (like thoſe Saints which are inſhrin'd
In Gold, or like to Beauty, when the Lawn
With roſie cheeks bepurpled ore, is drawn
To boaſt the lovelineſs, it ſeems to hide,
And ſhew more cunningly the bluſhing Bride)
Hath hence a greater luſtre; they not love
The Body leſs, who do the Cloths approve.
So we upon this Jewel do not ſet
Leſs price, becauſe we praiſe the Cabinet.

Dudley Digges.

To my honoured Kinſman Mr *George Sandys*, on his admirable Paraphraſes.

WHY com'ſt thou thus attended to the Preſs?
Thou wants no Suffrages, the Subject, leſs:
At firſt, in confidence of thy full Worth,
Single, unknown, Thou didſt adventure forth:
Thy living Works ſince oft have paſt the Teſt,
And every laſt (to wonder) prov'd the beſt.

Thy Proſe and Verſe each other emulate,
From Rivals free, at home their Right debate:
Divide the Judgment, whether moſt t'admire
Robes looſely flowing, or fine ſhap't Attire.
Nor art thou to be blam'd, for having paſt
Pernaſſus *Hill, and come to* Sion *laſt.*
The Schools from Comments on the Stagyrite,
To heavenly Speculations rais'd their Flight:
The Progreſs fit, though of Philoſophy,
'Tis juſtly fear'd, they took too deep a Dye.
God chiefly warm'd their Breaſts with ſacred Heat,
Who were in other Knowledges compleat:
Though all alike to him, but that he meant
To give ſome honour to the Inſtrument.
He who in other Structures merits praiſe,
May without diffidence a Temple raiſe.
And ſure, Bezaleel-*like, Heav'n did inſtill,*
For this intended Frame, that Matchleſs Skill:
Till then thy reſtleſs Mind mov'd Circular,
Like the touch't Needle, till it find the Star.
Well did'ſt thou from the Eaſt thy entrance make,
From whence the light of Poetry firſt brake.
The Hand unknown, that God this Piece might own,
(Like the two Tables) for his Work alone.
The Mark of his immediate Work it bears,
Even at the Spring a boundleſs Sea appears.
For what his Hands, without a Second, make,
At once their Being and Perfection take.
His firſt Day Adam *a full Man beheld;*
And Cana's *Water choiceſt Wine excell'd.*
This firſt of Authors, firſt of Poets, flew
So high a Pitch, as almoſt out of View.
And this was not of Jobs *reward the leaſt,*
That his rare Story ſuch a Pen expreſt.
What high expreſſions in ſuch depth of Woe!
How ſweet his ſighs and grones in Numbers flow!

When

When God himſelf was pleaſed Job *to cite,*
Who could ſuch Language worthy Him endite!
His juſt Reproofs ſo great a Terrour bear,
As if each Word a clap of Thunder were.
From hence in ſmaller Drills her courſe ſhe keeps;
And ſcarce diſcern'd, along the Vallies creeps
Through Moſes *and the Judges; yet we may*
In theſe diſcover her continued Way.
But when the State into a Kingdom grew,
When all did with their bleſſed King renew;
In the ſweet Singer then again it flows,
Her bounds extends, and to a River grows.
His large-ſoul'd Son from Heaven full Light receives,
For every Path and Step direction gives.
Diſcovers to our long-ſeduced Eyes,
Her Fucus off, the Worlds deformities.
And by a Purer quenches ſenſual Fire,
The Object chang'd, preſerves the Heat intire.
Theſe two, who might with Job *diſpute their Right,*
Rais'd Numbers to their Apogæan height.
Thence through the Prophets We her Current trace,
Whoſe graver Works Poetick gems inchace:
To ſhew how aptly both aſſume one Name,
Both Heaven-inſpir'd, compos'd of Zeal and Flame:
Above the Reſt, that Funeral Elegy,
Preſents ſad Juda, *to th' admiring Eye*
So lovely in her Sable Vail and Tears;
Scarce any Bride in all her Trim appears
Of ſuch a winning ſweetneſs: O what Heart
But muſt due Pitty to her Woes impart!
All theſe, for Proſe had ſtill miſtaken been,
Their Native grace our Language never ſeen:
Had not thy ſpeaking Picture ſhew'd to All
The wondrous beauty of th' Original;
Had lien like Stones uncut, and Oar untri'd,
Their Real Worth the ſame, though ſcarce eſpi'd,

But by the skilful Linguiſt; To the moſt
In the dark ſenſe, and hard Expreſſions loſt.
Thy Art hath Poliſht them to what they were,
Unvalued Jewels for the Breaſt, and Ear.
Here fix thy Pillars, what remains there higher,
But th'unknown Ditties of the heavenly Quire.

Francis Wiatt.

To his worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys*, upon his Excellent Paraphraſes.

THY Lines I weigh not by th'Original;
Nor skan thy Words how evenly they fall:
I moſt applaud thy Pious Choice, who mak'ſt
The Sacred Writ thy Subject, and thence tak'ſt
Thoſe Parts, wherein the moſt Perverſe may ſee
Divinity and Poeſie agree.
Afflicted Job *a Veil of Sorrow ſhrouds;*
But heavenly Beams diſpel thoſe envious Clouds.
The Royal Pſalmiſt, born on Angels wings,
Now weeps in Verſe, now Hallelujahs ſings.
Converted Salomon *to our eyes preſents*
Deluding Joys, and cureleſs Diſcontents.
That good Joſiah's *Name may never die,*
Thy Muſe revives his Mournful Elegy.
With the ſame Zeal, doth to our Numbers fit
All the Poetick Parts of Holy Writ.
And thus Salvation thou maiſt bring to thoſe
Who never would have ſought for it in Proſe.

Henry Rainsford.

To

To his Worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys*, on his Sacred Poems.

HOW bold a Work attempts that Pen
Which would enrich our Vulgar tongue,
With the high Raptures of thoſe Men
Who here with the ſame Spirit ſung;
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

Whatever thoſe inſpired Souls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The Aged Deep, and both the Poles:
Their numerous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which doth with Heav'n conſent
To all They wrought, and all They meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could beſtow,
Courage on thee to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me (Brave Friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all Mortality?
To Light this Torch thou haſt climb'd higher
Than he who ſtole Cœleſtial Fire.

Edward Waller.

To my worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys*.

INſpir'd by Thee, who art thy ſelf a Muſe,
Not crown'd with Ivy, or neglected Baies;
But with a ſacred Light, which doth infuſe
Into our Souls her intellectual Raies:
Among theſe Stars of the firſt Magnitude,
I, in affection, my dim Taper bring:

For though my Voice be hoarſe, my Numbers rude,
On ſuch a Theam who could forbear to ſing?
Immortal Sands *whoſe Nectar-dropping Pen*
Delights, inſtructs; and with that holy Fire,
Which fell from Heaven, warms the cold breaſts of men,
And in their Minds creates a new Deſire.
For Truth in Poeſie ſo ſweetly ſtrikes
Upon the Cords, and Fibers of the Heart;
That it all other Harmony diſlikes,
And happily is Vanquiſht by her Art.
Theſe God-like Forms, inſpir'd with Breath divine,
Bleſt in themſelves, and making others Bleſt;
For us are by that curious hand of thine,
In Engliſh Habits elegantly dreſt.
May our great Maſter, to whoſe ſacred Name
Thy Studious Hours ſuch uſual Gifts direct,
As Cæſar *to his* Maro, *prove the Same;*
And equal Beams upon thy Muſe reflect.

Wintoure Grant.

A Paraphraſe UPON JOB.

CHAP. I.

IN *Hus*, a Land which near the Suns upriſe,
And Northern Confines of *Sabæa* lies,
A great Example of Perfection reign'd:
His Name was *Job*; his Soul with gilt unſtain'd.
None with more zeal the Deity ador'd;
Affected Vertue more, Vice more abhorr'd.
Three beauteous Daughters, and 7. hopeful Boys,
Renew'd his youth, and crown'd his Nuptial Joys.
Lord of much Riches, which the uſe renowns:
7000. broad-tail'd Sheep graz'd on his Downs;
Three thouſand Camels his rank Paſtures fed;
Arabia's wandring Ships, for traffick bred:
His grateful Fields a thouſand Oxen till'd;
They with their rich increaſe the hungry fill'd:
Five hundred Aſſes yearly took the Horſe;
Producing Mules of greater ſpeed and force:
The Maſter of a mighty Family;
Well ord'red, and directed by his Eye.

None

None was more opulent in all the Eaſt,
Of greater Power; yet ſuch as ſtill increaſt.
By daily turns the Brothers entertain
Each other: with the week begin again.
This conſtant cuſtom held: Not to excite
And pamper the voluptuous Appetite;
But to preſerve the Union of their Blood
With ſober Banquets, and unpurchas'd Food.
Th'invited Siſters with their graces bleſt
Their feſtivals; and were themſelves a Feaſt.
Their turns accompliſht, *Jobs* religious care
His Sons aſſembles; whoſe united Prayer
Like ſweet perfumes from golden Cenſors riſe:
Then with divine Luſtrations ſanctifies.
And when the Roſy-finger'd Morn aroſe;
From bleating Flocks unblemiſht fatlings choſe;
Proportion'd to their number: theſe he ſlew,
And bleeding on the flaming Altar threw.
Perhaps, ſaid he, my Children in the heat
Of wine and mirth, their Maker may forget;
And give acceſs to Sin. Thus they the Round
Of Concord Keep; by his Devotions crown'd.
Jehova from the ſummit of the skie,
Environ'd with his winged Hierarchie,
The world ſurveigh'd. When lo, the Prince of Hell,
Who whilome from that envy'd Glory fell,
Like an infectious Exhalation
Shot through the Sphears, & ſtood before his Throne.
Falſe Spirit, ſaid, th'Almighty, that all ſhapes
Do'ſt counterfeit to perpetrate thy Rapes;
Whence com'ſt thou? He reply'd; I with the Sun
Have circl'd the round World: much People won
From thy ſtrict Rule, to my indulgent Raign:
Taught that no pleaſure can reſult from pain.
Haſt thou, ſaith God, obſerv'd my ſervant *Job*?
Is their a Mortal treading on the Globe

Of

Of Earth ſo perfect? can thy wicked Arts
Corrupt his goodneſs? all thy fiery Darts
The Armour of his fortitude repels;
In Juſtice he, as thou in fraud, excels:
Our power adores, with ſacrifices feaſts;
Loves what thou hat'ſt; and all thy works deteſts.
Hath *Job* ſerv'd God for nothing? Satan ſaid:
Or unrewarded at thy Altar paid
His frequent vows? Haſt thou not him, and all
which he calls his, incloſed with a wall
Of ſtrength impregnable? his labours bleſt?
And almoſt with proſperity oppreſt?
Left nothing to deſire? yet ſhould'ſt thou lay
Thy hand upon him; or but take away
What thy Indulgence gave; in foul diſgrace
He would blaſpheme, and curſe thee to thy face.
Jehova ſaid; his Children, all he hath,
Are ſubject to the venom of thy wrath:
Alone his Perſon ſpare. The tempter then
Shrunk from his preſence to th'aboads of Men.
As at their elder Brother's all the reſt
Of that fair off-ſpring celebrate his feaſt
With liberal joy; and cool th'inflaming blood
Of generous grapes, with cryſtal of the flood:
A Meſſenger arriv'd, half out of breath,
Yet pale with horror of eſcaped Death,
And cry'd; Oh *Job*, as thy ſtrong Oxen till'd
The ſtubborn fallows; while thy Aſſes fill'd
Themſelves with Herbage; all became a prey
To arm'd *Sabæans*, who in ambuſh lay:
Thy Servants by their curſed fury ſlain;
And I the only Meſſenger remain.
Another entred, ere his tale was told,
With ſinged hair; and ſaid; I muſt unfold
A dreadful Accident: At Noon, a Night
Of clouds aroſe, that Day depriv'd of Light:

Whoſe

Whoſe roaring conflicts from their breaches threw
Darts of inevitable flames, which ſlew
Thy Sheep and Shepheards: I, of all alone
Eſcap'd, to make the ſad Diſaſter known.
This hardly ſaid; a third, with blood imbrew'd,
Brake through the Preſs, and thus his grief purſu'd:
The fierce *Chaldæans* in three Troops aſſail'd (hal'd:
Our Guards; till they their Souls through wounds ex-
Then drave away thy Camels, only I
Thus wounded, live to tell thy loſs, and Die.
As thronging Billows one another drive
To murmuring ſhores; ſo thick and faſt arrive
Theſe Meſſengers of Death: The fourth and laſt,
With ſtaring hair, wild looks, and breathleſs haſte,
Ruſht in and ſaid: Oh *Job!* prepare to hear
The ſaddeſt news that ever pierc'd an ear.
Loe, as thy Children on ſoft Couches lay,
And with diſcourſes entertain'd the Day,
A ſudden Tempeſt from the Deſert flew
With horrid wings, and thundered as it blew.
Then whirling round, the Quoins together ſtrook;
And to the ground that lofty fabrick ſhook:
Thy Sons and Daughters buried in the fall;
Who, ah! deſerv'd a nobler Funeral.
And I alone am living to relate
Their Tragedies, that was deni'd their Fate.
He, who th'aſſaults of Fortune, like a rock
So long withſtood; could not ſuſtain this ſhock:
But riſing, forthwith from his ſhoulders tare
His purple robe, and ſhav'd his dangling hair.
Then on the Earth his Body proſtrate laid;
And thus with humble adoration, ſaid:
Naked I was, at my firſt hour of Birth;
And naked muſt return unto the Earth.
God gives; God takes away: Oh be his Name
For ever bleſt! thus free from touch of blame

Job firmly ſtood: and with a patient mind
His Croſſes bare; nor at his God repin'd.

CHAP. II.

AGain when all the radiant Sons of Light
Before his Throne appear'd, whoſe only ſight
Beatitude infus'd: Th'inveterate foe,
In fogs aſcending from the depth below,
Profan'd their bleſt Aſſembly: what pretence,
Said God, hath brought thee hither? & from whence?
I come, ſaid he, from compaſſing the Earth:
Their Travels ſeen who ſpring from humane birth.
Then God: haſt thou my Servant *Job* beheld?
Can his rare piety be parallel'd;
His Juſtice equal'd? can alluring vice,
With all her Sorceries, his Soul intice?
His daily Oriſons attract our Ears;
Who puniſhment, leſs than the treſpaſs, fears:
And ſtill his old Integrity retains
Through all his woes, inflicted by thy trains.
When he, whoſe labouring thoughts admit no reſt,
This anſwer threw out of his Stygian breſt:
Job to himſelf is next; who will not give
All that he hath, ſo his own Soul may live?
Stretch out thy hand; with aches pierce his bones,
His fleſh with laſhes; multiply his grones:
Then if he curſe thee not, let thy dire Curſe
Increaſe my torments, if they can be worſe.
To whom the Lord: Thou Inſtrument of ſtrife,
Enjoy thy cruel wiſh: but ſpare his Life.
The Soul of Envy, from his preſence went;
And through the burning Air, made his deſcent.
To execution falls: The blood within
His veins inflames, and poyſons his ſmooth skin.

Now

Now all was but one ſore: from foot to head
With burning Carbuncles, and Ulcers ſpread;
He on the Aſhes ſits, his fate deplores:
And with a pot-ſheard, ſcrapes the ſwelling Sores.
His frantick Wife, whoſe patience could not bear
Such weight of Miſeries, thus wounds his Ear:
Is this the purchaſe of thy Innocence?
O Fool, thy Piety is thy offence.
He whom thou ſerv'ſt, hath us of all bereft:
Our Children ſlain, and thee to torments left.
Go on; his Juſtice praiſe: O rather flie
To thy aſſur'd relief; Curſe God, and die.
Thou wretch thy Sexes folly; he reply'd:
Shall we who have ſo long his Bounty try'd,
And flouriſh'd in his favour, now not bear
Our harms with patience; but renounce his Fear?
Thus his great Mind his Miſeries tranſcends:
Nor the leaſt accent of his lips offends.

Now was his ruine by the breath of Fame
Divulg'd through all the Eaſt: when *Zophar* came
From pleaſant *Naamath*: wiſe *Eliphas*
From *Theman*, rich in Palms, but poor in graſs:
And *Bildad* from *Suitah*'s fruitful Soil;
Prais'd for the plenty of her Corn and Oyl.
Theſe meet from ſeveral Quarters to condole
With their old Friend, and comfort his ſad Soul.
Yet at the firſt, unknown: his Miſeries (cries,
Had ſo transform'd him, known, they join'd their
Wept bitterly, their ſable Mantles tare,
Rais'd Clouds of Duſt, that fell upon their hair.
Seven Days they ſate beſides him on the ground;
As many Nights, in ſilent Sorrow drown'd.
For yet they knew the Torrent of his woe
Would by reſiſtance more outragious grow.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

HE, when exceſs of Sorrow, had given way
To the relief of words, thus curs'd his Day:
O periſh may the Day, which firſt gave light ¶ Jobs Curse.
To me, moſt wretched! and the fatal Night
Of my Conception! let that Day be bound
In Clouds of Pitch, nor walk the Etherial Round.
Let God not write it in his Roll of Days:
Nor let the Sun reſtore it with his Rays.
Let Deaths dark Shades involve, no light appear
But dreadful Lightnings: its own horrors fear.
Be it the firſt of Miſeries to all,
Or laſt of Life; defam'd with Funeral.
O be that diſmal Night, for ever blind!
Loſt in it ſelf; nor to the Day rejoin'd!
Nor numbered in the ſwift Circumference
Of Months and Years; but vaniſh in offence.
O let it ſad and ſolitary prove:
No ſprightly Muſick hear, nor Songs of Love.
Let wandring Apparitions then affright
The trembling Bride, and quench the Nuptial light.
O Let thoſe hate it, who the Day-light hate: (weight.
Who mourn and grone beneath their ſorrows
Let the Eclipſed Moon, her Throne reſign,
Inſtead of Stars, let Blazing Meteors ſhine.
Let it not ſee the Dawning fleck the skies;
Nor the gray Morning from the Ocean riſe:
Becauſe the Door of Life it left unclos'd;
And me, a wretch, to cruel fates expos'd.
Oh why was I not ſtrangled in the Womb!
Nor in that ſecret Priſon found a Tomb!
Or ſince untimely born; why did not I
(The next of bleſſings) in that inſtant die?

Why

Why kneel'd the Midwife at my Mothers throes!
With pain produc'd! and nurſe for future woes!
Elſe had I an eternal Requium kept;
And in the arms of Peace for ever ſlept:
With Kings and Princes ranckt; who loſty frames
In Deſerts rais'd, t'immortalize their Names:
Who made the wealth of Provinces their prey:
In death as mighty, and as rich, as they.
Then I, as an Abortive, had not been;
Nor with the hated Light, ſuch Sorrows ſeen:
Slept, where none ere by violence oppreſt;
And where the weary from their Labors reſt:
No Priſoners there, inforc'd by torments, cry;
But fearleſs by their old Tormentors Lye:
The Mean, and Great, on equal Baſes ſtand;
No Servants there obey, nor Lords command.
Why ſhould afflicted Souls in anguiſh live!
And only have immunity to grieve?
Oh how they wiſh for Death, to cloſe their eyes!
But oh, in vain! ſince he the wretched flyes.
For whom they dig, as Pioners for Gold;
Which the dark entrails of the Earth unfold:
And having found him, as their Libertie,
With Joy encounter; and contented die.
Why ſhould he live, from whom God hath the path
Of ſafety hid, incompaſt with his wrath?
In Storms of ſighs I taſt my bitter food:
My groans break from me, like a roaring flood.
The Ruin which I fear'd, and in my thought
So oft revolv'd, one fatal Hour hath brought.
Nor durſt I on Proſperity preſume;
Or time in ſleep, and barren Eaſe conſume;
But watcht my wary ſteps: and yet for all
My Providence, theſe Plagues upon me fall.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

TEmanian *Eliphas* made this reply:
O Friend, be it no breach of Love, that I
With ſilence dare not juſtifie a wrong:
For who in ſuch a Cauſe can curb his Tongue?
Wilt thou, that wert to piety a guide,
That others haſt with patience fortifide:
Confirm'd the Strong, given ſinews to the Weak:
Now in the change of Fortune faint, and break
Into offences? aggravate thy harms,
Forſake thy ſtrength, and caſt away thy arms?
Is this thy Piety, thy Confidence,
Thy hope, and Life untainted with offence?
Conſult with former Ages: Have they known
The guiltleſs periſh, or the Juſt o'rethrown?
But thoſe who plow with vice, and miſchief throw
Into the furrows; reap the Seed they ſow.
God ſhall deſtroy them with his Noſtrils breath:
And ſend them weeping to the Caves of Death.
For he the raging Lyoneſs confounds;
The roaring Lyon with his Javelin wounds:
Scaters their Whelps; their grinders breaks: ſo they,
With the old Hunter, ſtarve for want of Prey.
¶ Now when the Night her ſable wings had ſpred; ¶ *The Vanity of*
And ſleep his Dew on penſive Mortals ſhed: *mankind repreſented*
When Viſions in their aiery ſhapes appear; *in a Vision.*
A Voice, not humane, whiſpered in mine ear.
My knees each other ſtruck; the frighted blood
Fled to my heart; my hair like briſtles ſtood.
An Angel then appear'd before my ſight:
Yet could no ſhape diſcern; ſo great a light
He threw about him: forthwith, ſilence brake;
And thus to me, intranc'd with wonder, ſpake:

Shall mortal Man, that is but born to die;
Compare in Juſtice, and Integrity,
his Creatour With ~~him who made him~~? he who muſt deſcend
Again to Earth, and in Corruption end?
His Angels were imperfect in his ſight,
Although indu'd with Intellectual Light;
Whom he accus'd of folly: much more they,
Who dwell in Houſes, built of brittle Clay;
Which have their weak foundations in the duſt:
The food of Worms, and Times devouring Ruſt.
They to the Evening from the Suns upriſe,
Are exercis'd with change of Miſeries:
Then, unregarded, ſet in endleſs Night;
Nor ever ſhall review the Morning light.
Thus all their Glories vaniſh with their breath:
They, and their Wiſdoms, vanquiſhed by Death.

CHAP. V.

NOW try what Patron, can thy cauſe defend:
What Saint wilt thou ſolicite, or what Friend?
The Storm of his own rage the fool confounds:
And Envies rankling ſting th'imprudent wounds.
Oft have I ſeen him, like a Cedar, ſpread
His ample Root; and his ambitious Head
With Clouds inveſt: then, to th' amaze of all,
Plow up the Earth with his prodigious fall.
His wandring Orphans find no ſafe retreat;
But friendleſs ſuffer at the Judgment-Seat:
The greedy eat the harveſt of their toil, (ſpoil.
Snatcht from the ſcratching thorns; to thieves a
Though Sorrow ſpring not from the womb of Earth;
Nor troubles from the Duſt derive their Birth:
Yet man is born to numerous Miſeries,
As dying Sparks from trembling flames ariſe.

Should

Should I the burthen of thy fate ſuſtain?
I would not juſtifie my ſelf in vain:
But at his feet my humble Soul deject
With Prayers and tears; who wonders can effect:
As infinite, as great; and far above
That Sphear wherein our low Conceptions move.
He waters from celeſtial Caſements powers,
Which fall upon the furrowed Earth in ſhowers:
To comfort thoſe who mourn in want; and give
The famiſht food, that they may eat and Live.
The Counſels of the Subtil he prevents;
And by his wiſdom fruſtrates their Intents:
Intangles in the Snares themſelves contrive;
Who deſperately to their own Ruine drive.
They meet with Darkneſs in the cleareſt Light:
And grope at Noon, as if involv'd with Night.
Licentious Swords, Oppreſſion arm'd with power,
Nor Envies jaws, the Righteous ſhall devour.
They ever hope, though exercis'd with care:
The wicked ſilenc'd by their own deſpair.
Happy is he whom Gods own hands chaſtiſe:
Since ſo, let none his Chaſtiſements deſpiſe.
For he both hurts and heals: binds up again
The wounds he made, and mitigates their pain.
In ſix afflictions will thy refuge be;
And from the ſeventh, and laſt, ſhall ſet thee free.
From meager Famines bloodleſs Maſſacres;
And from the cruel thirſt of horrid Wars:
Preſerved from the ſcourge of poyſonous tongues;
The ſting of Malice, and inſulting Wrongs.
Thou ſhalt in ſafety ſmile; when all the Earth
Shall ſuffer by the rage of War and Dearth.
The *Midian* Tyger, The *Arabian* Bear,
Nor *Idumæan* Lion ſhalt thou fear.
They all their native fierceneſs ſhall decline;
And ſenſleſs Stones ſhall in thy aid combine.

Thy Tents ſhall flouriſh in the Joys of Peace;
The Wealth and Honour of thy Houſe increaſe:
Thy Children, and their off-ſpring, ſhall abound;
Like blades of graſs, that cloth the pregnant ground.
Thou, full of Days, like weighty ſhocks of Corn
In ſeaſon reapt, ſhall to thy grave be born.
This truth, by long experience learnt, apply
To thy Diſeaſe; and on the cure rely.

CHAP. VI.

THen *Job*, Oh were my ſufferings duly weigh'd;
Were they together in one Balance laid:
The Sands whereon the rowling Billows roar,
Were leſs in weight, and not in number more.
My words are ſwallowed in theſe Depths of woes;
While Storms of ſighs my ſilent grief diſcloſe.
Gods Arrows on my breaſt deſcend in ſhowers:
There ſtick, and poyſon all my vital powers.
'Tis he, who arms againſt a Mortal bears;
Subdues my ſtrength, and chils my heart with fears.
Do hungry Aſſes in freſh paſtures bray?
Or Oxen low before full cribs of hay?
Or can unſeas'ned cates the guſt invite?
What taſte is in an Eggs unſavory white?
My lothing Soul abhors your bitter food;
Which ſorrow feeds, and turns my tears to blood.
Oh that the Lord would favour my requeſt;
And ſend my Soul to her eternal reſt!
Deliver from this Dungeon, which reſtrains
Her liberty, and break Afflictions Chains!
Then ſhould my Torments find a ſure relief:
And I become inſenſible of grief.
Oh, by not ſparing, cure his wounds; who hath
Divulg'd thy truth, and ſtill preſerv'd his Faith!

What

What ſtrength have I to hope? or to what end
Should I on ſuch a waſted Life depend?
Was I by rocks ingendred? rib'd with ſteel?
Such tortures to reſiſt, or not to feel?
No hope, no comfort, but in Death is left;
Thus torn with wounds, of all my Joys bereft.
True Friends, who fear their Maker, ſhould impart
Soft pity to a ſad and broken Heart:
But Oh, the great in vows, and near in Blood,
Forſake me like the torrent of a Flood:
Which in the winding vallies glides away;
And ſcarce maintains the Current of a Day:
Or ſtands in ſolid Ice, conceal'd with Snow;
But when the loudly-ſtorming South Winds blow,
And mounted Sun invades it with his beams,
Diſſolves; and ſcatters his exhauſted Streams.
Who from the parched fields of *Thema* came,
From *Sheba* ſcorched with etherial Flame,
In expectation to aſſwage their thirſt:
Deluded, bluſht; and his dry Channels curſt.
So you now ceaſe to be what once you were:
And view my downfal with the eyes of Fear,
Have I requir'd your bounty to repair
My ruin'd fortunes? was it in my prayer
That you for me the Mighty would oppoſe?
And in a juſt revenge purſue my foes?
If I have err'd inſtruct me; tell wherein:
My tongue ſhall never juſtifie a Sin.
Although a due reproof inform the Senſe:
Detraction is the Gall of Impudence.
Why add you ſorrow to a troubled mind?
Paſſion muſt ſpeak: her words are but as wind.
Againſt an Orphan you your forces bend:
And banquet with the afflictions of a friend.
Accuſe not now, but judge: you from my youth
Have known and try'd me, ſpeak I more than truth?

Unveil your Eyes, and then I ſhall appear
The ſame I am; from all aſperſions clear.
Have I my heart diſguiſed with my tongue?
Could not my taſt diſtinguiſh right from wrong?

The miseries of Humane life.

CHAP. VII.

THE life of Man is a perpetual War:
In Miſery and Sorrow Circular.
He a poor mercenary ſerves for bread:
For all his travel, only cloth'd and fed.
The Hireling longs to ſee the Shades aſcend;
That with the tedious Day his toil might end,
And he his pay receive: but, ah! in vain
I Months conſume; yet never reſt obtain.
The Night charms not my Cares; with ſleepleſs eyes
My Torments cry: When will the Morning riſe!
Why runs the Charriot of the Night ſo ſlow?
The Day-Star finds me toſſing to and fro.
Worms gnaw my fleſh; with filth my ulcers run:
My skin like clods of Earth, chapt with the Sun.
Like ſhuttles through the loom, ſo ſwiftly glide
My feathered Hours; and all my hopes deride!
Remember, Lord, my life is but a wind;
Which paſſeth by, and leaves no print behind.
Then never ſhall my Eyes their lids unfold;
Nor mortal ſight my vaniſht face behold,
Not thou, to whom our thoughts apparent be,
Should'ſt thou deſire, could'ſt him, that is not, ſee.
As Clouds reſolve to air, ſo never more,
Shall gloomy Graves their Dead to Light reſtore:
Nor ſhall they to their ſumptuous Roofs return;
But lie forgotten, as if never born.
Then, O my Soul, while thou haſt freedom, break
Into Complaints: give Sorrow leave to ſpeak.

Am

Am I a raging Sea, or furious Whale?
That thou ſhould'ſt thus confine me with a wall?
¶ How often when the riſing Stars had ſpread *No reſt to a*
Their golden Flames, ſaid I! now ſhall my Bed *guilty Conſcience.*
Refreſh my weary Limbs; and peaceful Sleep,
My care and anguiſh in his *Lethe* ſteep.
But lo! ſad Dreams my troubled Brains ſurpriſe:
And gaſtly Viſions wound my ſtaring Eyes.
So that my yielding Soul, ſubdu'd with grief,
And tortur'd Body, to their laſt relief
Would gladly flie: and by a violence,
Leſs painful, take from greater pain the Senſe.
For life is but my curſe: reſume the breath
I muſt reſtore, and fold me up in Death.
O what is man, to whom thou ſhould'ſt impart
So great an Honour as to ſearch his Heart!
To watch his Steps, obſerve him with thine eye;
And daily with renew'd afflictions try!
Still muſt I ſuffer? wilt thou never leave?
Nor give a little time for grief to breath?
My Soul hath ſinn'd: how can I expiate
Her guilt, great Guardian, or prevent thy hate?
Why aim'ſt thou all thy darts at me alone?
Who to my ſelf am now a Burthen grown.
Wilt thou not to a broken Heart diſpenſe
Thy Balm of mercy, and expunge th'offence,
E're duſt return to duſt? Then thou no more
Shalt ſee my Face; nor I thy Name adore.

CHAP. VIII.

THus *Job.* Then *Bildad* of *Suita* ſaid:
Vain Man, how long wilt thou thy God upbraid!
And like the roaring of a furious wind
Thus vent the wild diſtemper of thy mind!

Can he pervert his Judgments? ſhall he ſwerve
From his own Juſtice, and thy Paſſions ſerve?
If he thy Sons for their rebellion ſlew;
Death was the wages to their merit due.
Oh would'ſt thou ſeek unto the Lord betimes,
With fervent prayer, and abſtinence from crimes;
Nor with new follies ſpot thy Innocence:
Then would he always watch in thy defence;
The Houſe, that harbor'd ſo much vertue, bleſs
With fruitful Peace; and crown thee with ſucceſs.
Then would he centuple thy former ſtore;
And make thee far more happy than before.
Search thou the Records of Antiquity;
And on our Anceſtors reflect thine Eye:
For we, alas! are but of Yeſterday;
Know nothing, and like ſhadows fleet away.
Thou in thoſe Mirrors ſhalt the truth behold;
Whoſe tongues un-erring Oracles unfold.
¶ Can Bulruſhes but by the River grow?
The blaſting of ye Hypocrite. Can Flags there flouriſh, where no waters flow?
Yet they, when green, when yet untoucht, of all
That cloth the Spring, firſt hang their heads, and fall.
So double-hearted Hypocrites, ſo they
Who God forget, ſhall in their prime decay.
Their aiery hopes as brittle as the thin
And ſubtil webs, which toyling Spiders ſpin.
Their Houſes full of wealth, and Ryot, ſhall
Deceive their truſt; and cruſh them in their fall.
Though like a Cedar, by the River fed,
He to the Sun his ample Branches ſpread,
His Top ſurrounds with Clouds; deep in the flood
Baths his firm Roots; even of himſelf a Wood:
And from his height a night-like ſhaddow throw
Upon the Marble Palaces below:
Yet ſhall the Axe of Juſtice hew him down;
And level with the Root, his lofty Crown.

No

No Eye ſhall his out-raz'd impreſſion view:
Nor mortal know where ſuch a Glory grew.
Thoſe ſeeming goods, whereof the wicked vaunt
Thus fade, while others on their ruins plant.
God never will the Innocent forſake:
Nor ſinful Souls to his protection take.
Cleanſe thou thy Heart: then in thy ample breaſt
Joy ſhall triumph, and ſmiles thy cheeks inveſt.
He will thy Foes with ſilent ſhame confound:
And their proud ſtructures level with the ground.

CHAP. IX.

THis is a truth acknowledg'd; *Job* replies:
But Oh what Man is righteous in his Eyes!
Who can not-guilty plead before his Throne?
Or of a thouſand Actions anſwer one?
God is in wiſdom, as in power, immenſe:
Who ever could contend without offence,
Offend unpuniſht? you who Glory moſt
In your own Strength, can you of conqueſt boaſt?
Cloud-touching Mountains to new ſeats are born
From their Foundations, by his fury torn.
Th'affrighted Earth in her diſtemper quakes;
When his Almighty Hand her Pillars ſhakes.
At whoſe command the Suns ſwift Horſes ſtay;
While Mortals wonder at ſo long a Day.
The Moon into her darkned Orb retires:
Nor ſeal'd up Stars extend their golden fires.
He, only He, Heavens blew Pavillion ſpreads:
And on the Oceans dancing Billows treads.
Immane *Arcturus*, weeping *Pleiades*,
Orion, who with Storms plows up the Seas,
For ſeveral Seaſons fram'd: and all that rowl
Their radiant Flames about th' Antartick Pole.

What

What wonders are effected, by his might!
Oh how inſcrutable, how Infinite!
Though he obſerve me, and be ever by;
Yet, ah! Inviſible to mortal Eye.
Can hands of Fleſh compel him to reſtore
What he ſhall take? or who dare ask wherefore?
The great in Pride, and Power, like Meteors ſhall
(If he relent not) by his Vengeance fall.
And Oh ſhall I, a worm, my cauſe defend;
Or in vain Argument with God contend?
I would not were I innocent diſpute;
But humbly to my Judge preſent my Suit.
Yet never could my hopes be confident;
Though God himſelf ſhould to my wiſh conſent:
Who with inceſſant ſtorms my peace confounds;
And multiplies my undeſerved wounds:
Nor gives me time to breathe; my Stomach fills
With food of bitter taſt, and loathſom pills.
Speak I of ſtrength, his ſtrength the ſtrong obey:
If I of Judgment ſpeak, who ſhall a Day
Appoint for tryal? ſhould I Juſtifie
A Vice, my heart would give my tongue the lie.
If of perfection boaſt; I ſhould herein
My guilt diſcloſe: thought I, I had no Sin;
My ſelf I ſhould not know. Oh bitter ſtrife!
Whoſe only Iſſue is the hate of life!
Yet judge not by events: in general,
The good and bad without diſtinction fall.
For he th'Appeal of innocence derides;
And with his Sword the controverſe decides:
He gives the Earth to thoſe that tyrannize:
And ſpreads a vail before the Judges Eyes.
Or elſe what were his power? Oh you who ſee
My miſeries, this truth behold in me!
My days run like a Poſt, and leave behind
No tract of joy: as ſhips before the wind,

They

They through this humane Ocean ſail away:
And fly like Eagles which purſue their prey.
If I determine to remove my care;
Forget my grief, and comfort my Deſpair:
The fear that he would never purge me, mocks
M'imbarqued Hopes, and drives them on the Rocks.
For if he hold me guilty; if I ſoil
My ſelf with Sin, I then but vainly toil.
Though I ſhould waſh my ſelf in melting Snow,
Until my hands were whiter; he would throw
Me down to Earth: and, ah! ſo plunge in mire,
That I ſhould loath to touch my own attire:
For he, is not as I: a man, with whom
I might contend, and to a Tryal come.
I, in my cauſe ſhall find no Advocate;
Nor Umpire, to compoſe our ſad debate.
Oh ſhould he from my ſhoulders take his Rod;
Free from the awe and terror of a God:
Then would I argue in my own defence;
And boldly juſtifie my Innocence.

CHAP. X.

OH I am ſick of life! nor will controul
My Paſſion, but in bitterneſs of Soul,
Thus tear the Air: what ſhould thy wrath incenſe
To puniſh him who knows not his offence?
Ah! do'ſt thou in oppreſſion take delight?
Wilt thou thy Servant fold in ſhades of Night,
And ſmile on wicked Counſels? do'ſt thou ſee
With Eyes of Fleſh? is Truth conceal'd from thee?
What are thy Days as frail as ours? or can
Thy years determine like the age of Man?
That thou ſhould'ſt my Delinquencies exquire;
And with Variety of tortures tire?

Cannot

Cannot my known Integrity remove
Thy cruel Plagues? wilt thou remorſleſs prove?
Ah! wilt thou thy own workmanſhip confound?
Shall the ſame hand that did create, now wound?
Remember I am built of clay; and muſt
Reſolve to my originary Duſt.
Thou pour'dſt me out like milk into the womb;
Like curds condenſt; and in that ſecret room
My Limbs proportion'd; cloth'd with fleſh and skin;
With bones, and ſinews, fortifi'd within:
The Life thou gav'ſt, thou haſt with plenty fed;
Long cheriſht, and through Dangers ſafely led.
All this is buried in thy breaſt: and yet
I know thou can'ſt not thy old Love forget.
Thou, if I err, obſerv'ſt me with ſtern eyes:
Nor will the plea of Ignorance ſuffice.
Wo unto me ſhould ſin my Soul infect,
Who dare not now, though innocent, erect
My down-caſt looks: which clouds of ſhame infold.
Great God, my growing Miſeries behold!
Thou like a Lion hunt'ſt me: wounds on wounds
Thy hands inflict; thy fury knows no bounds.
Againſt me all thy Plagues embattail'd are:
Subdu'd with changes of internal war.
Why didſt thou draw me from my Mothers womb?
Would I from thence had ſlipt into my Tomb,
Before the Eye of man my face had ſeen;
And mixt with duſt, as I had never been!
Oh ſince I have ſo ſhort a time to live,
A little eaſe to theſe my torments give:
Before I go where all in ſilence mourn;
From whoſe dark ſhores no travellers return:
A Land where Death, confuſion, endleſs Night,
And Horror reign: where Darkneſs is their Light.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

THus *Zophar* with acerbity reply'd:
Think'ſt thou by talking to be juſtifi'd?
Or ſhall theſe wild diſtempers of thy mind,
This tempeſt of thy tongue, thus rave, and find
No oppoſition? ſhall we guilty be
Of thy untruths, in not reproving thee?
Nor die thy cheeks in Bluſhes for the ſcorn
Thou throw'ſt on us; till now with patience born?
Haſt thou not ſaid to God? my heart's upright,
My Doctrine pure, I blameleſs in thy ſight.
O that he would be pleaſed to reply:
And take the veil from thy Hypocriſie!
Should he reveal his wiſdom to thine eyes:
How would'ſt thou thy integrity deſpiſe?
Acknowledging theſe puniſhments far leſs
Then thy offences? and his grace profeſs?
Canſt thou into thy Makers Councils dive?
Or to the knowledge of his thoughts arrive?
Higher than higheſt Heavens; more deep than Hell;
Longer than Earth; more broad than Seas that ſwell
Above their ſhores, can man his foot-ſteps trace?
Would he the courſe of Nature change; the face
Of things invert; and all diſſolve again
To their old Chaos; who could God reſtrain?
He knows that man is vain: his eyes detect
Their ſecret crimes? and ſhall not he correct?
Thus Fools grow wiſe; ſubdue their ſtubborn Souls:
Though in their pride more rude than Aſſes foles.
If thou affect thy cure: reform thy ways:
Let penitence reſolve to tears, and raiſe
Thy hands to Heaven; what Rapine got, reſtore:
Nor let inſidious Vice approach thy Door.

Then

Then thou thy looks ſhalt raiſe from blemiſh clear:
Walk in full ſtrength, and no diſaſter fear.
As winter Torrents, tumbling from on high, (dry:
Waſte with their ſpeed, and leave their Channels
So ſhall the ſenſe of former ſorrows run
From thy Remembrance. As the mounted Sun
Breaks through the Clouds, and throws his golden
About the World; ſhall thy increaſing Days (Rays
Succeed in Glory. Thou thy ſelf ſhalt riſe
Like that bright Star, which laſt forſakes the skies:
For ever by thy ſtedfaſt hopes ſecur'd;
Intrenched, and with walls of Braſs immur'd:
Confirm'd againſt all Storms. Soft ſleep ſhall cloſe
Thy guarded eyes with undiſturb'd repoſe.
The Great ſhall honour; the diſtreſſed ſhall
Thy grace implore: belov'd, or fear'd of all.
The ſight of thee, ſhall ſtrike the envious blind:
The wicked, with anxiety of Mind
Shall pine away; in ſighs conſume their breath:
Prevented in their hopes by ſudden Death.

CHAP. XII.

TO whom thus *Job*: You are the only wiſe;
And when you die the fame of wiſdom dies.
Though Paſſion be a fool, though you profeſs
Your ſelves ſuch Sages: yet know I no leſs,
Nor am to you inferior. What blind Soul
Could this not ſee? 'Tis eaſie to controul.
My ſad example ſhews, how thoſe whoſe cries
Even God regards, their ſcoffing Friends deſpiſe.
He that is wretched, though in life a Saint,
Becomes a ſcorn: This is an old Complaint.
Thoſe who grow old in fluency and eaſe,
When they from ſhore behold him toſt on Seas,

And

And near his ruine; his condition ſlight:
Pric'd as a Lamp conſum'd with his own light.
The Tents of Robbers flouriſh. Earths increaſe
Foments their riot who diſturb her peace.
Who God contemn, in ſin ſecurely reign:
And proſperous Crimes the meed of Vertue gain.
Ask thou the Citizens of pathleſs woods;
What cut the air with wings, what ſwim in floods;
Brute beaſts, and foſtering Earth: in general
They will confeſs the power of God in all.
Who knows not that his hands both good and ill
Diſpenſe? that Fate depends upon his will?
All that have Life are ſubject to his ſway:
And at his pleaſure proſper, or decay.
Is not the Ear the Judge of Eloquence?
Gives not the Palate to the Taſt his ſenſe?
Sure, knowledg is deriv'd from length of years:
And Wiſdoms brows are cloth'd with Silver hairs.
Gods power is as his prudence, equal great:
In Counſel, and Intelligence, compleat.
Who can, what he ſhall ruin, build again?
Looſe whom he binds? or his ſtrong Arm reſtrain?
At his rebuke, the Living waters flie
To their old Springs, and leave their Channels dry:
When he commands, in Cataracts they roar:
And the wild Ocean leaves it ſelf no ſhore.
His Wiſdom and his Power our thoughts tranſcend:
Both the Deceiver and deceiv'd depend
Upon his beck: He thoſe who others rule
Infatuates, and makes the Judge a fool:
Diſſolves the Nerves of Empire, Kings deprives
Of Soveraignty; their Crowns exchang'd for gyves.
Impoveriſht Nobles into exile leads:
And on the Carcaſes of Princes treads.
Takes from the Orator his eloquence;
From ancient Sages their diſcerning ſenſe.

Subjects

Subjects the worthy to contempt and wrong:
The valiant terrifies, diſarms the ſtrong.
Unveils the ſecrets of the ſilent Night:
Brings, what the ſhades of death obſcures, to light.
A Nation makes more numerous than the Stars:
Again devours with Famine, Plagues, and Wars.
Now, like a Deluge, they the Earth ſurround:
Forthwith, reduc'd into a narrow bound.
He Fortitude and Counſel takes away
From their Commanders: who in Deſerts ſtray,
Grope in the Dark, and to no Seat confine
Their wandring feet; but reel as drunk with wine.

CHAP. XIII.

THis by mine Eyes and ears have I convey'd
Down to my heart: and in that Cloſet laid.
Need I in depth of knowledge yield to you?
Is not as much to my diſcretion due?
Oh that th'All-ſeeing Judge, who cannot err,
Would hear me plead; and with a wretch confer!
You Corroſives into my wounds diſtil:
And ignorant Artiſts, with your phyſick kill.
Ah! ſhame you not to vent ſuch forgeries?
Seal up your lips and be in ſilence wiſe.
And ſince you are by far more fit to hear,
Than to inſtruct; afford my tongue an ear.
Oh will you wickedly for God diſpute?
And by deceitful ways ſtrive to confute?
Are you, in favour of his perſon, bent
Thus to prejudicate the Innocent?
Needs he an Advocate to plead his Cauſe?
To juſtifie untruths againſt his Laws?
Can you on him ſuch falſities obtrude?
And as a Mortal the moſt wiſe delude?

Will

Will it avail you, when he ſhall remove,
Your painted Vizors? will not he reprove,
And ſharply puniſh; if in ſecret you,
For favour, or reward, Injuſtice do?
Shall not his Excellence your Souls affright?
His Horrors on your heads like Thunder light?
Your memories to aſhes muſt decay:
And your frail bodies are but built of clay.
Forbear to ſpeak, till my Conceptions ſhall
Diſcharge their Birth; then let what will befal.
Why ſhould I tear my fleſh? caſt off the care
Of future life? and languiſh in deſpair?
Though God ſhould kill me, I my confidence
On him would fix; nor quit my own defence.
He ſhall reſtore me by his ſaving might:
Nor ſhall the Hypocrite approach his ſight.
Give me your ears, Oh you who were my Friends;
While injur'd Innocence it ſelf defends,
I am prepar'd, and wiſh my Cauſe were try'd:
In full aſſurance to be juſtifi'd.
Begin; who will accuſe? ſhould I not ſpeak
In ſuch a truth, my heart with grief would break.
Juſt Judge, two lets remove: that free from dread,
I may before thy high Tribunal plead.
Oh let theſe torments from my fleſh depart;
Nor with thy terrors daunt my trembling heart:
Then charge: ſo I my life may juſtifie:
And to my juſt complaint do thou reply.
What Sins are thoſe that ſo pollute my breſt:
Oh ſhew how oft I have thy Laws tranſgreſt?
Wilt thou thy Servant of thy ſight deprive,
And as an Enemy to Ruin drive?
Wilt thou a withered leaf to powder grind?
Toſt in the air by every breath of wind:
Or with thy Lightning into Aſhes turn
Such worthleſs Stubble? only dry'd to burn.

Thou haſt indited me of bitter Crimes:
Now puniſht, for the faults of former times.
Lo! my reſtrained feet thy fetters wound;
Watcht with a Guard, and rooted in the ground.
Like rotten fruit I fall: worn like a cloth
Gnawn into rags by the devouring Moth.

The vanity of Man as mortall.

CHAP. XIV.

MAN! few, and full of Sorrow, are the Days
Of Man from Woman ſprung: His life decays,
Like that frail flower which with the Suns upriſe
Her bud unfolds: and with the Evening Dies.
He like an empty Shadow glides away:
And all his Life is but a Winters Day.
Wilt thou thine Eye upon a vapour bend?
Or with ſo weak an oppoſite contend?
Who can a pure and Cryſtal Current bring,
From ſuch a muddy, and polluted Spring?
Oh, ſince his Days are numbred; ſince thou haſt
Preſcrib'd him bounds that are not to be paſt:
A little with his puniſhment diſpence:
Till he have ſerv'd his time, and part from hence.
A Tree, though hewn with Axes to the ground,
Renews his growth, and ſprings from his green
Although his root wax old, his fibers dry; (wound:
Although the ſapleſs bole begin to die;
Yet will at ſcent of Water freſhly ſprout:
And like a ~~plant~~ ſcion thruſt ~~his~~ young Branches out.
But Man, when once cut down; when his pale ghoſt
~~Flees~~ His into air; he is for ever loſt.
As Meteors vaniſh, which the Seas exhale;
As Torrents in the drouth of Summer fail:
So periſht Man from Death ~~ſhall never riſe~~ in imprison'd lies;
But ſleep in ſilent Shades with ſeal'd-up Eyes:

While

While the Celeſtial Orbes in order roul,
And turn their flames about the ſtedfaſt Pole.
Oh that thou would'ſt conceal me in the Grave;
Immure with marble in that ſecret Cave,
Until the Tempeſt of thy wrath were paſt!
A time prefix, and think of me at laſt!
Can man recover his departed Breath?
I will expect until my change in Death;
And anſwer at thy call: Thou wilt renew
What thou haſt ruin'd, and my fears ſubdue.
But now thou tell'ſt my Steps, mark'ſt when I err:
Nor wilt the vengeance due to Sin defer.
Thou in a Bag haſt my Tranſgreſſions ſeal'd:
And only by their Puniſhments reveal'd. (thrown;
As Mountains, toſt by Earth-quakes, down are
Rocks torn up by the roots: as hardeſt Stone
The ſoftly-falling drops of water wear;
As Inundations all before them bear;
And leave the Earth abandoned: ſo ſhall
Th' aſpiring hopes of Man to nothing fall.
Thy wrath prevails againſt him every Day;
Whom with a changed Face thou ſend'ſt away:
Then knows not if his Sons to honour riſe;
Or ſtruggle with their ſtrong neceſſities.
But here his waſting Fleſh with anguiſh burns:
And his perturbed Soul within him mourns.

CHAP. XV.

JOB paus'd: to whom the *Themanite* replies:
Can man ſuch follies utter and be wiſe?
Which bluſter from the Tempeſt of thy mind,
As if thy breaſt inclos'd the Eaſtern wind.
Wilt thou thy idle rage by Reaſon prove? (move?
Or ſpeak thoſe Thoughts which have no power to

Thou from thy rebel Heart haſt God exil'd;
Kept back thy Prayers his ſacred Truth revil'd.
Thy Lips declare thy own impiety;
Accuſe of fraud, condemn thee; and not I.
Art thou the firſt of Mortals? wert thou made
Before the Hills their lofty Brows diſplay'd?
Hath God to thee his Oracles reſign'd?
Is wiſdom only to thy Breaſt confin'd?
What know'ſt thou that we know not? as compleat
In Natures graces; in acquir'd, as great.
There are gray heads among us: Counſellers,
To whom thy Father was a Boy in Years.
Slightſt thou the Comforts we from God impart?
What greater Secret lurks in thy proud heart,
That hurries thee into theſe ecſtaſies?
What fury flames in thy diſdainful Eyes?
Wilt thou a War againſt thy Maker wage? (rage?
And wound him with thy tongues blaſphemous
Was ever humane fleſh from blemiſh clear?
Can they be guiltleſs whom frail women bear?
He truſteth not his Miniſters of Light:
The radiant Stars ſhine dimly in his Sight.
How perfect then is man? from head to foot
Defil'd with filth, and rotten at the root.
Who poys'ning ſin with burning thirſt devours:
As parched Earth ſucks in the falling ſhowers.
What I have heard and ſeen (would'ſt thou intend
Thy cure) I would unto thy care commend;
Which oft the wiſe have in my thoughts reviv'd:
To them from knowing Anceſtors deriv'd;
Who God-like over happy Nations reign'd,
And Vertue by ſuppreſſing Vice ſuſtain'd.
Th' Unjuſt his Days in painful travel ſpends:
The Cruel ſuddenly to Death deſcends.
He ſtarts at every ſound that ſtrikes his Ear:
And puniſhment anticipates by fear.

Who

Who from the height of all his Glory ſhall,
Like newly-kindled Exhalations, fall:
Deſpairs cold breath his ſpringing hopes confounds:
Who feels th'expected Sword before it wounds.
He begs his bread from door to door, and knows
The Night draws on that muſt his Day incloſe.
Horror and anguiſh ſhall his Soul affright;
Daunt like a King that draws his Troops to fight.
Since he againſt the Almighty ſtretcht his hand,
And like a rebel ſpurn'd at his Command;
God ſhall upon his ſeven-fold target ruſh,
And his ſtiff neck beneath his ſhoulders cruſh.
Though Luxury ſwell in his ſhining eyes,
And his fat belly load his yielding thighs:
Though he diſmantled Cities fortifie,
From their deſerted ruins rais'd on high:
Yet his congeſted wealth ſhall melt like ſnow;
Whoſe growth ſhall never to perfection grow.
Deſtruction ſhall ſurround him: nor ſhall he
His Soul from that dark night of Horror free:
God with his breath ſhall all his Branches blaſt:
And ſcorch with lightning by his vengeance caſt.
Will the deluded truſt to vanity?
And by the ſtroak of his own folly die?
For he ſhall be cut down before his time:
His ſpreading Branches wither in their prime.
Lo, as a ſtorm which with the Sun aſcends,
From creeping vines their unripe cluſters rends;
And the fat Olive, ever green with Leaves,
Together of her hopes and flowers bereaves:
So ſhall the great Revenger ruinate
Him and his Iſſue, by a dreadful fate.
Thoſe Fools who fraud with piety diſguiſe,
And by corrupting Bribes to Greatneſs riſe;
Their Glories ſhall in deſolation mourn:
While hungry flames their lofty ſtructures burn.

With Miſchief they conceive; their bellies great
With ſwelling Vanity, bring forth Deceit.

CHAP. XVI.

THen *Job*: How long wilt thou thus vex mine ears!
You all are miſerable Comforters.
Shall this vain wind of words, ah! never end?
Why *Eliphas* ſhould'ſt thou afflict thy Friend?
Were you ſo loſt in grief, would I thus ſpeak?
Such bruiſed hearts with harſh invectives break?
Would I accumulate your Miſeries
With Scorn? and draw new Rivers from your Eyes?
Oh no, my language ſhould your paſſions calm:
My words ſhould drop into your wounds like balm.
But oh my frantick Sorrow finds no eaſe!
Complaints nor ſilence can their pangs appeaſe!
Thou Lord haſt my perplexed Soul depreſt;
Bereft of all the comforts ſhe poſſeſt:
My Face thus furrowed with untimely age;
My pale and meagre looks profeſs thy rage.
Whoſe Miniſters, like cunning foes, ſurprize;
Tear with their teeth, transfix me with their eyes;
Againſt my peace combine: at once aſſail,
With open mouths, and impudently rail.
God hath deliver'd me into their Jaws (Laws.
Who hunt for ſpoil, and make their Swords their
Long ſail'd I on ſmooth Seas, by fore-winds born:
Now bulg'd on rocks, and by his Tempeſts torn.
He by the Neck hath hal'd, in pieces cut;
And ſet me as a mark on every Butt.
His Archers circle me; my reins they wound,
And, ruthleſs, ſhed my gall upon the ground.
Behold! he ruins upon ruins heaps:
And on me like a furious Giant leaps.

For

For thus with ſackcloth I inveſt my Woe:
And duſt upon my clouded forehead throw.
My cheeks are gutter'd with my fretting tears:
And on my falling Eye-lids Death appears.
Yet is my heart upright, my prayers ſincere;
My guiltleſs Life from your aſperſions clear.
Reveal, oh Earth, the Blood that I have ſpilt:
Nor hear me, Heaven, if I be ſoil'd with guilt.
My Conſcience knows her own Integrity:
And that all-ſeeing Power inthron'd on high.
Yet you traduce me in my Miſeries:
But I to God erect my weeping Eyes.
Would I before him might my cauſe defend;
And argue as a mortal with his friend:
Since I ere long that precipice muſt tread,
Whence none return, that leads unto the Dead.

CHAP. XVII.

MY Spirits are infected, and my Tomb
Yawns to devour me; my laſt Days are come.
Yet you with bitter ſcorn my pangs increaſe:
Nor, ah! will ſuffer me to die in peace.
What Advocate will take your cauſe in hand;
And for you at the high Tribunal ſtand?
Since God your erring Souls deprives of ſenſe;
Nor will exalt you in your own defence.
His Children ſhall their days in ſorrow end,
Whoſe tongue with flattery deludes his Friend.
I to the vulgar am become a Jeſt:
Eſteemed as a Minſtrel at a Feaſt.
My ſleepleſs eyes their ſplendor quench in tears:
My tortur'd body to a ſhadow wears.
This, in the Righteous wonder ſhall excite:
The Innocent ſhall hate the Hypocrite.

He in the path preſcrib'd ſhall boldly go:
And his untainted ſtrength ſhall ſtronger grow.
Revoke your wandring Cenſures, nor deſpiſe
The wretched: you who ſeem, but are not wiſe.
My flying hours arrive at their laſt date:
My thoughts and fortunes buryed in my fate.
How ſoon my ſhortned Day is chang'd to Night!
Abortive Darkneſs veils my ſetting Light.
Oh can your counſel his deſpair defer,
Who now is houſed in his Sepulchre?
I, in the ſhades of death my Bed have made.
Corruption thou my Father art, I ſaid,
And thou, O Worm, my Mother: by thy Birth
My Siſter; born, and nouriſhed by Earth.
Where now are all my hopes? oh never more
Shall they revive! nor Death her rapes reſtore!
But to the graves infernal priſon muſt
With me deſcend, and rot in ſhrouds of Duſt.

CHAP. XVIII.

TO whom thus *Bildad:* when wilt thou forbear
To clamor, and afford a patient ear?
Do'ſt thou as beaſts thy ancient friends deſpiſe?
Are we ſo vile and trivial in thine Eyes?
Oh miſerable Man, by thy own rage
In pieces torn: can fury grief aſſwage?
Will God for thee the govern'd Earth forſake?
His purpoſe change, and Rocks aſunder ſhake?
He ſhall their light extinguiſh who decline
From Vertues paths: their ſparks ſhall ceaſe to ſhine.
The Wicked ſhall be compaſſed about
With Darkneſs: and his oylleſs Lamp fly out.
His waſted ſtrength unthought-of miſchiefs ſhall
Intrap; and he by his own counſels fall.

His

His deſperate feet their Lord to Ruin lead:
And on prepared Engines raſhly tread.
The Hunter ſhall intangle in his Toil;
And rav'nous Thieves of all his Subſtance ſpoil:
Snares, ſpread with tempting baits, for him ſhall lay;
And dig concealed Pit-falls in his way.
A thouſand horrors ſhall his Soul affright,
Encounter; and purſue his guilty flight.
Deſtruction ſhall upon his Steps attend;
And famines rage into his guts deſcend:
She ſhall the Sinews of his ſtrength devour,
And Death's Firſt born ſhall crop him in his flower:
Cut off his confidence; and to the King
Of Terrors, his accuſed Conſcience, bring.
Driven from the Houſe, unjuſtly call'd his own;
By rapine got: which flaming ſulphur, thrown
From Heaven, ſhall burn: his root within the ground
Shall wither, and the axe his branches wound.
He and his dying memory ſhall rot;
His name even by the preſent Age forgot.
From light into perpetual Darkneſs hurl'd;
And, as a Miſchief, chas'd out of the World.
No Son, or Nephew ſhall ſupply his place:
Himſelf the laſt of his accurſed Race.
Poſterity, as thoſe then living, ſhall
With wonder tremble at his fearful fall.
So tragical and merited a fate
Shall ſwallow thoſe, who God and Juſtice hate.

CHAP. XIX.

HOW long, ſaid *Job*, will you with bitter words
Thus wound my Soul? your tongues more [ſharp than Swords,
Ten times have you aſperſions on me thrown:
Your ſelves, as Strangers, without bluſhing ſhown.
If

If I have ſinn'd, my Sins with me remain:
And I alone the puniſhment ſuſtain.
It is inhumane cruelty in you
Thus to inſult; and his reproach purſue
Whom Gods own hand hath caſt unto the ground:
And in a Labyrinth of Sorrow wound.
Unheard are my Complaints: my cries the wind
Drives through the air: my wrongs no Judgment find.
God, with beſieging Troops, prevents my flight(
And folds my paths in ſhades more dark than night.
Hath ſtript me of my Glory; my Renown
Eclips'd: and from my Temples torn my Crown.
On every ſide deſtroy'd; trod under foot:
I, as a plant, am pul'd up by the Root.
His indignation like a Furnace glows
Who, as a Foe at me his lightning throws.
All his aſſembled Plagues at once devour:
And round about my tents incamp their Power.
My Mothers Sons deſert me: left alone
By my Familiars; by my Friends unknown.
My Kindred fail me: theſe alone depend
On fortunes ſmiles; the wretched finds no friend.
Thoſe of my Family their Maſter ſlight:
Grown deſpicable in my hand-maids ſight.
I of my churliſh ſervants am unheard:
My ſufferings, nor Intreaties, they regard.
My Wife neglects me; though deſir'd to take
Some pity on me, for our Childrens ſake.
By idle Boys, and Idiots vilifi'd:
Who me, and my Calamities deride.
My Intimates far from my ſight remove:
Thoſe, whom I favour'd moſt, ungrateful prove.
My Skin cleaves to my Bones: of this remains
No part entire, but what my teeth contains.
Oh my hard-hearted friends! take ſome remorſe
Of him, whom God hath made a Living Corſe.

Will

Will you with God in my afflictions join?
Will't not ſuffice that I in Torments pine?
Oh that the words I ſpeak were regiſtred
Writ in a Book, for ever to be read!
Or that the tenor of my juſt complaint
Were ſculpt with ſteel on Rocks of Adamant!
For my Redeemer lives: I know he ſhall
Deſcend to Earth, and man to Judgment call.
Though worms devour me, though I turn to mold;
Yet in my fleſh I ſhall his face behold.
I from my marble Monument ſhall riſe
Again intire, and ſee him with theſe Eyes:
Though ſtern diſeaſes now conſume my Reins;
And drink the blood out of my ſhrivel'd veins.
'Twere better ſaid: why ſhould we perſecute
Our friend; whoſe cauſe is ſolid at the Root?
Oh fear the Sword; for puniſhments ſucceed
Our Treſpaſſes; and cruelty muſt bleed.

CHAP. XX.

THus anſwer'd the incenſt *Nahamathite:*
I had been ſilent, but thy words excite
My ſtrugling thoughts to vindicate the wrong
Caſt on our zeal by thy reproachful tongue.
This is a truth, which with the world began; *¶ God's judgement on Hypocrites.*
Since Earth was firſt inhabited by man:
Sin's triumph in ſwift miſery concludes;
And flattering joy the Hypocrite deludes.
Although his excellence to Heaven aſpire;
Though radiant Beams his ſhining Brows attire;
He, as his dung, ſhall periſh on the ground:
Nor ſhall th' impreſſion of his Steps be found;
But like a troubled Dream ſhall take his flight:
And vaniſh as a Viſion of the Night.

No

No mortal Eye ſhall ſee his face again:
Nor ſumptuous roofs their builder entertain.
If he have Children, they ſhall ſerve the poor:
And goods by rapine got, enforc't, reſtore.
The puniſhments of Luxury and Luſt
Shall eat his Bones; nor leave him in the Duſt.
Though vice, like ſweet confections, pleaſe his taſt;
Although between his tongue and palate plac'd:
Though he preſerve, and chew it with delight;
Nor bridle his licentious appetite:
Yet ſhall it in his boyling Stomach turn
To bitter poyſon; and like wild-fire burn.
He ſhall caſt up the wealth by him devour'd,
Like vomit from his yawning Entrails pour'd:
The gall of Aſpes with thirſty lips ſuck in;
The Vipers deadly teeth ſhall pierce his skin:
Nor ever ſhall thoſe happy Rivers know,
Which with pure Oil and fragrant Honey flow.
The Riches purchas'd by his Care and ſweat,
He ſhall reſign; nor of his Labors eat:
But reſtitution to the value make;
Nor joy in his extorted treaſure take.
Since he the poor forſook; the weak oppreſt;
The Manſion, by another built, poſſeſt:
His Belly never ſhall be ſatisfi'd;
Nor he with his adored wealth ſupply'd.
Of all his Suſtenance at once bereft:
No heir ſhall ſtrive to inherit what is left.
He, in the pride of his full Glory, ſhall
To Earth deſcend; and by the wicked fall.
About to feed; *Jehova*'s flaming Ire
Shall blaſt his hopes, and mix his food with fire.
While from the raging Sword he vainly flies,
A Bow of Steel ſhall fix his trembling thighs.
Darts through his flowing gall ſhall force their way:
Eternal terrors ſhall his Soul diſmay.

Thick

Thick darkneſs ſhall infold; a fire unblown
Devour his Race, by their misfortunes known.
Heaven ſhall reveal his cloſe impieties:
And Earth, by him defil'd, againſt him riſe.
His Subſtance in that Day of wrath ſhall waſte;
Like ſudden Torrents from ſteep Mountains caſt.
This is the Portion of the Hypocrite:
Such Horrors ſhall on the Blaſphemer light.

CHAP. XXI.

THE *Huzite* ſigh'd, and ſaid: My words attend:
Afford this only comfort to your friend.
Suffer my tongue to ſpeak my thoughts: and then
Renew your ſcoffs: do I complain to Men?
Since God ſuch dreadful Arms againſt me bears:
Oh why ſhould I ſuppreſs my ſighs and tears!
My ſufferings with aſtoniſhment ſurvay:
And on your ſilent lips your fingers lay.
For ſhould my Enemy indure the like;
The Story would my Soul with horror ſtrike.
Why live the wicked? they by vices thrive; ¶ *A man may proſper in this world, & yet be very wicked.*
Sail on ſmooth Seas, and at their Port arrive:
Confirm a long ſucceſſion; and behold
Their numerous off-ſpring: in exceſs grow old.
Their Houſes on ſecure foundations ſtand:
Nor are they humbled by the Almighties hand.
Their luſty Bulls ſerve not their Kine in vain:
Their Calves the Breeders their full time retain.
Abroad (like flocks) their little ones they ſend:
Their Children dance, in active Sports contend;
Strike the melodious Harp, ſhrill Timbrels ring:
And to the warbling Lute ſoft Ditties ſing.
Life is to them a long-continued Feaſt:
And ſleep ~~is not more calm than Deaths arreſt.~~ *like theirs, who in the Aſhes reſt.*

To

To God they ſay; Enjoy thy Heaven alone:
Be thou to us, as we to thee, unknown.
For what is he, that we ſhould him obey?
Or fruitleſs vows before his Altar pay?
Yet their Felicity from him proceeds:
Nor am I culpable of their miſdeeds.
When are their Tapers quencht? do they expire,
Struck by the Thunderer, with Darts of fire?
How oft are they like Chaff by whirl-winds toſt?
Or early Bloſſoms bitten by the Froſt?
When are their Vices puniſht in their ſeed?
When for their own offences do they bleed?
How often tread deſtructions horrid Path?
And drink the dregs of the Revengers wrath?
Care they for their deſerted Families;
When Deaths all-curing hand ſhall cloſe their eyes?
Shall Man his Maker teach, who ſits on high;
And ſways the worlds inferior Monarchy?
Two Men at once behold: the one poſſeſt
Of his deſires, with peace and plenty bleſt:
From whoſe ſwoln breaſt a ſtream of milk diſtils;
Whoſe bones high feeding with hot marrow fills:
The other, miſerable from his birth:
A burthen to himſelf, and to the Earth;
Who never could his Hungers rage ſuffice:
That in perfection; This in Sorrow dies.
Yet Death, more equal, theſe extreams conforms;
And covers their corrupting fleſh with worms.
I know your Counſels; can your thoughts detect:
The forged Crimes you purpoſe to object.
Where are, ſay you, thoſe Palaces that blas'd
With burniſht Gold, on carved Columns rais'd?
Built on the Ruins of the poor; the ſoil
By extortion purchas'd; and adorn'd with ſpoil?
Be judg'd by Travellers: they will confute
What falſly you ſuggeſt, and ſtrike you mute.

For

For theſe, and thoſe, who high in Vice command,
Againſt the Thunders rage ſecurely ſtand:
And flouriſh in the Day of wrath, when all
About them by the ſtroak of Slaughter fall.
Who dare againſt the great in Miſchief plead?
Or turn his Injuries upon his head?
They ſhall his Corps with Funeral Pomp Inter:
And lodge him in a ſumptuous Sepulchre.
The Flowers which in the circling Valley grow,
Shall on his Monument their Odors throw.
All that ſurvive ſhall follow him; and tread
That common path, b'innumerable led. *by their forefathers*
Why vainly then pretend you my relief?
And with falſe comforts aggravate my grief?

CHAP. XXII.

CAN Man his Maker benefit (replide
The *Themanite*) as he by wiſdoms guide
May his own joys advance? can he delight
From him receive, becauſe his heart's upright?
Avails it him that thou from vice art clear?
Makes he thee guilty? or condemns for fear?
No *Job*, thy Sins theſe puniſhments beget:
Thy Sins which are as infinite as great.
Thou of their garments oft haſt ſtript the poor;
Thy Brothers pledge refuſing to reſtore:
No water would'ſt unto the thirſty give;
Nor with thy bread the Hungry Soul relieve:
While mighty men, and thoſe who more poſſeſt
Than ſerv'd for Ryot, ſurfeit at thy feaſt.
Sad widows, by thee rifled, weep in vain:
And ruin'd Orphans of thy Rapes complain.
For this unthought of Snares begirt thee round;
And ſudden fears thy troubled Soul confound:

Dark

Dark clouds before thine Eyes their Vapors ſpread;
And thronging Billows roul above thy head.
Perhaps theſe fumes from thy diſtemper riſe:
Sits not *Jehovah* on the arched Skies?
Behold the Stars, which underneath diſplay
Their ſparkling fires; how far remov'd are they?
What can he at ſo great a diſtance know?
Can he from thence behold our deeds below?
Thick interpoſing Miſts his eye-ſight bound:
Who free from trouble treads th'Etherial Round.
The Short proſperity of the wicked ends in unſpeakable misery.
Haſt thou obſerv'd thoſe crooked paths, wherein
They blindly wander who are ſlaves to Sin?
Snatcht from their hopes by an untimely end:
Caſt down like Torrents, never to aſcend.
Who ſaid to God; us to our fortunes leave:
From thee what benefit do we receive?
Yet he their Houſes with abundance ſtor'd.
With Showers of Gold: the God their Souls ador'd.
Oh how my Soul, their wicked Counſel hates!
The Righteous ſhall behold their tragick fates;
Joy at their early-Ruin: then deride
Their flattered Glory, and now-humbled Pride.
But we, and ours, ſhall flouriſh in his Grace;
When ſearching Flames devour their curſed Race.
Conſult with God; thy troubled mind compoſe:
So he ſhall give a period to thy woes.
Receive the Laws, his ſacred Lips impart:
And lodge them in the cloſet of thy heart.
If thou return; he will thy fall erect:
Nor ſhall contagious Sin thy Roof infect.
Then ſhalt thou gather ſhining heaps of Gold,
As pebles which the purling Streams infold:
Trod under foot like duſt. Thy God ſhall be
A Silver ſhield, a Tower of Gold to thee.
For thou on him ſhalt thy affections place:
And humbly to his Throne exalt thy face.

Thou

Thou at his Altar ſhalt devoutly pray:
He ſhall conſent, and thou thy vows ſhalt pay.
He ſhall thy wiſhes to fruition raiſe:
And ſhed Celeſtial Beams upon thy Ways.
When Men are from their Noon of Glory thrown;
And under Sin and Sorrows burthen grone:
Then ſhalt thou ſay; Th'Almighty from the grave
Hath me redeem'd: He will the humble ſave.
Thoſe guilty Souls who languiſh in Deſpair,
God ſhall reſtore; and ſtrengthen at thy Prayer.

CHAP. XXIII.

THen *Job*: though my complaints obſerve no (bounds;
Yet Oh, how far leſs bitter than my wounds!
Would his divine Receſs to me were known;
That I at length might plead before his Throne.
I would ſuch weighty arguments inforce,
As ſhould convert his Fury to Remorſe.
Then ſhould my longing Soul his anſwer hear:
Would he object his power? or daunt with fear?
Oh no, his Goodneſs rather would impart
New vigor, and repair my broken Heart.
He would the Plea of Innocence admit:
And me for ever by his Sentence quit.
But is not to be found: though I ſhould run
To thoſe diſcloſing Portals of the Sun;
And walk his way, until his Horſes ſteep
Their fiery fetlocks in the *Iberian* deep:

Or ſhould I to the oppoſed Poles repair;
Where equal cold congeals the fixed air:
And yet his ſearching Eyes my paths behold
When he hath try'd me I ſhall ſhine like gold:
For in his tract my wary feet have ſtept;
His undeclined ways preciſely kept:
Nor ever, have revolted from his Laws:
To me more ſweet than food to hungry Jaws.
But he is ſtill the ſame: (oh who can ſhun,
Or change his Fate!) what he decrees is done.
This truth behold in me: His Myſteries
Are Sacred, and conceal'd from mortal Eyes.
I therefore tremble at his dreadful ſight:
Diſtracted thoughts my troubled Soul affright.
For oh, his terror melts my heart to tears;
Diſſolves my brain, and harrows me with fears.
Who neither would by Death prevent my woes;
Nor eaſe my Soul in theſe her bitter Throes.

CHAP. XXIV.

WHY are the puniſhments by God decreed
To wicked men, and their rebellious Seed,
Since times to come are preſent in his ſight,
Conceal'd from thoſe who in his Laws delight?
Some ſlily marks remove from bordering Lands;
Feed on the Flocks they purchaſe, with ſtrange hands
The Orphans only Aſs they drive away;
And make the Widows morgag'd Oxe their prey:

Who

Who force the frighted poor to turn aſide;
Whom milder Rocks in their dark Caverns hide.
Like Aſſes in the Deſert, they their Toil
With Day renew; and riſe betimes for Spoil.
The barren Wilderneſs preſents them food
To feed themſelves, and their adulterate brood.
Their Sicklers reap the Corn another ſows: (flows.
They drink the Blood which from ſtoln cluſters
The poor, by them diſrobed, naked Lie:
Vail'd with no other covering but the skie.
Expos'd to ſtiffning froſts, and drenching ſhowers,
Which thickned Air from her black boſom pours:
To Torrents which from cloudy Mountains ſpring;
And to the hanging Cliffs for ſhelter cling. (rend;
They from their Mothers Breaſts poor Orphans
Nor without gages to the needy lend.
For want of cloths they force them ſtarve with cold:
From hungry Reapers they their ſheaves withhold.
Thoſe faint for thirſt who in their Vintage toil;
And from the Juicie Olive preſs pure Oil.
Oppreſſed Cities groan; the wounded cry
To Heaven for Vengeance: yet in peace they die.
Others, that truth oppoſe; deſpiſe the way
Of her preſcriptions, and in Darkneſs ſtray:
Stern Murtherers, that riſe before the light
To kill the Innocent; and rob at night:
Unclean Adulterers, whoſe longing Eyes
Wait for the twy-light; enter in diſguiſe,
And ſay, who ſees us? Thieves who daily mark
Thoſe Houſes which they plunder in the Dark:
Theſe Strangers are to light; the Morning Rayes
By them are hated as their laſt of Dayes:
The Agonies of Death are on them, when
They are but known, or ſpoken of by Men:

And yet they periſh by *Jehovah*'s Curſe;
And fail like roaring floods that have no Sourſe.
Unlike the generous Vine, which cut, abounds
With budding Jems; and proſpers in her wounds.
As ſcorching heat the Mountain Snow devours;
As thirſty Earth drinks up the falling Showrs:
Even ſo the Graves inſatiable Jaws
Thoſe Rebels ſwallow, who infringe his Laws.
The Wombs that bare, their Burthens ſhall forget:
And greedy Worms their fleſh with pleaſure eat.
No tongue or Pen ſhall mention their Renown:
But lie like Trees by ſudden Storms caſt down.
The barren they more miſerable make:
And from the Widow all her Comfort take.
The Mighty fall in their ſeditious ſtrife:
When once they riſe, who can ſecure his life?
Though they be reſolute and confident:
Yet are *Jehovah*'s Eyes upon them bent.
But oh, how ſhort their glory! rais'd to fall:
Loſt in the Aſhes of their Funeral.
For they as others die: like Ears of Corn
By lightning blaſted; or with ſickles ſhorn.
Who doubts theſe contraries? who will diſpute
Againſt me? and my Inſtances confute?

CHAP. XXV.

Shuetian Bildad made this ſhort reply:
Dominion, and awful Majeſty,

To

To him belong, who Crown'd with ſacred Rayes,
The Hoſt of Heaven in perfect concord ſways.
Who can his Armies number? infinite,
And full of Fate! on whom ſhines not his light?
Can Mortals righteous in his Eyes appear?
Can they be ſpotleſs whom frail women bear?
To him the radiant Sun is but obſcure;
The Moon ſtill in Eclipſe; the Stars impure.
What then is Man? polluted in his Birth;
An unclean Worm that crauls upon the Earth?

CHAP. XXVI.

ALL Tongues, ſaid *Job*, of thy perfections ſpeak;
Thou he that renders vigor to the weak:
Thy ſtrength the feeble Arm with Nerves ſupplies;
Thou by thy Counſel mak'ſt the fooliſh wiſe:
No ſecret from thy Knowledge is conceal'd;
Celeſtial Oracles by thee reveal'd.
To whom art thou ſo prodigal of breath?
Or by what vertue doſt thou raiſe from Death?
Gods Works, Oh *Bildad*, we admire no leſs:
His prudence in their Government confeſs.
Dead things within the Deep were form'd by him;
And all that in the curled Ocean ſwim.
The ſilent vaults of Death, unknown to Light;
And Hell it ſelf, lie naked to his ſight.
He faſhion'd thoſe Harmonious Orbs, that roul
In reſtleſs Gyres about the Artick Pole.

The maſſy Earth, ſupported by his Care,
On nothing hangs in ſoft and fluent Air.
He in thick Clouds the pendent water binds;
Not thaw'd with heat, nor torn with ſtrugling winds
Before his radiant Throne like Curtains ſpred;
Yet at his beck in ſhowrs their ſubſtance ſhed.
With conſtant bounds the raging floods confines;
Till Day his Throne to endleſs Night reſigns. (rake
Heavens Columns, when his Storms and Thunder
The troubled Air, with ſudden Horror ſhake.
Lo, at his Breath the ſwelling waves divide:
His awful Scepter calms their vanquiſh't pride.
Whoſe hand the adorned Firmament diſplai'd;
Thoſe Serpentine yet conſtant Motions, made.
Theſe but in part his power and wiſdom ſhow:
For Oh how little do we Mortals know!
Although his Fame reſound through all the world;
Like Thunder from aerial vapors hurl'd.

CHAP. XXVII.

THey ſilenc't, *Job* proceeds in his Defence:
As the Lord lives, who knows my Innocence;
Yet will not judge: but hath my Soul depriv'd
Of all her Joys; to Miſery long-liv'd:
While theſe my vital Spirits ſhall receive
The food of Air, and through my Noſtrils breath:
No falſehood ſhall defile my Lips with Lies:
Or with a vail the face of Truth diſguiſe.

Nor

Nor will I wound my clear Integrity,
By yielding to your wrongs, but rather die.
Shall I my ſelf betray, my Strength refuſe,
Deſert my Juſtice, and my truth accuſe?
Firſt may I ſink by Torments yet unknown:
That thoſe which now I ſuffer may ſeem none.
Let ſuch as hate me in their Sins rejoice;
And ſurfeit with the pleaſant Baits of Vice:
What hope hath the prevailing Hypocrite,
When God ſhall chaſe his Soul to Endleſs Night?
Will God relieve him in his Agonies?
Or from the Depth of Sorrow hear his Cries?
Will he in God delight, his aid implore
Inceſſantly, and his great Name adore?
Oh be inſtructed by theſe Characters
Of his impreſſion, which my Body bears!
I his more ſecret Judgments will diſcloſe:
Which you have ſeen, yet deſperately oppoſe.
This is the Portion which the wicked hath;
He ſhall inherit the Almighties wrath:
The lawleſs Sword his Childrens blood ſhall ſhed;
Increaſt for ſlaughter; born to beg their bread.
Death ſhall the Remnant in his Dungeon keep:
No Widow at his funeral ſhall weep.
Although he gather Gold like heaps of Duſt,
The fuel of his Luxury and Luſt:
His Cabinets with change of Garments fraught
By ſilk-worms ſpun, and Phrygian Needles wrought:
Yet for the Juſt reſerv'd; who ſhall divide
His Treaſure, and diveſt him of his pride.
Though he his Houſe of poliſht Marble build;
With Jaſper floor'd, and carved Cedar ſeil'd:
Yet ſhall it ruin like the Moth's frail cell;
Or ſheds of Reeds, which Summers heat repel.

He ſhall lie down, neglected, as unknown:
And when he wakes, ſee nothing of his own.
Terrors, like ſwallowing Deluges, ſhall fright:
Swept from his Bed by Tempeſts in the Night:
Like ſcatter'd Down by howling *Eurus* blown;
By rapid Hurl-winds from his Manſion thrown.
God ſhall transfix him with his winged Dart:
Though he avoid him like the flying Hart:
Men ſhall purſue with merited diſgrace;
Hiſs, clap their hands, and from his Country chaſe.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THere are rich Veins of Gold, and ſilver Mines;
Whoſe Ore the fire in Crucibles refines.
So dig'd up Iron is in the Furnace blown:
And Braſs extracted from the melting Stone.
Men through the wounded Earth inforce their way;
And ſhew the under Shades an unknown Day:
While from her bowels they her Treaſure tear;
And to their avarice ſubject their fear.
There they with Subterranean Waters meet;
And Currents, never touch't by humane feet:
Theſe, by their bold endeavours, are made dry;
And from the Induſtry of Mortals flie.
The Earth with yellow ears her brows attires;
Although her Jaws exhale imboſom'd fires.
Torn Rocks the ſparkling Diamond unfold;
The bluſhing Ruby, and pure grains of Gold.

Thoſe

Thoſe gloomy vaults no wandring foul deſcries:
Nor are they pierced by the Vultures Eyes.
Swift Tygres, which in pathleſs Deſerts ſtray,
Nor ſolitary Lyons tread that way.
Their reſtleſs Labors cleave the living Stone:
Cloud-touching Mountains by their Roots ore-
(thrown.
New ſtreams through wondering Rocks their tract
While they the Magazines of Nature view: (purſue;
Who ſwelling Floods with narrow bounds incloſe;
And what in Darkneſs lurkt, to Light expoſe.
But where above the Earth, or under ground,
Can Wiſdom by the ſearch of Man be found?
Her worth his eſtimation far excels:
Conceal'd from ſenſe, nor with the living dwells.
The Seas reply; ſhe lies not in our Deeps:
Nor in our floods her radiant treſſes ſteeps.
Nor are her rare endowments to be ſold
For ſilver Hills; or Rivers pav'd with gold.
Nor for the glittering ſand by Ophir ſhown;
The blew-ey'd Saphir, or rich Onyx ſtone:
For Rocks of Cryſtal from the Ocean brought:
Nor Jewels by the rareſt workman wrought.
Can blazing Carbuncles with her compare?
Or groves of Coral hardned by the Air?
The Topas ſent from ſcorched *Meroe?*
Or Pearls preſented by the Indian Sea?
Whence comes ſhe? from what undiſcover'd Land?
Or where doth her concealed Palace ſtand?
Since O, inviſible to mortal Eye:
Or winged Travellers that trace the skie.
Death and Deſtruction ſay; her fame alone
Hath reach'd our Ears; but to our Eyes unknown.
God only underſtands her ſacred ways:
The Temple knows where ſhe her Light diſplays.

For

For he at once the Orb of Earth beholds;
And all that Heav'ns blew Canopy infolds:
To meaſure out the ſtrugling Winds by weight;
That elſe the world would tear in their debate:
And bridle the wilds Floods; leſt they their bound
Again ſhould paſs, and all the Earth ſurround.
When he in Clouds the dropping waters hung,
And through their roaring jaws his Lightning flung;
Then he beheld her face, her light diſplaid,
Prepar'd her paths, and thus to Mortals ſaid:
The fear of God is wiſdom; and to fly
From Evil, is of vertues the moſt high.

CHAP. XXIX.

JOB paus'd; forthwith theſe words his ſighs purſue:
Oh that thoſe happy Days would now renew;
When God beneath his ſhield my ſafety plac'd!
When his clear lamp a ſacred Splendor caſt
About my Brows! by whoſe directing light
I trod ſecurely through the Shades of Night!
That now I had what I in youth poſſeſt,
When he my Manſion with his preſence bleſt!
When thoſe who from my veins deriv'd their blood,
Like ſpringing Lawrels round about me ſtood!
When Butter waſht my Steps, when Streams of Oil
Guſht from the Rocks, and Plenty free from toil!
When through the gazing Streets I paſt in State
To my Tribunal, in the Cities Gate!

The

The bluſhing Youth their vertuous awe diſcloſe,
And from their Seats the reverend Elders roſe.
Attentive Princes ſuch a ſilence kept,
As if their Souls had in their Bodies ſlept.
Th'aſtoniſh't Nobles ſtood like men that were
Depriv'd of all their Senſes but the ear.
All Ears that heard, my equal Juſtice prais'd:
All Eyes that ſaw, their Lids with wonder rais'd.
I from Oppreſſors did the Poor defend;
The Fatherleſs, and ſuch as had no friend.
Thoſe ſav'd, whom wicked Power ſought to deſtroy:
And made the widows heart to ſpring with joy.
I put on Truth: ſhe cloth'd me with renown:
My Juſtice was to me a precious Crown.
Eyes lent I to the blind; feet to the Lame:
A Father to the Comfortleſs became.
I ſearch't what from my knowledge was conceal'd:
And clouded Truth by her own light reveal'd.
Oft with my Scepter brake the Lyons jaws
And ſnatcht the prey out of his armed paws.
Then ſaid; my Days ſhall as the Sand increaſe:
And I in my own neſt ſhall die in peace.
My Root was by the living water ſpred:
And Night her dew upon my Branches ſhed.
My Glories Creſcent to a Circle grew:
And I my Bow with doubled vigor drew.
When I but ſpake, they hung upon my look:
And as an Oracle my Counſel took.
None ſpake but I; each his own Judgment fears:
My words like honey dropt into their Ears;
Which readily with joy they entertain,
As Yawning Earth devours the latter Rain.
Although I ſmil'd, none would my thoughts ſuſpect:
Nor on my Mirth a frowning look reflect:

But

But trod the path which I their Chief propos'd.
I King-like ſate, with armed Troops inclos'd:
Gave timely Comforts to the Soul that mourn'd;
Rais'd from the Duſt, and tears to Laughter turn'd.

CHAP. XXX.

OH bitter change! now Boys my groans deride;
The wretched object of their ſcorn and pride:
Whoſe Fathers I unworthy held to keep,
With leſs contemned Dogs, my Flocks of Sheep.
How could their youth to my advantage turn?
Or elder age, with weakning vices worn?
Who, pale with famine, to the Deſert fled;
On roots of Juniper and Mallows fed:
Whom Men from their Society exclude;
Deteſted, and like Thieves with cries purſu'd:
Conceal'd in hollow Rocks, in gloomy Caves,
And Cliffs deep vaulted by the fretting waves:
Among the Buſhes they like Aſſes braid:
And in the Brakes their Conventicles made.
The Sons of Idiots, of ignoble Birth:
Contaminate, and viler than the Earth.
Yet now am I obnoxious to their wrongs:
A By-word, and the Subject of their Songs.
Who exerciſe their tongues in my diſgrace;
Abhor my paths, and ſpit upon my face.
They, ever ſince the inrag'd omnipotent
Diſſolv'd my Sinews, and my Bow unbent;

Like

Like head-ſtrong Horſes, twixt their teeth have tane
The maſter'd Bridle, and contemn'd the rein.
Lo, Boyes againſt me riſe, and ſtrow my way
With Snares; then watch the cruel traps they lay:
Who now my paths pervert; their hate extend
To multiply his woes, that hath no friend.
As Seas againſt the Shores ſtrong Rampires ſtretch
Their battering waves, and force a dreadful breach:
With equal fury they upon me roul;
Even to the deſolation of my Soul.
Beſieging Terrors ſtorm-like roar aloud;
Purſue, and chaſe me like an empty Cloud.
O how my Soul is pour'd upon the ground!
Full grown Affliction hath a ſubject found.
Torments by Night my waſted marrow boil:
My Pulſes labour with unequal toil.
My ſores pollute my garments: Plagues infeſt
My poyſoned skin, and like a Coat inveſt.
O I am Duſt and Aſhes! Lord, thou haſt
Down in the dirt the broken-hearted caſt.
Thy Ears the incenſe of my Prayers reject:
No tears nor vows can alter thy neglect.
Ah! haſt thou loſt thy mercy! Wilt thou fight
Againſt a worm, and in his groans delight!
Thou ſetſt me on the winds; with every blaſt
Toſt to and fro, while I to nothing waſt.
I ſee my Death approach: I to the womb
Of Earth am call'd, of all the general Tomb.
Thou never wilt the Dead to Life reſtore:
Though here in Sorrow they thy grace implore.
How oft have I for thoſe that ſuffer'd, wept!
Afflicted for the poor, when others ſlept:
Yet when I lookt for joy, for cheerful light;
Then grief fell on, and ſhades more black than night.

My

My tortur'd Bowels found no hour of reſt:
By Troops of ſudden miſeries oppreſt.
Unknown to Day, I mourn'd: my clamors tare
The Ears ſoft Labyrinth, and cleft the Air.
The hiſſing Dragon, and the ſcreeching Owl,
Became Companions to my penſive Soul.
My fleſh is cover'd with a vail of jet:
And all my Bones conſume with burning heat.
My Harp her mournful Strains in Sorrow ſteeps.
My Organ ſighs ſad airs, as one that weeps.

CHAP. XXXI.

I With my Eyes a Covenant made, that they
Should not my Soul, nor ſhe their lights betray
To the deceit of ſin: why then ſhould I
Behold a Virgin with a burning Eye?
What Judgments are reſerv'd, what Vengeance due
To thoſe, who their intemperate Luſts purſue!
Deſtruction and eternal Ruin ſhall
From Heaven, like lightning, on the wicked fall.
Do not his ſearching Eyes my ways behold?
Are not my ſteps by him obſerv'd and told?
If tempting Sin could ever yet entice
My feet to wander in the Queſt of Vice:
Let that great Arbiter of Wrong and Right
Weigh in his Scales; and caſt me if too light.
If I from vertues path have ſtept awry;
Or let my heart be govern'd by mine Eye:

If

If I, oh Juſtice, have thy Rites profan'd;
If bribes or guiltleſs blood my hands have ſtain'd:
Then let another reap what I have ſown;
Nor let my Race be to the Living known.
If ever woman could to lin allure;
If I have waited at my Neighbours door:
Let my laſcivious Wife with others grind;
And by her Luſt repay my guilt in kind.
This were a hainous crime; ſo foul a fact,
As would due vengeance from the Judge exact:
A waſting fire, which violently burns;
And all to poverty and ruin turns.
If I by Power my Servants ſhould oppreſs;
Nor would their crying Grievances redreſs:
What ſhould I do, or ſay, when God ſhall come
To judge the World, that might divert his Doom?
Both made he in the Womb, of equal worth:
Though to unequal Deſtiny brought forth.
If from the poor I did their hopes detain;
Or made the Widows Eyes expect in vain:
If I alone have at my Table fed;
Or from the Fatherleſs withheld my bread:
Nor foſter'd from my youth, their wants ſupplide;
To him a Father, and to her a Guide:
If I have ſeen the naked ſtarve for cold;
While Avarice my Charity contrould:
If their cloth'd Loins have not my bounty bleſt;
Warm with the fleeces which my flocks diveſt:
If I my arms have rais'd to cruſh the weak;
The Judge prepar'd, the witneſs taught to ſpeak:
Be all their ligaments at once unbound;
And their disjointed bones to powder ground.
Divine Revenge my Soul from Sin deterr'd:
For I the Anger of th'Almighty fear'd.

I never Idolized Gold embrac'd:
Nor ſaid; In thee my Confidence is plac'd.
Nor on deceitful Riches fixt my heart;
Together ſcrap'd by no omitted Art.
If when I ſaw the early Sun aſcend,
Or the new Moon her ſilver horns extend;
I bowing kiſt my hand, thoſe Lights ador'd
As Deities, and their relief implor'd.
The Sin had been flagitious; and had cry'd
To him for vengeance whom my Deeds defi'd.
Have I with joy beheld my ruin'd foe?
Have I exulted in his overthrow?
Or in the tempeſt of my paſſion burſt
Into offences, and his Iſſue curſt?
Though my Domeſticks ſaid; oh let us tear
His hated fleſh, nor after death forbear.
Who made the Stones their bed, or ſigh'd for food,
If known? my Houſe to ſtrangers open ſtood.
Suppoſe I were corrupt, and foul within:
Yet to what end ſhould I diſguiſe my Sin?
Need I ſo much contempt or cenſure dread;
As not to ſpeak my thoughts, or hide my head?
Where ſhall I meet with an indifferent Ear?
Oh that the Soveraign Judge my Cauſe would hear,
Peruſe the Adverſaries evidence;
Try, and determine, my ſuppos'd offence!
I on my ſhoulders their complaints would bear:
And as a Diadem their Slanders wear.
More like a Prince than a Delinquent, would
Approach his preſence; and my life unfold.
If the uſurped Fields againſt me cry;
Their raviſht Furrows weep: if ever I
Have forced from them their unpaid-for Grain;
Their Husbandmen, and ancient Owners ſlain:

For

For wheat, let thiſtles from their clods aſcend;
For barley, cockle. *Jobs* complaints here end.

CHAP. XXXII.

NOR would his Friends proceed in their replies;
Since he appear'd ſo pure in his own Eyes.
When *Elihu Barachels* Son, who drew
His Birth from *Aram*, much incenſed grew:
Not only againſt *Job*, that durſt defend
His Innocency, and with God contend:
But with his three auſtere Companions; ſince
They would condemn before they could convince.
When he perceiv'd the reſt no anſwer made,
But like dumb Statues ſate; the *Buzite* ſaid:
Till now I durſt not venture to unfold
My labouring thoughts, to you that are ſo old.
For gray Experience is with wiſdom fraught;
And ſacred knowledge by the aged taught.
Yet oh, how dark is mans preſuming ſenſe,
Not lightned with Celeſtial Influence!
The great in Honor are not always wiſe:
Nor Judgment under ſilver Treſſes lies.
Since ſo; at length vouchſafe to hear a youth,
And his opinion, in the ſearch of Truth.
For I your words have weigh'd, your reaſons heard;
The Inſtances by each of you infer'd:
And yet in all the heat of your diſpute,
Not one could anſwer *Job*; much leſs confute.

Know therefore, leſt too raſhly you conclude,
It is not Man, but God that hath ſubdu'd.
Againſt me *Job* did not his ſpeech direct:
No more will I your Arguments object.
You all were at his Confidence amaz'd;
And ſilently upon each other gaz'd:
When I your anſwers had expected long,
Nor could diſcern the motion of a tongue;
I ſaid; Behold I now will act my part,
And utter the Conceptions of my heart.
My Soul is rapt with fury; and my breſt
Contains a flame, that will not be ſuppreſt.
My Bowels boil like wine that hath no vent;
Ready to break the ſwelling Continent.
Words therefore muſt my toiling thoughts relieve;
And to reſtrained Truth inlargement give.
No perſonal Reſpects my thoughts ſhall move;
Nor will I Man with flattering titles ſmooth.
Should I ſo proſtitute my ſervile Breath;
My Maker ſoon would cut me off by Death.

CHAP. XXXIII.

AND now, O *Job*, what I ſhall utter hear:
As I my lips, ſo open thou thine ear.
I ſacred knowledge clearly will impart;
Drawn from the fountain of a ſingle heart.
God made us both, with breath of Life inſpir'd;
In ſhrouds of frail Mortality attir'd:

Then

Then ſince we ſhall with equal Arms contend;
Ariſe, and if thou canſt, thy cauſe defend.
Behold, according to thy wiſh I ſtand
Inſtead of God; though made of ſlime and ſand.
I will not with ſtern Menaces affright:
Nor ſhall my hand on thee like Thunder light.
For I with grief, O *Job*, have heard thee vaunt;
And break into this paſſionate Complaint:
My Heart is uncorrupt, my Innocence
Without a Stain, my life free from offence:
Yet he occaſion ſeeks to overthrow,
And trample on me as his mortal foe:
Who, leſt I ſhould eſcape, in fetters binds;
Obſerves my ſteps, and makes the faults he finds.
How raſh is thy bold charge? God is compleat
In his own Eſſence; much than Man more great:
And yet dar'ſt thou contend? his patience grieve?
Will He a reaſon for his Actions give?
Oft he to Mortals ſpeaks: yet will not they
The Counſel of his Oracles obey.
Sometimes by Dreams in ſilence of the Night;
Sometimes by Viſions he informs their ſight:
When ſleep his Poppy on their Temples ſheds;
Or they lie muſing on their reſtleſs beds.
The cauſe of their afflictions then reveals;
And on their Hearts his reprehenſion ſeals:
That he may man prevent, his pride repel;
Save from the Sword, and greedy jaws of Hell.
For this, diſeaſed on his bed he groans;
While unrelenting Torments gnaw his bones:
The ſight of Food his empty ſtomach fills;
And Dainties to his taſte are loathſome Pills:
By waſting Hecticks of his fleſh bereft;
Bones late unſeen, alone apparent left:

His Soul ſits mourning at the Gates of Death;
While anguiſh ſtrives to ſuffocate his breath.
But if a Prophet, or Interpreter,
One of a thouſand, with the ſick confer:
Before his Eyes, his ugly ſins detect;
And to a better life his Steps direct:
Then Mercy thus will cry; Releaſe the bound
From Sin and Hell: I have a Ranſom found.
Then ſhall his bones the fleſh of Babes indue:
His youth and beauty like the Spring renew.
He ſhall his God implore; his glorious Face
With joy behold, and flouriſh in his grace.
For God will his Integrity regard:
His vertue with a Bounteous hand reward.
His Eyes the ſecrets of all hearts ſurvay.
When the contrite and bleeding Soul ſhall ſay;
How have I Juſtice forc'd! the poor undone!
Sin heapt on Sin! to my own Ruin run!
Then God ſhall raiſe him from the ſhades of Night:
And he ſhall live to ſee th'etherial Light.
Thus oft to man that Power which wounds & heals,
The way to Joy by Miſery Reveals:
That he may longer with the living dwell;
Snatcht from th'extended jaws of Death and Hell.
O thou of men moſt wretched! hear me ſpeak:
Nor in thy frantick paſſion ſilence break.
If thou thy ſelf canſt clear, at large reply:
For I thy life would gladly juſtifie.
If not; my words with wiſdom ſhall inform
Thy erring Soul, and mitigate this Storm.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

THen *Elihu* his Speech directs to thoſe
Who in a Ring the Diſputants incloſe.
You that are wiſe, ſaid he, my Doctrine hear:
You who have knowing Souls, afford an Ear,
For ſenſe is by that Organ underſtood;
Even as the taſte diſtinguiſheth of Food.
By Equity let us our Judgments guide:
And this long controverted Cauſe decide.
Job cries; I guiltleſs fall, to God appeal:
Yet will not he the clouded truth reveal.
Shall I with lies betray my Innocence?
My wound is mortal: O, for what offence!
Who of himſelf but he ſo vainly thinks?
Who contumacy like cold water drinks.
He is in ſhackles by the wicked led;
And walks the way which his Aſſociates tread,
What boots it man (ſays he) to take delight
In God! and live as always in his ſight!
O hear me, you who high in knowledge ſit:
Is it with God that he ſhould Sin commit?
No, each according to his Merit ſhall
Receive his hire: to Juſtice ſtand, or fall.
O can Compaſſion in Deſtruction joy?
Or will the righteous Judge the juſt deſtroy?
Shall he the world by mans direction ſway;
Whom Heaven and Powers Angelical obey?
In his diſpoſure is the Orb of Earth;
The Throne of Kings, and all of humane Birth.

O, if he ſhould the heart of man ſurvay;
Reduce, and take the breath he gave, away:
All Living in a moment would expire;
And ſwiftly to their former duſt retire.
Then *Job*, If thou haſt reaſon; if a mind
Not partial; let my words acceptance find.
Shall he who Juſtice hates, rule by his luſt?
Or wilt thou him condemn who is moſt juſt?
Shall Subjects tax their Kings? their Princes blame?
And with detraction's poys'nous breath defame?
Much leſs upbraid his juſt Dominion,
To whom both Lords and Vaſſals are all one.
Who Rich and Poor alike regards; ſince they
By him were form'd from the ſame lump of Clay.
Pale Death ſhall in an inſtant quench their light;
Whole Nations raviſh, in the dead of Night,
Sweep from the Earth: the mighty in Command
Shall from their Thrones be ſnatcht without a hand.
He all beholds with Eyes that never cloſe:
Obſerves their Steps, and their Intentions knows.
No muſling Clouds, nor Shades infernal, can
From his inquiry hide offending Man.
Nor ſhall the Puniſhment, which guilt purſues,
Exceed the Crime; leſt he ſhould God accuſe.
He ſnall for ſins unknown the mighty break;
And to their empty thrones advance the weak:
The Myſteries of Night reveal to Day;
And in their falls their ſecret faults diſplay.
Nor his exemplary revenge defer;
Preſented on the Worlds great Theatre:
Since they revolt from God, with open jaws
Blaſpheme his Juſtice, and deſpiſe his Laws.
So that the cries of their oppreſſions rend
The ſuffering Air, and to his Ears aſcend.

Who

Who can diſturb the peace which he beſtows?
What tumult waken their ſecure repoſe?
What Nation, or what one of Mortal Race,
Shall God behold, if he withdraw his Face?
That Hypocrites no more may tyrannize:
Nor in their ſnares the credulous ſurprize.
Say thou; I will not with my God contend;
But bear his Chaſtiſements, nor more offend.
My Ignorance inform, if I have lent
An Ear to Vice, leſt I my ſins augment.
Will he with thy Arbitrement comply?
Whether thou ſhould'ſt conſent, or ſhouldſt deny,
His cenſure is the ſame. Shall I tranſgreſs
In not reproving? what thou know'ſt, profeſs.
And you my Auditors, by God indu'd
With ſacred wiſdom, will I hope conclude,
That *Job* on Juſtice hath aſperſions flung;
And ſpoken indiſcreetly with his tongue.
O Father, give his Miſeries no end;
While he ſhall his impiety defend.
They to their ſins rebellion add, who jeſt
At their Inſtructors, and with God conteſt.

CHAP. XXXV.

THeſe Arguments thus urg'd; the zealous youth
Proceeds, & ſaid: Art thou inform'd by truth,
That dar'ſt prefer thine own integrity;
As if more juſt than he who ſits on high?

And ſay; O I am innocent in vain:
Have to no end preſerv'd my life from ſtain.
Now give me leave to anſwer thee, and thoſe,
Who Gods all-guiding Providence oppoſe.
O *Job* from Heaven to Earth erect thine eyes;
Behold the vaſt extenſion of the skies:
The ſailing Clouds by Exhalations fed;
How far are theſe advanc'd above thy head?
Can thy accumulated vices reach
Yet higher? and his Happineſs impeach?
What can thy Righteouſneſs to him bequeath?
Can God a Benefit from Man receive?
Although thy Sin a Mortal may deſtroy;
Thy Juſtice ſuccour, and confirm his joy.
Thoſe whom too-powerful Inſolence oppreſs;
Weep-out their eyes, and howl in their diſtreſs:
None cry; where is my God! who all our wrongs
Will vindicate, and turn our ſighs to Songs:
Ennobles with an Intellectual Soul;
More rational than beaſt, more wiſe than fowl.
None ſhall the others ſufferings regard:
The Ears of Pity by their vices barr'd.
For God will not relieve th'unpenitent:
Nor to the Prayers of wicked Souls conſent;
Much leſs to his, who ſays; I never more
Shall ſee his face, nor he my Joys reſtore.
Let no ſuch deſperate thoughts thy ſoul infect;
But calmly ſuffer, and his grace expect.
In both to blame: Though thou his wrath incenſe;
Thy puniſhment is leſs than thy offence.
Judge you how undiſcreetly *Job* complains:
And by extolling his own Juſtice ſtains.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A Little longer ſuffer me, while I
Proceed in this Divine Apology:
And from a far-remov'd Original
His Judgments vindicate, who made us all.
No *Fucus*, nor vain ſupplement of Art,
Shall falſifie the Language of my Heart.
He who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
With heavenly Influence inſpires my youth.
For the Omnipotent is only wiſe:
Nor will the great in Power the weak deſpiſe.
His Hands the poor from violence defend;
While Sin-defiled Souls to Hell deſcend:
Beholds the juſt, with Eyes that ever wake; (ſhake.
With Princes ranck't, whoſe Thrones no Tempeſts
Or if their vices caſt them to the ground,
If in the fetters of affliction bound:
He to their trembling Conſciences diſplays
Their former lives, and errours of their ways.
Then opens wide the Porches of their Ears;
And their long vailed Eyes from darkneſs clears:
That they themſelves may ſee, inſtructions hear,
Return from Sin, and their Creator fear.
They ſhall their happy Days in pleaſure ſpend:
And full of years in peace their progreſs end.
But if they diſobey; the Sword ſhall ſhed
Their guilty blood, and mix them with the Dead.
For the Deluder haſtens his own fall:
Nor will in trouble on the Almighty call;

Who

Who on the Beds of ſin ſupinely lie;
They in the Summer of their age ſhall die.
God will the penitent to Grace reſtore:
Taught by affliction to offend no more.
So from theſe fearful ſtraits would thee have led,
Inlarg'd thy paſſage, and with marrow fed:
But thou, through wicked Counſels, haſt rebell'd;
And therefore juſtly by his Judgments held.
O fear his wrath! ſhould'ſt thou be ſwept away;
Not Mines of Treaſure could thy Ranſom pay.
Cares he for wealth? Though Gold on Earth com-
NoGold, or force, can fre the from his hand. (mand.
Let not thy deſperate Soul deſire that Night,
Which from the living takes the laſt of Light:
Nor by the guide of ſorrow blindly err;
And Death before due Chaſtiſements prefer.
Lo! he his truth exalts: who ſo compleat,
As he in Power! whoſe Knowledge is ſo great!
Who can to him preſcribe a Path? or ſay,
Thy Judgments from the tract of Juſtice ſtray?
O rather praiſe the works his hands have wrought;
By all beheld: with Admiration fraught.
His Glory but in part to man appears:
Who knows him, or the number of his years?
He the congealed vapors melts again;
Extenuated into drops of Rain:
Which on the thirſty Earth in ſhowers diſtil;
And all that life poſſeſs with plenty fill.
Who can the extenſion of his Clouds explore?
Or tell how they in their colliſions roar?
Guilt with the flaſhes of their horrid light:
Yet darken all below with their own Night.
Judgment and bounty each from hence proceeds;
With theſe his Creatures puniſheth and feeds:

With

With theſe the Beauty of the day immures;
And all the Ornaments of Heaven obſcures:
Forthwith aerial Tumults wound the Ear;
Whoſe heat and cold the Clouds aſunder tear.

CHAP. XXXVII.

O How they terrifie my panting heart!
Ready to break my fibers, and depart.
† Heark, how his thunder from their entrails breaks!
The voice of God, when he in fury ſpeaks:
Which rouls in globes of pitch below the skies,
To Earths extent his winged lightning flies.
Purſu'd by hideous fragors: though before
The flames deſcend, they in their breaches roar.
His far-reſounding voice reports his ire:
His Indignation flows in ſtreams of fire.
O who can apprehend his excellence;
Whoſe wonders paſs the reach of humane ſenſe!
He gives the Winters Snow her aery birth:
And bids her Virgin Fleeces cloth the Earth.
Now he her face renews with fruitful ſhowrs:
Now Cataracts upon her boſom pours;
Whoſe falling Spouts the Hands of Labour tie,
When Swains for ſhelter to their Houſes flie;
Yet on their former toil reflect their care:
Then Salvage Beaſts to their dark Dens repair.
Loud Tempeſts from the Cloudy South break forth;
And cold out of the Cloud-repelling North.

¶ *The wonders of God in the varieties of weather & production of Meteors.*

The

The Fields with rigid froſt grow ſtiff and gray:
The Rivers ſolid, and forget their way.
Sad Clouds with frequent tears themſelves impair:
And thoſe that ſhone with lightning, fleet to air:
At his obey'd decree return again;
T'afflict the Earth, or comfort it with rain.
Thus Judgment and ſweet Mercy, which depend
Upon his beck, to men in Clouds deſcend.
This hear, O *Job*; with ſilence fixed, ſtand:
Review the wonders of his mighty Hand.
Know'ſt thou how God collects the muſt'red Clouds?
How in their darkneſs he his lightning ſhrouds?
How by him ballanc'd in the weightleſs Air?
Canſt thou the wiſdom of his works declare?
Or know'ſt thou how thy Garments warmer grow,
When dropping Southern gales begin to blow?
Wer't thou then preſent, when his hands diſplaid
The Firmament; of liquid Cryſtal made?
If ſo; inſtruct what we to God ſhould ſay;
Who in ſo dark a night have loſt our way.
What can we urge that is to him unknown?
Or who contend and not be overthrown?
Who on the Sun can gaze with conſtant Eyes,
When purging winds from vapors clear the skies,
And Northern gales his ſhining face unfold?
Much leſs the Majeſty of God behold.
O how inſcrutable! his equity
Twins with his Power. Will he the Juſt deſtroy?
For this to be ador'd: yet cannot find
Among the Sons of men a prudent mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THen from a Globe of curling Clouds, which (brake
Into a radiant flame, *Jehovah* ſpake:
What Mortal thus through ignorance profanes
My darkned Counſels? of his God complains?
Come, buckle on thy Armor: let us end
This controverſe; ſince thou wilt needs contend.
Tell, if thou canſt; where wert thou when I made
The food-full Earth, and her foundation laid?
Who thoſe exact dimenſions did deſign?
Who on her ſuperficies ſtretch'd his Line?
Or fixt as Centre to the world? upon
What Baſis built? who laid the Corner Stone?
Where wert thou when the Stars my praiſes ſung?
When Heaven with ſhouts of joyful Angels rung?
Or who ſhut up the Seas with Doors; when they,
As from the tortur'd womb, inforc'd their way?
By me inveſted with a Veil of Clouds:
And ſwadled, as new-born, in ſable ſhrouds.
For theſe a receptacle I deſign'd:
And with inviolable Bars confin'd.
Then ſaid: thus far your Empire ſhall extend; (ſcend.
Nor ſhall your prouder waves theſe bounds tran-
Haſt thou appointed where the Moon ſhould riſe,
And with her purple light adorn the skies?
Scor'd out the bounded Suns obliquer wayes;
That he on all might ſpread his equal rayes?
And by the clear extenſion of his Light,
Chaſe from the Earth the impious Sons of Night?
Whoſe

Whoſe Beams the various forms of things diſplay;
Like multitudes of Figures wrought in Clay:
By which the Beauty of the Earth appears;
The divers-colour'd Mantle which ſhe wears:
Conceal'd offendors by their luſtre found;
Attached, and in Deaths dark Priſon bound.
Say, haſt thou div'd into the Deeps below;
And trod thoſe bottom Sands where fountains flow?
Or boldly broken-up the Seals of Hell,
And ſeen the Shadows which in Darkneſs dwell?
Tell if thou canſt, how far the Earth extends?
Haſt thou diſcover'd her remoteſt ends?
Beheld the Chambers of the ſpringing Light?
Or travel'd through the Regions of the Night?
To their abodes canſt thou reveal the way;
And their alternate rule to men diſplay? (known
Wer't thou then born? haſt thou theſe ſecrets
Through length of time? art thou ſo aged grown?
Haſt thou ſurvay'd the Magazines of Snow?
Seen where the melting drops to Hail-ſtones grow?
With theſe I puniſh: theſe the weapons are,
By me prepar'd againſt the Day of War.
Why breaks the Lightning from the troubled skies,
While Eaſtern Winds in horrid Tempeſts riſe?
Who Deluges from Heaven in Torrents pours,
Or gives a paſſage to the roaring Showrs;
That they on Deſerts un-inhabited
By Mortals, may their fruitful moyſture ſhed?
Hence Vegetives receive their fragrant birth:
And cloth the naked Boſom of the Earth.
What, hath the Rain a Father? tell me who
Begot the ſhining Drops of Morning Dew?
Whoſe Womb produc'd the glaſſie Ice? who bred
The hoary Froſts that fall on Winters head?

The

The waters then in Cryſtal are conceal'd:
And the ſmooth viſage of the Sea congeal'd.
Canſt thou the pleaſant influence reſtrain,
Of *Pleiades*, which baths the Spring with rain?
Or boiſterous *Orions* Chains unbind,
Who draws along the bitter Eaſtern Wind?
In Summer, ſcorching *Mazaroth* diſplay?
Or teach *Arcturus*, and his Sons, their way?
Canſt thou the Motions of the Heavens direct?
Or make their vertue on the Earth reflect?
Will the condenſed Clouds, at thy command,
Deſcend in Showrs upon the thirſty Land?
Or in their roaring ſtrife aſunder part,
And at thy Foes their fearful Lightning dart?
With wiſdom who renowns the nobler parts?
Who underſtanding gives to humane Hearts?
Whoſe wiſdom clears the Saphirs of the skies?
Or who the ſwelling Clouds in Bladders ties?
To mollifie the ſtubborn clods with rain;
And ſcattered Duſt incorporate again.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WIlt thou for the old Lyon hunt? or fill
His hungry Whelps? and for the killer kill?
When couch'd in dreadful Dens; when cloſely they
Lurk in the Covert to ſurpriſe their prey?
Who feeds the Ravens when their young-ones cry,
To God for food, and through the Deſerts flie?

Know'ſt

Know'ſt thou when Salvage Goats do teem among
The craggy rocks? when hinds produce their young?
Can'ſt thou their Recknings keep? the time compute
When their ſwoln Bellies ſhall inlarge their fruit?
Without a Midwife theſe their Throws ſuſtain;
And bowing, bring their Iſſue forth with pain.
They at full Udders ſuck, grow ſtrong with Corn:
Depart, and never to their Dams return.
Who ſent forth the wild Aſs to live at large?
Whom neither Halter binds nor Burthens charge:
Inhabiting the barren Wilderneſs,
And rocky Caves, remov'd from mans acceſs.
He from the many-peopl'd City flies;
Contemns their labors, and the Drivers cries:
The Mountains are his walks; who wandring feeds
On ſlowly-ſpringing Herbs, and ranker weeds.
Will the fierce Unicorn thy Voice obey,
Stand at the Crib, and feed upon the Hay?
Or to the ſervile Yoak his freedom yield;
Plough up the Glebe, and harrow the rough Field?
Wilt thou upon his ready ſtrength rely?
Will he ſuſtain thee with his Induſtry?
Bring home thy Harveſt? to thy will ſubmit?
Put off his fierceneſs, and receive the Bit?
The Peacock, not at thy Command, aſſumes
His glorious train: Nor Eſtrich her rare Plumes.
She drops her Eggs upon the naked Land;
And wraps them in a bed of hatching Sand:
Expoſed to the wandering Traveller;
And Feet of Beaſts, which thoſe wild Deſerts rear.
She as a Step-mother betrays her own;
Left without care, and preſently unknown:
By God depriv'd of that Intelligence
Which Nature gives: of all moſt void of Senſe.

Her

Her feet the nimble Rider leave behind;
And when ſhe ſpreads her Sails, out-ſtrip the wind.
Haſt thou with Strength indu'd the generous Horſe?
His neck with Thunder arm'd, his breaſt with Force?
Him canſt thou as a Graſhopper affright?
Who from his Noſtrils throws a dreadful light;
Exults in his own courage; proudly bounds;
With trampling Hoofs the ſounding Centre wonds:
Breaks through the ordred Ranks with eyes that burn;
Nor from the Battle-Axe, or Sword, will turn.
The ratling Quiver, nor the glittering Spear,
Or dazling Shield, can daunt his heart with fear.
Through rage and fierceneſs he devours the ground:
Nor in his fury hears the Trumpet ſound.
Far off the Battail ſmells; like Thunder neighs:
Loud ſhouts and dying groans his courage raiſe.
Do's the wild Haggard towr into the skie,
And to the South by thy direction flie?
Or Eagle in her gyres the Clouds imbrace,
And on the higheſt Cliff her Airy place?
She dwells among the Rocks; on every ſide
With broken Mountains ſtrongly fortifi'd:
From thence what ever can be ſeen ſurvays;
And ſtooping, on the ſlaughtred Quarry preys:
From wounds her Eglets ſuck the reaking blood;
And all-devaſting War provides her food.
Since ſuch my power, wilt thou with me contend?
Inſtruct thy Maker? and thy fault defend?
Now anſwer thou that darſt thy God up-braid.
Then humbled *Job*, transfixt with ſorrow, ſaid:
Can one ſo vile to ſuch a truth reply?
Too long my grief hath rav'd: no more will I
Purſue a folly, and my Sin extend:
But curb my tongue, ſo ready to offend.

CHAP. XL.

ONce more *Jehovah* from that radiant Throne
Of Clouds thus ſpake: O *Job*, thy arms put on:
If thou haſt will or courage left, prepare
T'encounter me in this Gigantick War.
Wilt thou my Judgments diſanul? defame
My equal Rule, to clear thy ſelf of blame?
Is thy weak Arm as ſtrong as God's? can'ſt thou
In thunder ſpeak? the Sea with Tempeſts plow?
Come deck thy ſelf with Beauties Excellence;
With Majeſty; and Sun-like Rays diſpenſe:
The fury of thy wrath like lightning fling
On bold offenders: Pride to ruin bring.
Thoſe with the ſurfeits of exceſs deſtroy,
Who in their uncontrouled vices joy:
Hide them together in the Caves of Night;
There bind them, never to behold the Light:
Then will I ſay that thou thy ſelf can'ſt ſave
From waſting Age, Deſtruction, and the Grave.
With thee, I made the mighty Elephant;
Who Ox-like feeds on every Herb and plant.
His mighty ſtrength lies in his able Loins:
And where the flexure of his Navel joins.
His ſtretcht-out tail preſents a Mountain Pine;
The Sinews of his Stones like Cords combine.
His Bones the hammer'd Steel in ſtrength ſurpaſs:
His ſides are fortifi'd with Ribs of Braſs.
Of Gods great works the chief: lo, he who made
This knowing Beaſt, hath arm'd him with a blade.

He

He feeds on lofty Hills, nor lives by prey:
About their gentle Prince his Subjects play.
His limbs he coucheth in the cooler ſhades:
Oft, when Heavens burning Eye the Fields invades,
To Mariſhes reſorts; obſcur'd with Reeds,
And hoary Willows, which the moiſture feeds.
The chiding Currents at his entry riſe;
Who quivering *Jordan* ſwallows with his Eyes.
Can the bold Hunter take him in a Toil?
Or by the Trunk produce him as his Spoil?

CHAP. XLI.

CAn'ſt thou with a weak Angle ſtrike the Whale?
Catch with a Hook, or with a nooſe inthral?
Drag by a ſlender Line unto the Shore?
His huge Jaw with a twig or Bulruſh bore?
Will he his pittiful complaints renew?
For freedom with afflicted Language ſue?
Become thy willing Vaſſal? canſt thou ſtill
Subject him to the Service of thy Will?
And like a Sparrow, fetter'd in a String,
The plaid-with Monſter to the Virgins bring?
Shall thy Companions Feaſt upon his ſpoil?
Or wilt thou to the Merchant ſell his Oil?
Can'ſt thou with Fiſgigs pierce him to the quick?
Or in his skull thy barbed Trident ſtick?
Then haſten to the charge. Yet Souldier fear:
Think of the Battail, and in time forbear.

Vain are their hopes who ſeek by force or ſlight
To vanquiſh him, who conquers with his ſight.
What Mortal dare with ſuch a foe contend?
Much leſs his hand againſt his Maker bend?
Can gifts my grace ingage? when all below
The lofty Sun is mine, what can I owe?
This wonder of the Deep, his mighty force,
And goodly form, ſhall furniſh our diſcourſe.
Who can deveſt him of his waves? beſtride
His monſtrous Back? and with a Bridle ride?
His Heads huge Doors unlock? whoſe jaws with
And dreadful teeth in treble ranks are ſet. (great
Arm'd with refulgent Shields, together join'd,
And ſeal'd-up to reſiſt the ruffling wind;
The neather by the upper fortifi'd:
No force their Combination can divide.
His ſneezings ſet on fire the foaming Brine:
His round Eyes like the Mornings Eye-lids ſhine.
Infernal Lightning fallies from his Throat:
Ejected Sparks upon the Billows float.
A Cloud of Smoak from his wide Noſtrils flies;
As Vapors from a boyling Furnace riſe.
He burning Coles exhales, and vomits flames:
His ſtrength the Empire of the Ocean claims.
Loud Tempeſts, roaring Floods, and what affright
The trembling Sailer, turn to his delight.
The flakes of his tough fleſh ſo firmly bound,
As not to be divorced by a wound.
His Heart a ſolid Rock, to fear unknown:
And harder than the Grinders nether Stone.
The Sword his armed ſides in vain aſſails:
No Dart nor Lance can penetrate his Scales.
Who Braſs as rotten wood; and Steel, no more
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Dreads he the twanging of the Archers String?
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To his repoſe as ſoft as downy Beds.
The Seas before him like a Caldron boil:
And in the fervour of their Motion foil.
A Light, ſtroke from the floods, detects his way;
Who covers their aſpiring heads with gray.
Of all whom ample Earths round ſhoulders bear,
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And as a King among the Mighty raigns.

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O Father, I acknowledge (*Job* repli'd)
Thy all effecting Power. O who can hide
His thoughts from thee! who can reverſe, or ſhun
Thy juſt Decree! what thou would'ſt do, is done.
I heard thee ſay; Dare brutiſh Man profane
My darkned Counſels? and of God complain?
Great Judge, I in thy Mirror ſee my ſhame:
Thoſe Lips that juſtifi'd, my guilt proclaim.
Our knowledge is but ignorance, and we
The Sons of Folly, if compar'd with thee.
Thy ways, and ſacred Myſteries, tranſcend
Their Apprehenſions, who in Death muſt end.

O

CHAP. XL.

ONce more *Jehovah* from that radiant Throne
Of Clouds thus ſpake: O *Job*, thy arms put on:
If thou haſt will or courage left, prepare
T'encounter me in this Gigantick War.
Wilt thou my Judgments diſanul? defame
My equal Rule, to clear thy ſelf of blame?
Is thy weak Arm as ſtrong as God's? can'ſt thou
In thunder ſpeak? the Sea with Tempeſts plow?
Come deck thy ſelf with Beauties Excellence;
With Majeſty; and Sun-like Rays diſpenſe:
The fury of thy wrath like lightning fling
On bold offenders: Pride to ruin bring.
Thoſe with the ſurfeits of exceſs deſtroy,
Who in their uncontrouled vices joy:
Hide them together in the Caves of Night;
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O

O to my Prayers afford a gracious Ear!
Inſtruct thy Servant, and his Darkneſs clear!
I, of thy Excellence, have oft been told:
But now my raviſh't eyes thy Face behold.
Who therefore in this weeping Palinod
Abhor my ſelf, that have diſpleas'd my God:
In Duſt and Aſhes mourn. Nor will my fears
Forſake me, till I cleanſe my Soul with tears.
When contrite *Job* had this ſubmiſſion made;
The Lord to *Eliphas* of *Theman* ſaid:
Againſt thee, and thy two Aſſociates,
My Anger burns, and haſtens to your fates:
Since you, unlike my Servant *Job*, have err'd;
And Victory before the Truth preferr'd.
Seven ſpotleſs Rams, ſeven Bulls that never bare
The Yoak, ſelect; with theſe to *Job* repair:
Their bleeding Limbs upon my Altar lay,
His ready Charity for you ſhall pray,
And reconcile my wrath: Elſe merited
Revenge ſhould forthwith ſend you to the Dead;
Who have my Rule and providence profan'd:
Nor, like my Servant *Job*, the truth maintain'd.
Then *Bildad*, *Eliphas*, and *Zophar*, came
To their old Friend: The feaſted Altars flame.
For whom that injur'd Saint devoutly pray'd:
And with the Incenſed their attonement made.
Even in that pious Duty, the moſt High
Beheld his Patience with a tender Eye:
From envious Satans Tyranny releaſt;
Dry'd-up his tears, and with abundance bleſt.
His Brothers and his Siſters, all the train
That follow'd his Proſperity, again
Preſent their viſits; at his table feed:
Bemoan, and Comfort. Joys his grief ſucceed.

With

With Gold and Silver they increaſe his Store:
And gave the precious Earings which they wore.
So that *Jehovah* bleſt his latter Days
More than the firſt: His Loſs with Intereſt pays.
His Droves of Aſſes, Camels, heards of Neat,
And flocks of Sheep, grew ſhortly twice as great.
Bleſt with ſeven Sons: three Daughters; who for fair
Might with the Beauties of the Earth compare.
One call'd *Jemima*, of the riſing Light:
A ſecond, for her ſweetneſs, *Caſſia* hight:
The youngeſt *Kerenhappa*; of the powr
And rays of Beauty. Rich in Natures Dowr;
As in their Fathers Love: who gave them ſhares
Among his Sons, and join'd them with his Heirs.
Job ſeven-ſcore years his Miſeries ſurviv'd:
His Childrens Children ſaw; thoſe who deriv'd
From them their birth, even to the fourth deſcent:
And in Tranquillity his old-Age ſpent.
Then full of Days, and deathleſs Honour, gave
His Soul to God: his Body to the Grave.

A

PARAPHRASE

UPON THE

PSALMS of *DAVID.*

By *GEORGE SANDYS.*

Set to New TUNES for
PRIVATE DEVOTION:
And a *Thorough-Base*, for *Voice*, or *Instrument.*

By *HENRY LAWES*,
Gentleman of His Majesties Chappel Royal.

And in this Edition carefully Revised and Corrected from many Errors which passed in former Impressions,

By *John Playford.*

LONDON:
Printed by *William Godbid*, for *George Sawbridge*, at the *Bible* on *Ludgate-Hill*, 1676.

1676

To the KING.

OUr graver Muſe from her long Dream awakes,
Peneian *Groves, and* Cirrha's *Caves forſakes:*
Inſpir'd with Zeal, ſhe climbs th' Æthereal hills
Of Solyma, *where bleeding Balm diſtills;*
Where Trees of Life unfading Youth aſſure,
And Living Waters all Diſeaſes cure:
Where the Sweet Singer, in cæleſtial Laies,
Sung to his ſolemn Harp Jehovah's Praiſe.
From that faln Temple, on her Wings ſhe bears
Thoſe Heavenly Raptures to your ſacred Ears:
Not that her bare and humble Feet aſpire
To mount the Threſhold of th' harmonious Quire;
But that at once ſhe might Oblations bring
To God; and Tribute to a god-like King.
And ſince no narrow Verſe ſuch Myſteries,
Deep Senſe, and high expreſſions could compriſe;
Her labouring Wings a larger compaſs flie,
And Poeſie reſolves with Poeſie:
Leſt ſhe, who in the Orient clearly roſe,
Should in your Weſtern World obſcurely cloſe.

To the QUEEN.

O You, Who like a fruitful Vine,
To this our Royal Cedar joyne:
Since it were impious to divide,
In ſuch a Preſent, Hearts ſo ty'd;
Urania your chaſte Ears invites
To theſe her more ſublime Delights.
Then, with your zealous Lover, daign
To enter *Davids* numerous Fane.
Pure thoughts his Sacrifices are;
Sabæan Incenſe, fervent Prayer;
This holy Fire fell from the Skies;
The holy Water from his eyes.
O ſhould You with your Voice infuſe
Perfection, and create a Muſe!
Though mean our Verſe, ſuch Excellence
At once would raviſh Soul and Senſe:
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move;
And, ſince they cannot envy, Love:
When they from this our Earthly Sphear
Their own Cœleſtial Muſick hear.

To my Noble Friend,

Mr. *GEORGE SANDYS*,

Upon his Excellent Paraphraſe on the PSALMS.

HAd I no Bluſhes left, but were of Thoſe,
Who Praiſe in Verſe, what they Deſpiſe in Proſe:
Had I this Vice from Vanity or Youth;
Yet ſuch a Subject would have taught me Truth:
Hence it were Baniſh'd, where of Flattery
There is nor Uſe, nor Poſſibility.
Elſe thou hadſt cauſe to fear, leſt ſome might Raiſe
An Argument againſt thee from my Praiſe.
I therefore know, Thou canſt expect from me
But what I give, Hiſtorick Poetrie.
Friendſhip for more could not a Pardon win;
Nor think I Numbers make a Lie no Sin.
And need I ſay more than my Thoughts indite,
Nothing were eaſier, than not to write.
Which now were hard; for whereſoe're I Raiſe
My thoughts, thy ſeveral Pains extort my Praiſe.
Firſt, that which doth the Pyramids diſplay:
And in a work much laſtinger than they,
And more a wonder, ſcorns at large to ſhow,
What were Indifferent if True or No:
Or from its lofty Flight, ſtoop to declare
What All men might have known, had all been There.
But by thy learned Induſtry and Art,
To Thoſe, who never from their Studies part,

His Travels, wherein he relates the Hiſtory of the Pyramids.

Doth each Lands, Laws, Belief, Beginning ſhow;
Which of the Natives but the Curious know:
Teaching the frailty of all Humane things;
How ſoon great Kingdoms fall, much ſooner Kings:
Prepares our Souls, that Chance cannot direct
A Machin at us, more than we expect.
Athens. *We know, That Town is but with Fiſhers Fraught,*
Where Theſeus *Govern'd, and where* Plato *Taught:*
Greece. *That Spring of Knowledge, to which* Italy
Ows all her Arts, and her Civility,
In Vice and Barbariſm ſupinely rowls;
Their Fortunes not more ſlaviſh than their Souls.
Eaſtern Churches. *Thoſe Churches, which from the firſt Heretick's wan*
All the firſt Fields, or led (at leaſt) the Van;
In whom thoſe Notes, ſo much required, be;
Of Doctrine. *Agreement, Miracles, Antiquitie;*
Which can a Never-broke Succeſſion ſhow
Of Perſons. *From the Apoſtles down; (Here bragg'd of ſo:)*
As Antioch. *So beſt confute Her moſt Immodeſt claim,*
Who ſcarce a Part, yet to be All doth aim;
Lie now diſtreſt, between two Enemy-Powers,
Whom the Weſt damns, and whom the Eaſt devours.
What State than Theirs can more Unhappy be,
Threatned with Hell, and ſure of Poverty.
The ſmall Beginning of the Turkiſh *Kings,*
And their large Growth, ſhew us that different Things
May meet in One Third; what moſt Diſagree,
May have ſome Likeneſs: For in this we ſee,
A Muſtard-ſeed may be reſembled well
To the Two Kingdoms, both of Heaven and Hell.
Their Strength, and wants this work hath both unwound;
Turks. *To teach how theſe d' increaſe, and that confound:*
Relates their Tenets; ſcorning to diſpute
With Errors, which to tell, is to confute:

Shews

Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsaf'd to Teach,
Their Dervices dare an Impostor Preach. Priests.
For whilst with private Quarrels we Decaid,
We way for them, and Their Religion made:
And can but Wishes now to Heaven prefer,
May they gain Christ, or We his Sepulchre.
Next Ovid *calls me; which though I admire,* *Ovids* Metamorphosis.
For Equalling the Authors quickning Fire,
And his pure Phrase: yet More; remembring It
Was by a Mind so much distracted Writ:
Bus'ness and War, Ill Midwives to produce
The Happy Off-spring of so sweet a Muse:
Whilst every unknown Face did Danger Threat;
For every Native there was twice a Gete.
More; when (return'd) thy Work review'd, expos'd Commentar.
What Pith before the hiding Bark inclos'd;
And with it that Essay, which lets us see Virg. Aen. lib. 1.
What by the Foot, what Hercules *would be.*
All fitly offer'd to his Princely Hands;
By whose Protection Learning chiefly stands:
Whose Virtues move more Pens, than his Power Swords;
And Theme to those, and Edge to these affords.
Who could not be displeas'd that his great Fame, Panegyrick.
So pure a Muse, so loudly should proclaime:
With his Queens praise in the same Model cast;
Which shall not less, than all their Annals, last.
Yet, though we wonder at thy Charming Voice;
Perfection still was wanting in thy Choice:
And of a Soul, which so much Power possest,
That Choice is hardly Good, which is not Best.
But though thy Muse were Ethnically Chast,
When most Fault could be found; yet now Thou hast
Diverted

Diverted to a Purer Path thy Quill;
And chang'd Parnaſſus *Mount to* Sions-*Hill:*
So that bleſt David *might almoſt Deſire*
To hear his Harp thus Eccho'd by thy Lyre.
Such Eloquence, that though it were abus'd,
Could not but be (though not Allow'd) excus'd.
Joyn'd to a Work ſo choice, that though Ill-done,
So Pious an Attempt Praiſe could not ſhun.
How ſtrangely doth it darkeſt Texts diſcloſe,
In Verſes of ſuch ſweetneſs; that even Thoſe,
From whom the unknown Tongue conceals the Senſe,
Even in the Sound, muſt find an Eloquence.
For though the moſt bewitching Muſick could
Move Men, no more than Rocks; thy Language would.
Thoſe who make wit their Curſe, who ſpend their Brain,
Their Time, and Art, in looſer Verſe, to gain
Damnation, and a Miſtreſs; till they ſee
How Conſtant that is, how Inconſtant ſhee;
May from this great Example learn, to ſway
The Parts th'are Bleſt-with, ſome more Bleſſed way.
Fate can againſt Thee but two Foes advance;
Sharp-ſighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:
The firſt (by Nature like a ſhadow, near
To all great Acts) I rather Hate than Fear:
For them, (ſince whatſoever moſt they Raiſe
In Private, That they moſt in Throngs Diſpraiſe;
Αυτοκατάκριτοι. *And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)*
Who envies Thee, may no man envy Him.
The laſt I Fear not much, but Pity more:
For though they cannot the leaſt Fault explore;
Yet, if they might the high Tribunal Clime,
To Them thy Excellence would be thy Crime:
For Eloquence with things Prophane they joyn;
Nor count it fit to Mix with what's Divine;

Like

Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,
Of it ſelf ſweet; which more Deform than Grace,
Yet, as the Church with Ornaments is Fraught,
Why may not That be too, which There is Taught?
And ſure that Veſſel of Election, Paul,
Who Judais'd *with* Jews, *who All to All:*
So, to Gain ſome, would be (at leaſt) Content,
Some for the Curious ſhould be Eloquent:
For ſince the Way to Heaven is Rugged, who
Would have the Way to that Way be ſo too?
Or thinks it fit, we ſhould not Leave obtain,
To learn with Pleaſure, what we Act with Pain?
Since then Some ſtop, unleſs their Path be Even,
Nor will be led by Solœciſmes to Heaven;
And (through a Habit ſcarce to be control'd)
Refuſe a Cordial, when not brought in Gold;
Much like to them to that Diſeaſe Inur'd, Tarantula
Which can be no way, but by Muſick cur'd;
I Joy in Hope, that no ſmall Piety
Will in their Colder Hearts be Warm'd by Thee.
For as none could more Harmony diſpenſe;
So neither could thy flowing Eloquence
So well in any Task be us'd, as this:
To Sound His Praiſes forth, whoſe Gift it is.

—— Cui non certaverit ulla
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos. *Virg. Georg.* 2.

FALKLAND.

An

An ODE to my worthy Kinſman,

Mr. *GEORGE SANDYS*,

Upon his excellent Paraphraſe on the PSALMS.

O Breath again! that holy Lay
Did convay,
Unto my ſoul ſo ſweet a Fire;
I deſire,
That all my Senſes charm'd to Ear,
Should fix there.
O might this ſacred Anthem laſt,
'Till Time's paſt:
Until we warble forth a higher,
In the Quire
Of Angels, till the Sphears keep time,
To your Rime.
Amphion did a City raiſe,
By his Layes:
The Stones did dance into a Wall,
At his call.
But your divinely-tuned Air
Doth repair
Ev'n Man himſelf, whoſe ſtony Heart,
By this Art,
Rebuildeth of its own accord,
To the Lord,

A Temple breathing holy Songs,
In ſtrange Tongues.
You fit both *Davids* Lyre, and Notes,
To our Throats.
See, the green Willow now not wears,
Of their Tears.
The ſadly ſilent Trophyes, we
From the Tree,
Take down the *Hebrew* Harps, and reach,
In our ſpeech,
What ever we do hate, what fear,
What love dear.
Now in faint Accents praiſing God,
For his Rod:
Since that his puniſhing a Child,
Muſt be ſtil'd
A Bleſſing. But our thankful Layes
Do his Praiſe
Sound in the loudeſt Key, when e're
He draws near
In Mercy, not affrighting Power;
In that Hour,
New Life approacheth: Then our Joy
Doth employ
Each Faculty, and Tune each Air
To a Prayer.
But by and by our Sins do cauſe
A ſad Pauſe.
Our Hands lift-up, and caſt-down Eyes,
Our faint Cryes,

Do in their ſadly-pleaſing Tones
Speak our Mones.
In ſtead of Harps we ſtrike our Breaſts:
All the Reſts
Attend his Muſick, are a Tear,
Which Sighs bear,
In their ſoft Language, up on high,
To the Skie;
Whence God, delighted with our Grief,
Sends Relief.
Thus unto You we owe the Joys,
The Sweet Noiſe
Of our raviſh'd Souls; we borrow
Hence our Sorrow;
Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad,
Not make ſad.
We weep in your Lines, we rejoyce
In your Voyce:
Whoſe pleaſing Language fans the Fire
Of Deſire,
Which flames in Zeal, and calmly faſhions
All our Paſſions.
Which you ſo ſweetly have expreſt,
Some have gueſt,
We Hallelu-jahs ſhall rehearſe,
In your Verſe.

Then be ſecure, your well-tun'd Breath
Shall now out-live the Date of Death;

And

And when Fate pleaſes, you ſhall have
Still-Muſick in the ſilent Grave:
You from Above ſhall hear each day
One Dirge diſpatch'd unto your Clay;
Theſe your own Anthems ſhall become
Your laſting Epicedium.

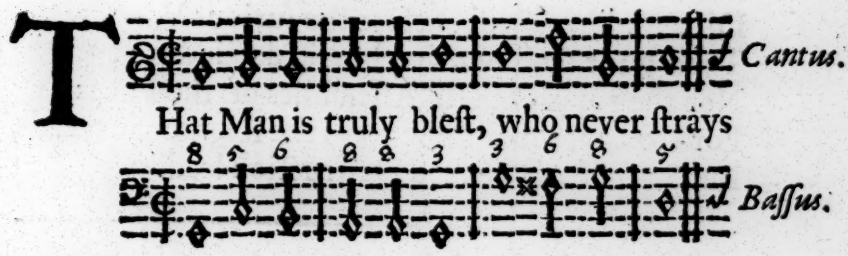
Dudly Digges.

To the Reader.

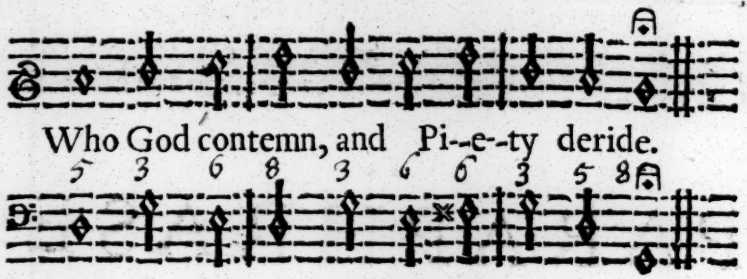
THe Paraphraſe upon the Pſalms, *though here rank'd according to the Chronology, was firſt Writ and Publiſhed, and therefore, theſe Verſes do in time precede thoſe that are fixt in the Front of the Volume.*

A PARAPHRASE
Upon the FIRST BOOK *OF THE* PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM I.

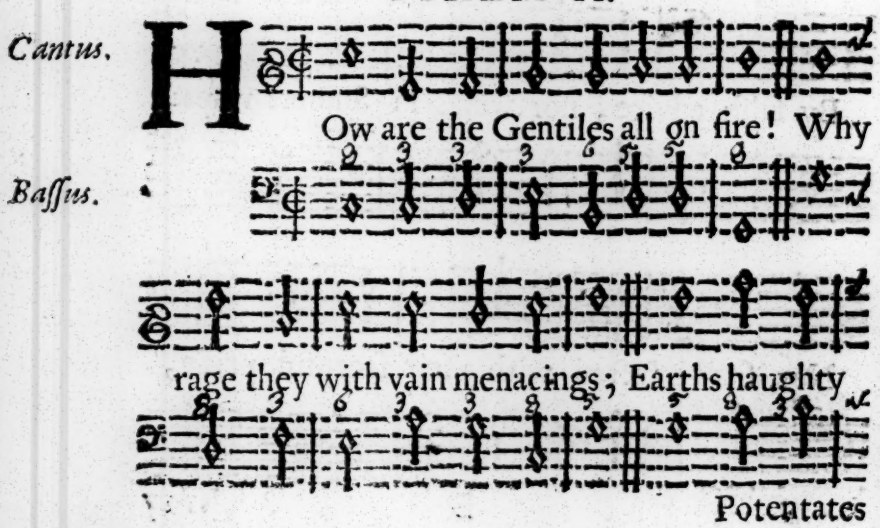


THat Man is truly bleſt, who never ſtrays
By falſe advice, nor walks in Sinners ways;
Nor ſits infected with their ſcornful pride,



2. But wholly fixeth his ſincere delight
On heav'nly Laws; thoſe ſtudies day and night.
3. He ſhall be like a Tree, that ſpreads his Root
By living Streams, producing timely Fruit:
4. His Leaf ſhall never fall: the Lord ſhall bleſs
All his indeavours with deſir'd ſucceſs.
Men loſt in Sin, unlike rewards ſhall find,
Diſperſt like Chaff, before the furious Wind:
5. Their guilt ſhall not that horrid day indure,
Nor they approach th' Aſſemblies of the Pure:
6. For God approves thoſe ways the Righteous tread;
But Sinful Paths to ſure Deſtruction lead.

PSALM II.





Potentates and Kings, 'Gainſt God againſt his
Chriſt conſpire: Break we, ſay they, their fervile
bands, And caſt their cords from our free hands.

But God from his Cœleſtial Throne
Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;
Then high incenſt, thus check their pride;
(His Wrath in their confuſion ſhown)
Loe, I my King have Crown'd, and will
Inthrone on Sions ſacred Hill.

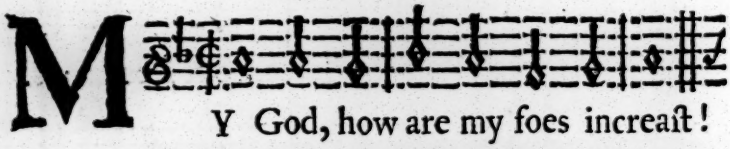
That great Decree I ſhall declare:
For thus I heard Jehovah ſay;
Thou art my Son begot this day:
Requeſt, and I will grant thy Prayer;
Subject all Nations to thy Throne;
And make the Sea-bound Earth thine own.

Thou ſhalt an Iron Scepter ſway,
Like earthen Veſſels, break their Bones.
Be wiſe, O you who ſit on Thrones;
And Judges grave advice obey:
With joyful Fear, O ſerve the Lord;
With trembling Joy embrace his Word.

In due of Homage kiſs the Son,
Leſt He his wrathful looks diſplay;
And ſo you periſh in the way,
His anger newly but begun:
Then bleſſed only are the Juſt,
Who on th' Anointed fix their truſt.

PSALM III.

Cantus.

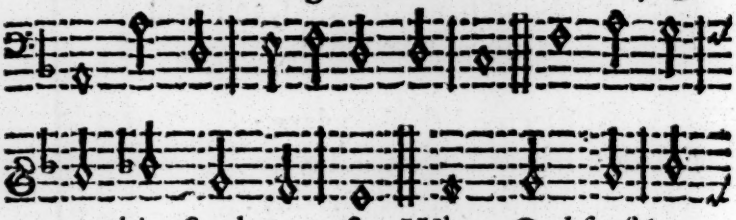


MY God, how are my foes increaſt!

Baſſus.



What multitudes againſt me riſe! Who ſay, give



we his Soul no reſt; Whom God forſakes,



and



and Men deſpiſe.

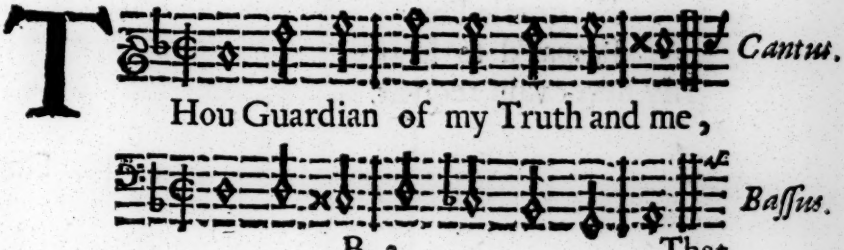
But thou art my Support, my Tower,
My Safety, my choice Ornament.
Before thy Throne my Prayers I pow'r,
Heard from thy Sions high aſcent.

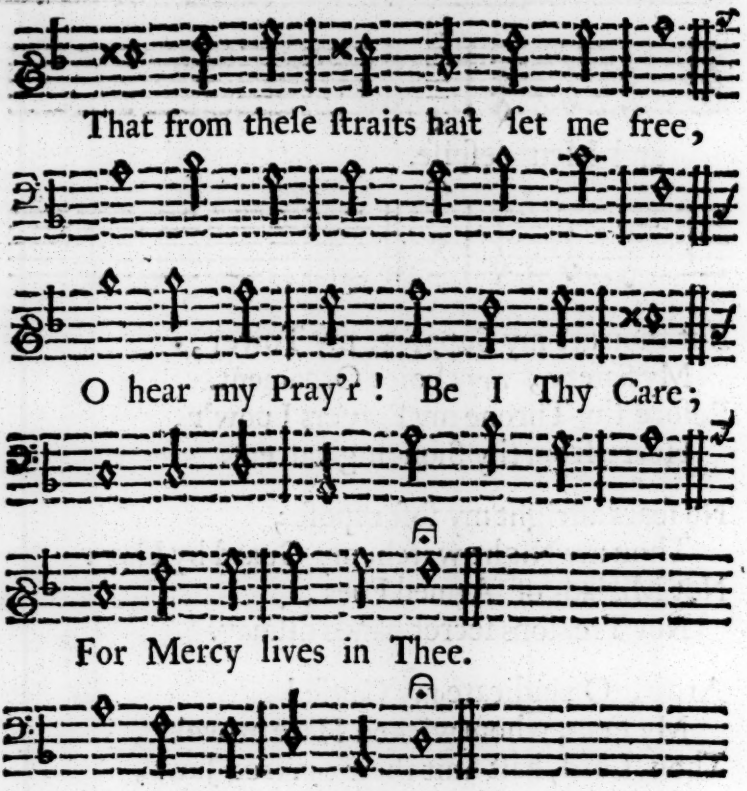
No fears affright my ſoft repoſe;
Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by Day:
Not Miriads of Armed Foes,
Nor Treaſons ſecret hands diſmay.

Ariſe, O vindicate my Cauſe!
My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,
Thou, Lord, haſt ſmit their cankred Jaws,
And all their Teeth aſunder broke.

Thou, Lord, the only Hope of thoſe,
Who thee with Holy Zeal adore;
Whoſe all-protecting Arms incloſe
Their Safety, who thy Aid implore.

PSALM IV.





You Sons of Men, how long will you
Eclipſe my Glory, and purſue
Lov'd Vanities;
Delight in Lies,
To Man, to God untrue?

Know, God my innocence hath bleſt,
And will with ſoveraignty inveſt:
His gentle Ear
Prepar'd to hear
My never vain requeſt.

Sin

Sin not, but fear; ſurceaſe, and try
Your Hearts, as on your Beds you lie:
Pure gifts preſent
With pure intent,
And place your hopes on high.

But Earthly Minds falſe Wealth admire,
And toil with uncontrol'd deſire.
With clear aſpect
Thy Beams reflect,
And Heavenly Thoughts inſpire.

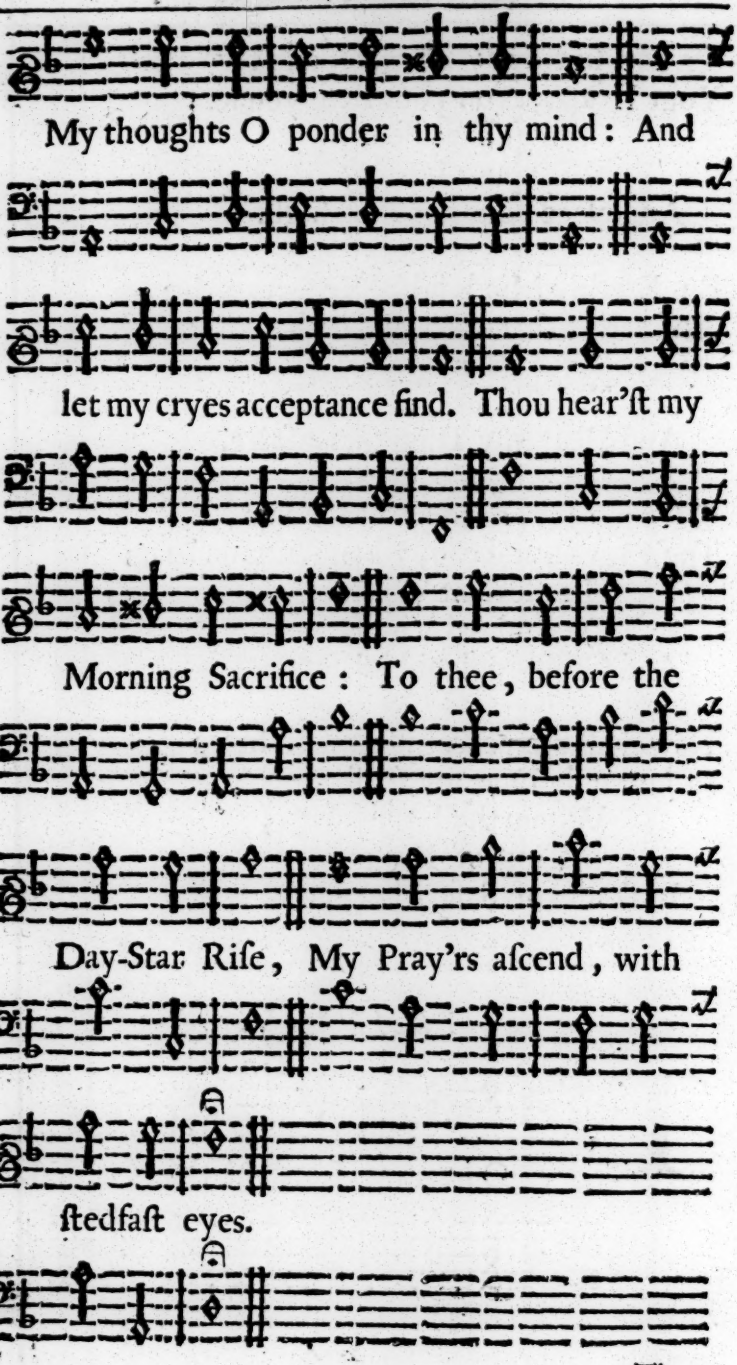
O let my Joy, exempt from Fears,
Their Joys tranſcend, when Autumn bears
His pleaſant Wines
On cluſtred Vines,
And Grain-repleniſh'd Ears.

Now ſhall the peaceful hand of Sleep
In heavenly Dew my ſenſes ſteep;
Whom thy large wings,
O King of Kings,
In ſhades of Safety keep.

PSALM V.



O hear me, Lord, be thou inclin'd;


My thoughts O ponder in thy mind: And
let my cryes acceptance find. Thou hear'ſt my
Morning Sacrifice: To thee, before the
Day-Star Riſe, My Pray'rs aſcend, with
ſtedfaſt eyes.
Thou

Thou lov'ſt no vice; none dwells with thee;
Nor glorious Fools thy Beauty ſee;
All Sin-defil'd deteſted be
Lyars ſhall ſink beneath thy hate;
Who thirſt for Blood, and weave deceit,
Thy Rage ſhall ſwiftly ruinate.

I to thy Temple will repair,
Since Infinite thy Mercies are;
And thee adore with Fear and Prayer.
My God, conduct me by thy Grace;
For many have my Soul in chaſe.
Set thy ſtrait Paths before my Face.

Falſe are their Tongues, their Hearts are hollow,
Like gaping ſepulchres they ſwallow;
Fawn, and betray even thoſe they follow.
With Vengeance girt theſe Rebels round;
In their own counſels them confound;
Since their Tranſgreſſions thus abound.

Joy they with an exalted Voice,
That truſt in thee, who guard'ſt thy Choice:
Let thoſe who love thy Name rejoyce.
Thy Bleſſings ſhall in ſhow'rs deſcend;
Thy favour as a ſhield defend
All thoſe, who righteouſneſs intend.

PSALM VI.

LOrd, thy deſerved Wrath aſſwage; *As the 3d.*
Nor puniſh in thy burning Ire;
Let Mercy mitigate thy Rage,
Before my fainting Life expire.

O heal! my Bones with anguiſh ake;
My penſive Heart with ſorrow worn.
How long wilt thou my ſoul forſake!
O pity, and at length return!

O let thy Mercies comfort me,
And thy afflicted Servant ſave!
Who will in death remember thee?
Or praiſe thee in the ſilent Grave?

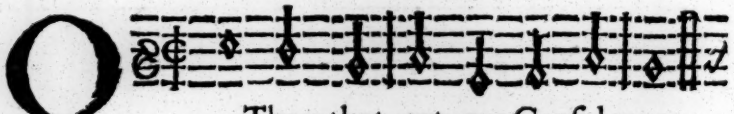
Vext by inſulting enemies,
My Groans diſturb the peaceful Night;
My Bed waſh'd with my ſtreaming Eyes:
Through Grief grown old, and dim of ſight.

All you of wicked life depart;
The Lord my God hath heard my cry:
He will recure my wounded Heart,
And turn my Tears to tides of Joy.

Who hate me, let diſhonour wound,
Let fear their guilty ſouls affright;
With ſhame their haughty looks confound,
And let them vaniſh from my ſight.

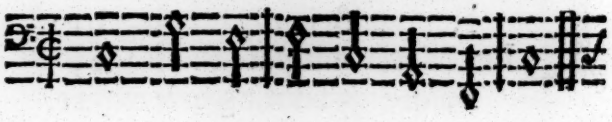
PSALM VII.

Cantus.



Thou that art my Confidence,

Baſſus.



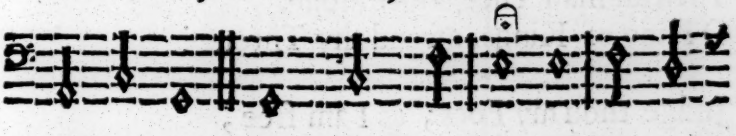
And



And ſtrong Defence; From thoſe who my ſad



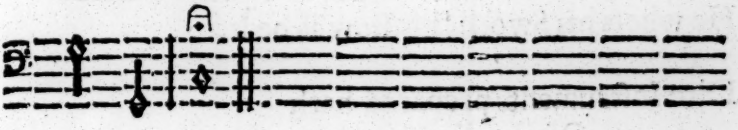
fall intend, Great God, defend: Leſt Lion-



like, if none controul, They tear my perſe-



cuted Soul.



If I am guilty; if there be
Deceit in me;
If Ill I ever to my Friend
Did but intend;
Or rather have not ſuccour'd thoſe
Who were my undeſerved foes:

4)
2)
4)
2)
4)
4)

Let

Let them my ſtained Soul purſue,
With hate ſubdue;
Let their proud feet in Triumph tread
Upon my head:
My life out of her manſion thruſt,
And lay my Honour in the duſt.

Againſt my dreadful Enemies,
Great God, ariſe.
Juſt Judge, thy ſleeping Wrath awake,
And Vengeance take:
Then all ſhall Thee adore alone.
O King of Kings, aſcend thy Throne!

Part 2. Judge thou my Foes; as I am free,
So judge thou me:
Declare thou my integrity;
For thou doſt try
The Heart and Reins; The Juſt defend;
The Malice of the Wicked end.

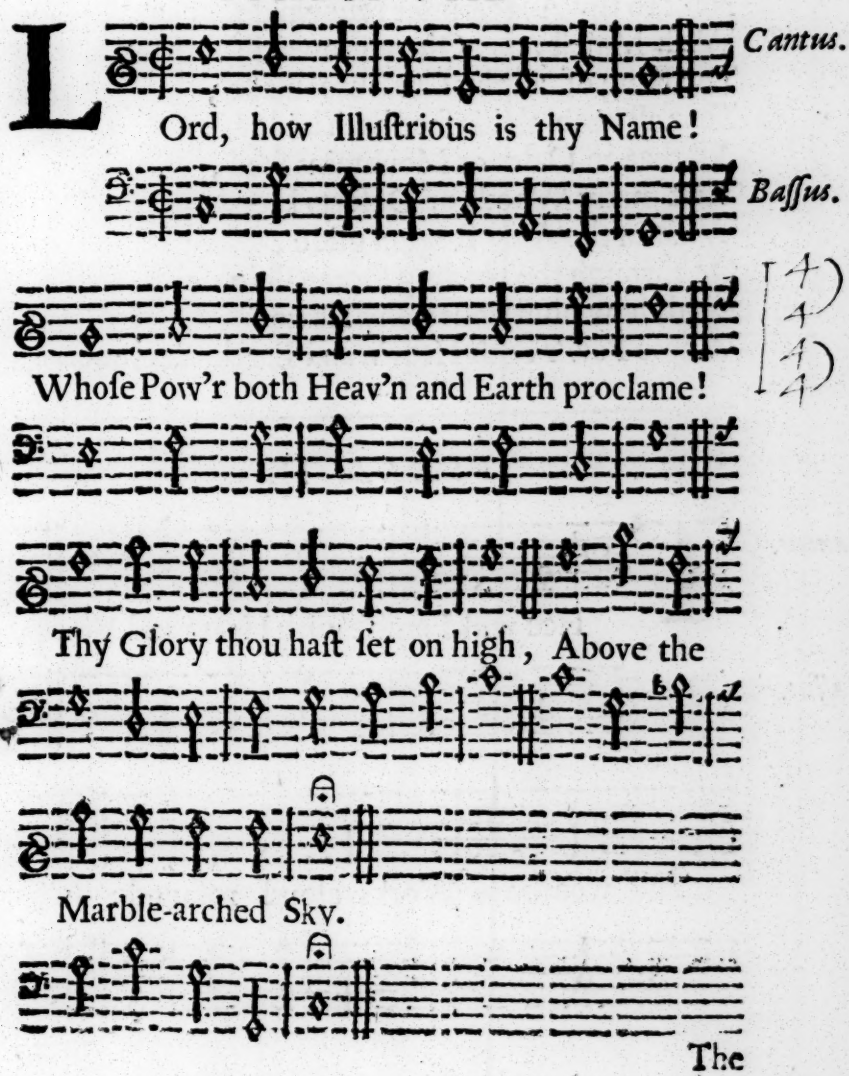
God is my Shield; he help imparts
To ſincere hearts;
The Good Protects, but menaceth
The Bad with Death;
Nor will, unleſs they change, relent:
He whets his Sword, his Bow is bent.

Dire Inſtruments prepared hath
Of deadly Wrath:
And will at thoſe, who perſecute,
ſwift Arrows ſhoot:
Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd; now great
With Miſchief, travel; hatch Deceit.

Who

Who digg'd a pit, first fell therein,
Caught by his Sin;
On his own head his outrage shall
Like ruins fall.
But I, O thou eternal King,
Will of thy Truth and Justice sing.

PSALM VIII.

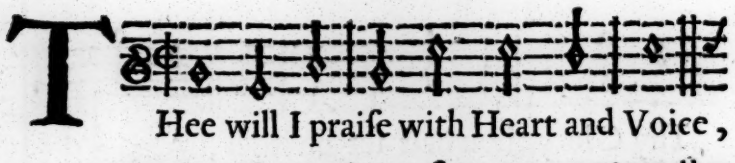


The

The wonders of thy Power thou haſt
In Mouths of Babes and Sucklings plac'd:
That ſo thou might'ſt thy Foes confound,
And who in malice moſt abound.
When I pure Heav'n, thy Fabrick, ſee,
The Moon and Stars diſpos'd by thee;
O what is Man, or his frail Race,
That thou ſhouldſt ſuch a Shadow grace!
Next to thy Angels moſt renown'd;
With Majeſty and Glory crown'd:
The King of all thy Creatures made;
That all beneath his feet hath laid:
All that on Dales or Mountains feed,
That ſhady Woods or Deſerts breed;
What in the Airy Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean ſlide.
Lord, how illuſtrious is thy Name!
Whoſe Pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclame.

PSALM IX.

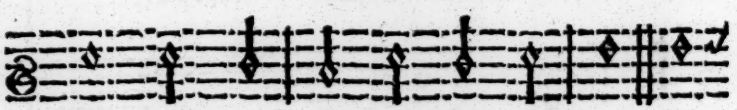
Cantus.



Hee will I praiſe with Heart and Voice,

Baſſus.

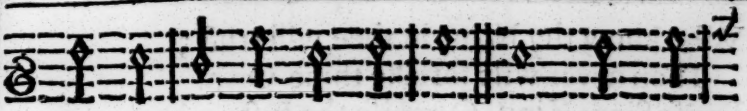




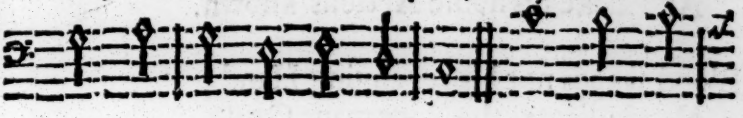
Thy wondrous Works aloud reſound: In



thee;



thee, O Lord, will I rejoyce; Thy Name with





Zealous Praiſes Crown'd.



My Foes fell by inglorious flight,
Before thy terrible Aſpect:
Thy powerful Hands ſupport my Right;
Thou Judgement juſtly doſt direct.

The Proud are faln, the Heathen fly;
Oblivion ſhall their names Intomb:
Deſtruction, O thou Enemy,
Hath now reciev'd a final Doom.

Thou Towns and Cities haſt deſtroy'd;
Their memory with them decayes:
But God for ever ſhall abide,
And high his Throne of Juſtice raiſe.

A righteous Scepter ſhall extend;
And Judgement diſtribute to all:
He will oppreſſed Souls defend,
That in the time of Trouble call.

Who

Who know thy Name in thee will truſt;
Thou never wilt forſake thine Own.
Praiſe Sions King, O praiſe the Juſt,
And make his noble Actions known.

Blood ſcapes not his revenging Hand;
He vindicates the Poor mans Cauſe.
Lord, my inſulting Foes withſtand,
And draw me from Deaths greedy Jaws;

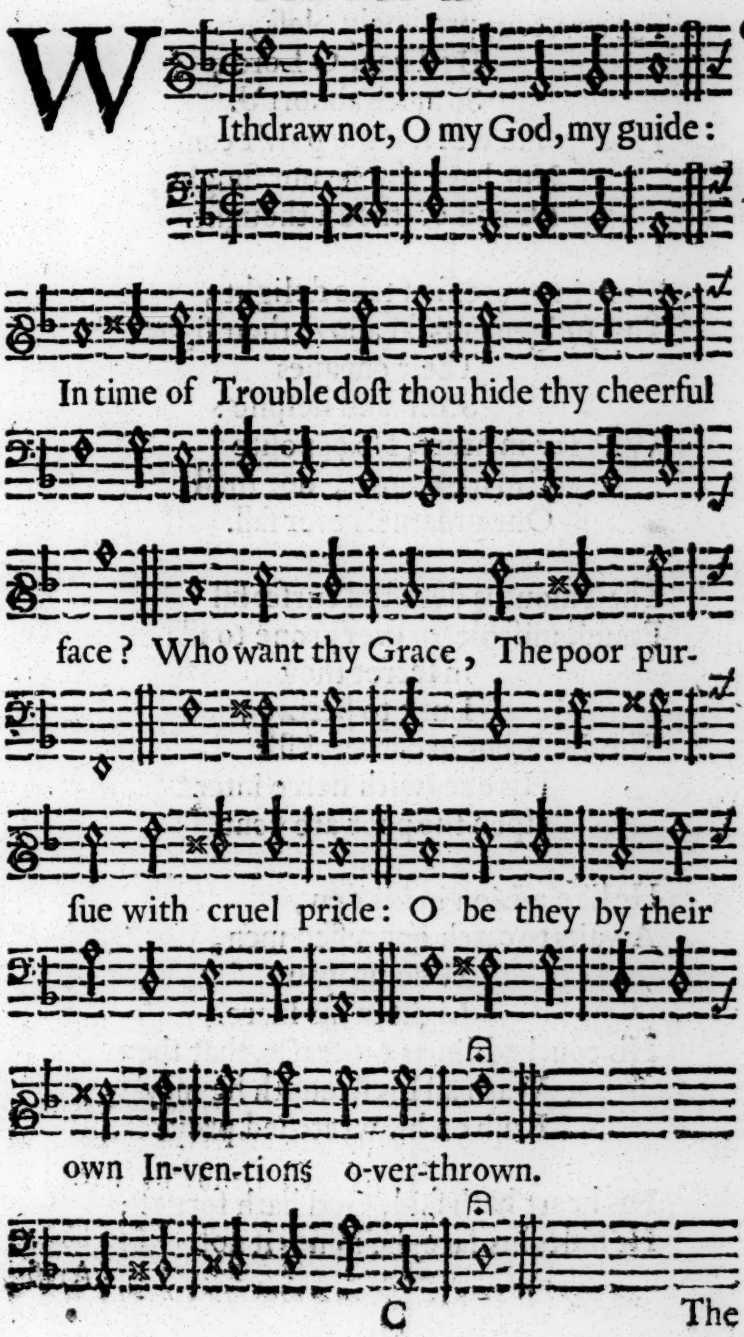
That I may in the Royal Gate
Of Sions Daughter, raiſe my Voice;
Thy ample Praiſes celebrate,
And in thy ſaving health rejoice.

They (faln into the Pit they made)
Are caught in Nets themſelves prepar'd.
The Lord his Judgements hath diſplay'd:
The Wicked in their works inſnar'd:

The Wicked down to Hell ſhall ſink,
And all that do the Lord diſdain.
But God will on the Needy think;
Nor ſhall the Poor expect in vain.

Lord, let not Man prevail; ariſe;
Th' Inſulting Heathen judge: O then
Let trembling Fear their heart ſurprize;
That they may know they are but Men.

PSALM X.


Cantus.
Withdraw not, O my God, my guide:
Bassus.
In time of Trouble dost thou hide thy cheerful
face? Who want thy Grace, The poor pur-
sue with cruel pride: O be they by their
own In-ven-tions o-ver-thrown.
C
The

The wicked boaſt of their ſucceſs;
The covetous profanely bleſs,
By Thee, O Lord,
So much abhorr'd.
Their pride will not thy pow'r confeſs;
Nor have thy favour ſought,
Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppreſſion take delight;
Thy Judgements far above their ſight:
Their enemies
Scoff and deſpiſe:
Who ſay in heart, No oppoſite
Can us remove, nor ſhall
Our greatneſs ever fall.

Their mouths deteſted curſes fill
Fraud, miſchief; ever prone to ill:
In ſecret they
Lurk to betray;
The Innocent in corners kill:
His eyes with fierce intent
Upon the poor are bent.

Part 2. He like a Lion in his den,
Awaits to catch oppreſſed men,
Who unaware
Light in his ſnare.
His couched limbs contracts, that then
With all his ſtrength he may
Ruſh on his wretched prey.

His heart hath ſaid, God hath forgot;
He hides his face; he minds it not.

Ariſe,

Ariſe, O Lord,
Draw thy juſt ſword,
Nor out of thy remembrance blot
The poor and deſolate:
O ſhield them from his hate!

Why ſhould the wicked God deſpiſe,
And ſay he looks with careleſs eyes?
Their well ſeen ſpight
Thou ſhalt requite.
The poor, O Lord, on Thee relies;
Thou help'ſt the Fatherleſs,
Whom cruel men oppreſs.

Aſunder break the arms of thoſe,
Who ill affect, and good oppoſe:
Their crimes explore,
Untill no more
Lurk in their boſoms to diſcloſe.
Eternal King, thy Hand
Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou haſt heard thy Servants prayer;
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare:
Thy gracious Ear
Inclin'd to hear.
The Fatherleſs, and worn with care
Judge thou; that Mortals may
No more with outrage ſway.

PSALM XI.

As the 9th.

MY God, on Thee my hopes relie:
Why ſay they to my troubled Soul,
Ariſe, up to your Mountain flie;
Flie, quickly, like a chaced Fowl?

For loe, the Wicked bend their bows,
Their arrows fit with ſecret Art;
That cloſely they may ſhoot at thoſe,
Who are upright and pure in heart.

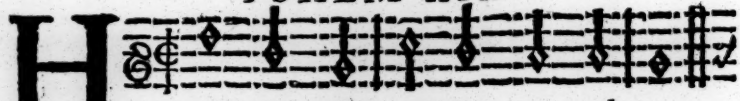
If their foundation be deſtroy'd,
What can the Righteous build upon?
God in his Temple doth abide;
Heav'n is the Great Jehovah's Throne.

His Eyes behold, his Eye-lids try
The Sons of Men; allows the beſt:
But ſuch as joy in cruelty
The Lord doth from his Soul deteſt.

Snares, horrid Tempeſt, Brimſtone, Fire,
(Their portion) on their heads ſhall light:
Th' intirely Juſt affects th' Intire;
For ever precious in his ſight.

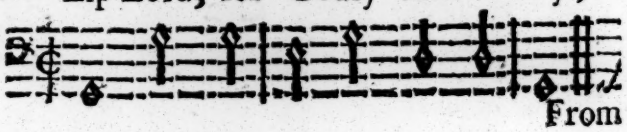
PSALM XII.

Cantus.

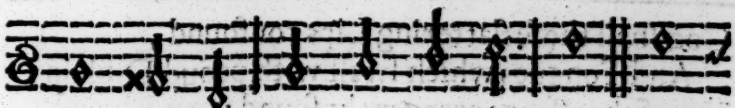


HElp Lord, for Godly men decay;

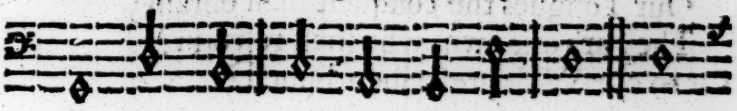
Baſſus.

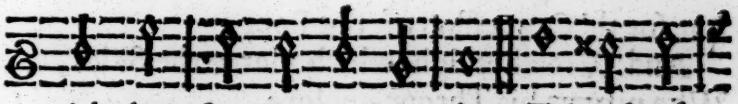


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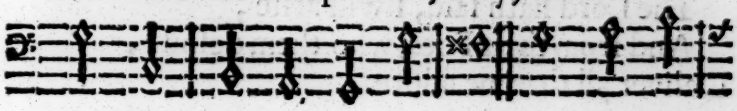


From Mortals Faith, enforced, flies: And



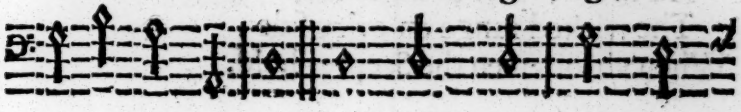


with their ſins Companions, they, Talk of af-



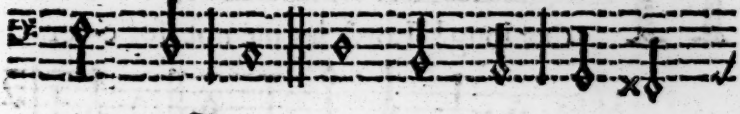


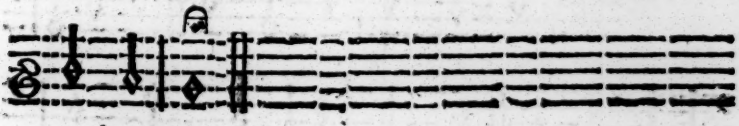
fected Vanities: Their flattering Tongues a-



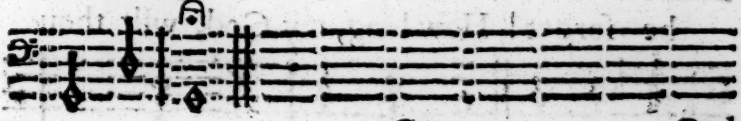


bound with Lies; Their double Hearts bent





to betray.



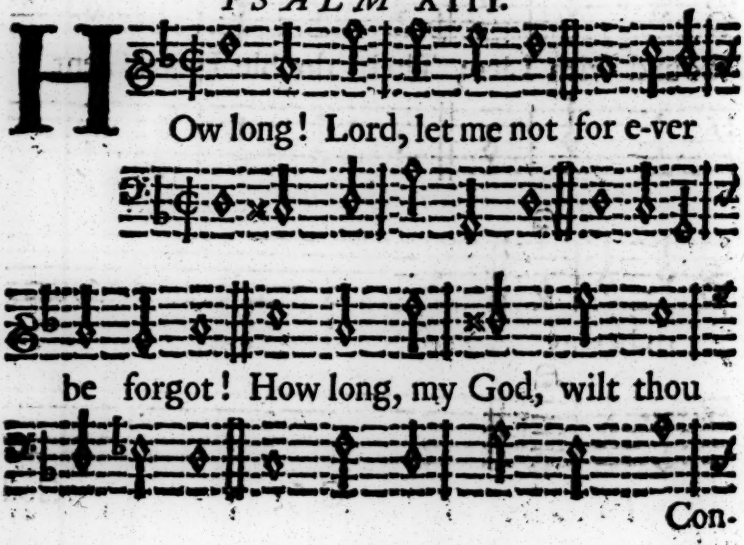
God ſhall thoſe flattering Lips confound,
And Tongues which ſwell with proud Diſdain:
Whoſe boaſtings arrogantly ſound;
Our Tongues the conqueſt ſhall obtain;
They are our own, who ſhall reſtrain?
Or to our Wills preſcribe a bound?

But for th' Oppreſſion of the Poor,
And Wretches ſighs which pierce the Skies,
Who pity at his Throne implore,
The Lord hath ſaid, I will ariſe,
And from their Foes, who them deſpiſe,
Deliver all that me adore.

Gods Word is pure; as pure as Gold
In melting Furnace ſeven times try'd:
His Arms for ever ſhall infold
All thoſe, who in his truth abide.
The wicked range on ev'ry ſide,
When vitious men the Scepter hold.

PSALM XIII.

Cantus. *Baſſus.*

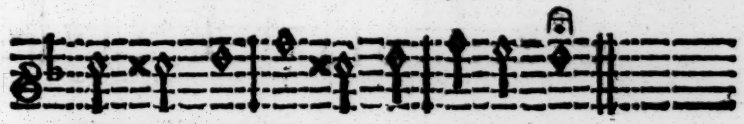


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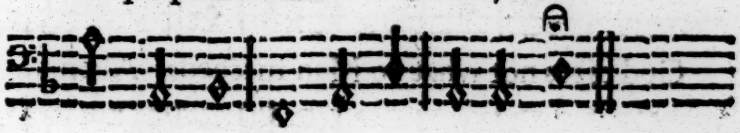


Contract thy clouded brow! How long in





mind perplext Shall I be daily vext.



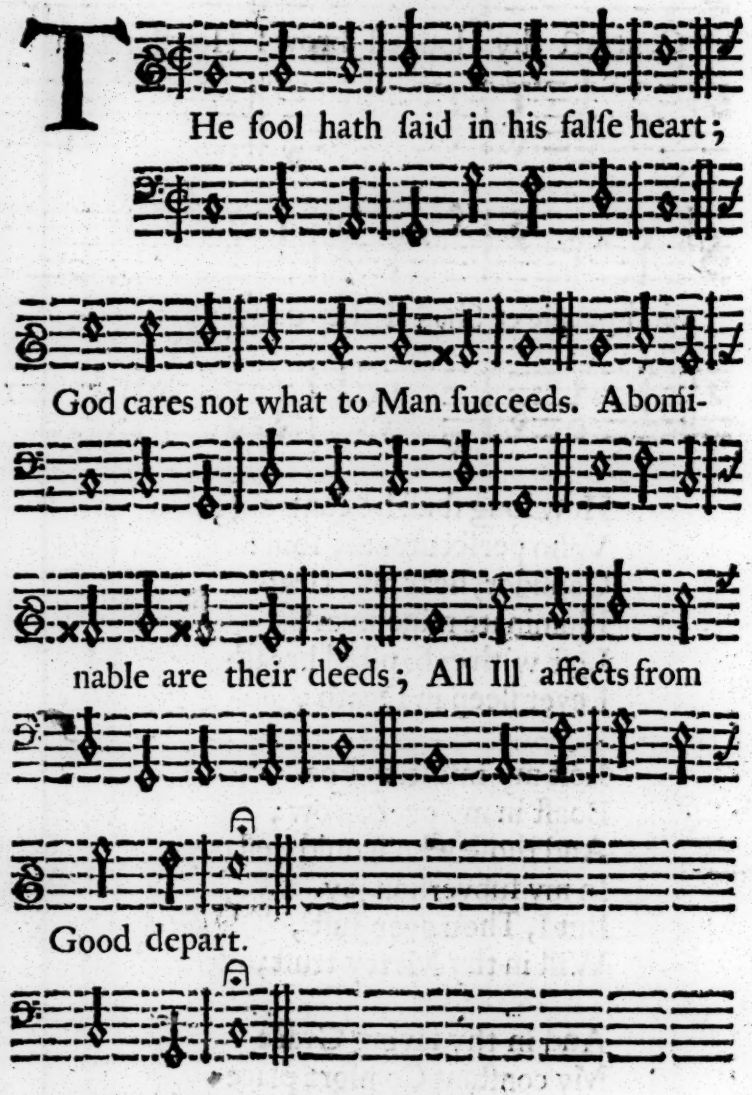
How long ſhall he controul, 3
Who perſecutes my ſoul! 3
Conſider, hear my cries; 3
Illuminate mine eyes; 3
Leſt with exhauſted breath 3
I ever ſleep in Death; 3

Leſt my inſulting Foe
Boaſt in my overthrow;
And thoſe who would deſtroy,
In my ſubverſion joy.
But I, Thou ever Juſt,
Will in thy Mercy truſt;

And in thy ſaving Grace
My conſtant Comfort place:
My Songs ſhall ſing thy Praiſe,
That haſt prolong'd my Dayes.

PSALM XIV.

Cantus. *Bassus.*



Jehovah Mans rebellious Race
Beheld from his celestial Throne;
To see if there were any one
That understood, or sought his Face.

All

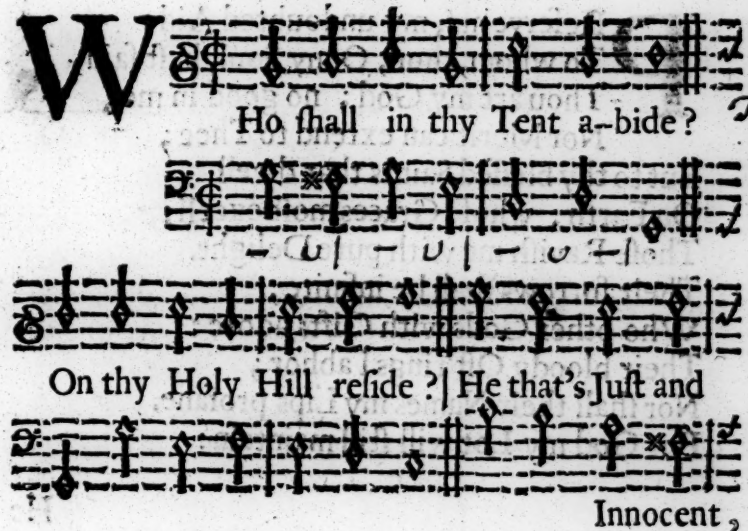
All from forsaken Truth are flown;
Corrupt in Body, such in Soul,
Defil'd within, without as foul;
None Good indeavours, no, not One.

Are all, that work Iniquity,
By Ignorance so blindly led?
My People they devour like Bread;
Nor call on him who sits on high.

Their Consciences with terrour quake;
Since God doth with the Just abide:
For Poor mens Counsels they deride,
Who him for their Protection take.

O that unto thy Israel
Salvation might from Sion Spring!
When God shall us from Bondage bring,
No joy shall *Jacob*'s joy excel.

PSALM XV.





Innocent; Tells the truth of his intent;



Slanders none with venom'd Tongue;
Fears to do his Neighbour wrong;
Cherisheſ Foſters not baſe Infamies;
Vice beholds with ſcornful Eyes;
Honours thoſe, who fear the Lord;
Keeps, though to his loſs, his Word;
Takes no Bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to Uſe his Money lends:
do thus their footſteps Who ~~by the ſame ſteps~~ guide,
in their way ~~The impure ſteps~~, ſhall never ſlide.

PSALM XVI.

As the 87.

PReſerve me, my undoubted Aid:
To whom, thou, O my Soul, haſt ſaid,
Thou art my God; no good in me,
Nor Merit can extend to Thee;
But to thy bleſſed Saints that dwell
On Earth, whoſe Graces moſt excell:
Thoſe Raviſh me with pure Delight.
Their ſorrows ſhall be infinite,
Who other Gods with Gifts adore:
Their bloody Off'rings I abhor;
Nor ſhall their Names my Lips profane.
But God my Lot will ſtill maintain:

He

He is my Portion, he bestows
The Cup that with his Bounty flows.
I have a pleasant Seat obtain'd,
A fair and large Possession gain'd.
The Lord will I for ever praise,
Whose Counsels have inform'd my Wayes;
And my inflamed Zeal excite
To serve him in the silent Night.
He is my Object; by his Hand
Confirm'd, immoveable I stand.
Joy hath my Heart and Tongue possest:
My Flesh in constant Hope shall rest.
Thou wilt not leave my Soul alone
In Hell; nor let thy Holy One
Corruption see: But that High-way
To Everlasting Life display.
Thy Presence yields intire delight:
At thy Right hand Joys infinite.

PSALM XVII.

LOrd, grant my just Request; O hear my cry, *As the* 31.
And Pray'rs that lips, untoucht with guile un-
My Cause before thy High Tribunal try, (fold!
And let thine Eyes my Righteousness behold.

Thou prov'st my Heart even in the Nights recess,
Like Mettal try'st me, yet no Dross hast found:
I am resolv'd, my Tongue shall not transgress;
But on thy Word will all my Actions ground.

So shall I from the Paths of Tyrants fly:
O, lest I slip, direct my Steps by Thine!
I Thee invoke; for Thou wilt hear my Cry:
Thine Ear to my afflicted Voice incline.

O

O ſhew thy wondrous Love! Thou from their Foes
Preſerveſt all that on thy Aid depend.
Lord, as the Apple of the Eye incloſe,
And over me thy ſhady Wings extend.

Part 2. For Impious Men, and ſuch as deadly hate
My guiltleſs Soul, have compaſt me about;
Who ſwell with Pride, inclos'd with their own fat,
And words of contumely thunder out.

Our traced ſteps intrap as in a Toil;
Low-couched on the Earth with flaming Eyes;
Like famiſh'd Lions eager of their Spoil,
Or Lions Whelps; cloſe lurking to ſurpriſe.

Ariſe! prevent him, from his Glory hurl'd;
My penſive Soul, from the Devourer ſave:
From men which are thy ſcourge, men of the world,
Who in this Life alone their Portion have.

Fill'd with thy ſecret Treaſure, to their Race
They their accumulated Riches leave:
But I with Righteouſneſs ſhall ſee thy Face;
And riſing, in thy Image, joy receive.

PSALM XVIII.

As the 72. MY Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength my Power,
My ſtedfaſt Rock, my Fortreſs, my high Tower,
My God, my Safety, and my Confidence,
The Horn of my Salvation, my Defence.
My Songs ſhall thy deſerved Praiſe reſound:
For at my Prayers thou wilt my Foes confound.

Sorrows

Sorrows of Death on every ſide aſſail'd,
And dreadful flouds of Impious Men prevail'd:
Sorrows of Hell my compaſt Soul diſmay'd;
And to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd.
In this Diſtreſs I cry'd, and call'd upon my ℸ
The Lord, who heard me from his Holy Throne. *A deſcription of*
He trembling Earth in his fierce Anger ſtrook; *the terrours of the*
Th' unfixed roots of airy Mountains ſhook; *divine power.*
Smoke from his Noſtrils flew; devouring Fire
Brake from his Mouth; Coles kindled by his Ire. +
In his Deſcent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet,
And gloomy Darkneſs roll'd beneath his Feet,
A Golden-winged Cherubin beſtrid,
And on the ſwiftly flying Tempeſt rid.

He Darkneſs made his ſecret Cabinet; *Part 2.*
Thick Fogs, and dropping Clouds about him ſet:
The Beams of his bright Preſence theſe expell;
Whence ſhowers of burning coles and hailſtones fell.
From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake;
In Hail and darting Flames th' Almighty ſpake:
Whoſe Arrows my amazed Foes ſubdue;
And at their ſcattred Troops his Lightning threw.
The Ocean could not his deep Bottom hide;
The Worlds conceal'd Foundations were deſcri'd
At thy rebuke, Jehovah; at the blaſt
Even of the breath which through thy Noſtrils paſt. ν
He with extended arms his Servants ſaves,
And drew me ſinking from th' inraged waves:
From my proud foes by his aſſiſtance freed,
Who ſwoln with hate, no leſs in ſtrength exceed.
Without his Aid, I in that ſtormy Day
Of my affliction, had become their prey:
Who from thoſe ſtraits of danger by his Might
Enlarg'd my Soul; for I was his delight.

The

Part 3. The Lord according to my innocence,
And Juſtice, did his ſaving grace diſpenſe.
The narrow Path by him preſcrib'd, I took;
Nor like the wicked, my Great God forſook.
For all his Judgements were before mine eyes;
I with his ſtatutes daily did adviſe,
And ever walk'd before him, void of guile:
No act or purpoſe did my ſoul defile.
For this he recompenc'd my righteouſneſs
And crown'd my innocence with fair ſucceſs.
The merciful ſhall flouriſh in thy Grace;
Thy Righteouſneſs the Righteous ſhall embrace:
Thou to the Pure thy Purity wilt ſhow;
And to the perverſe ſhall thy averſeneſs know.
For thou wilt thy afflicted People ſave;
The proud caſt down, down to the greedy grave.
Thou Lord wilt make my taper to ſhine bright,
And clear my darkneſs with celeſtial Light.
Through Thee I have againſt an Hoſt prevail'd;
And by thy aid, a lofty Bulwark ſcal'd.

Part 4. Gods Path is perfect, all his Words are juſt;
A Shield to thoſe that in his promiſe truſt.
What God is their in Heav'n or Earth but ours!
What Rock but He, againſt aſſailing Powers!
He breath'd new ſtrength and courage in the day
Of Battel, and ſecurely cleer'd my way.
He makes my feet outſtrip the nimble Hind,
Up to the Mountains, where I ſafety find.
'Tis he that teacheth my weak hands to fight:
A Bow of ſteel is broken by their might.
Thou didſt thy ample Shield before me ſet;
Thy Arm upheld, thy Favour made me great.
The paſſage of my ſteps on ev'ry ſide,
Thou haſt inlarged, leſt my feet ſhould ſlide.

I followed, overtook; nor made retreat,
Untill victorious in my Foes defeat;
So charg'd with wounds, that they no longer ſtood;
But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.
Thou arm'ſt me with prevailing Fortitude,
And all that roſe againſt me haſt ſubdu'd:
Their ſtubborn necks ſubjected to my Will,
That I their blood, who hate my Soul, might ſpill.
They cry'd aloud; but found no ſuccour near:
To thee, Jehovah; but thou wouldſt not hear.

I pounded them like duſt, which Whirle-winds raiſe: *Part 5.*
Trod under-foot as dirt in beaten wayes.
From Popular Fury thou haſt ſet me free;
Among the Heathen haſt exalted me;
Whom unknown Nations ſerve: as ſoon obey
As hear of me; and yield unto my ſway.
The Stranger-born, beſet with horrour, fled;
And in their cloſe Retreats betray their dread.
O praiſe the living Lord, the Rock whereon
I build; the God of my Salvation!
'Tis he who rights my wrongs; the People bends
To my Subjection; from my Foe defends.
Thou raiſeſt me above their proud controul;
And from the violent Man haſt freed my Soul.
The Heathen ſhall admire my Thankfulneſs:
My Songs ſhall thy immortal Praiſe expreſs.
A great and manifold Deliverance
God gives his King: his mercy doth advance
In his Anointed; and will ſhow'r his Grace
Eternally on *David* and his Race.

PSALM

PSALM XIX.

As the 8th.

GOds Glory the vaſt Heav'ns proclame;
The Firmament, his mighty Frame.
Day unto Day, and Night to Night
The wonders of his Works recite.
To theſe nor ſpeech nor words belong,
Yet underſtood without a Tongue.
The Globe of Earth they compaſs round;
Through all the world diſperſe their ſound.
There is the Suns Pavillion ſet;
Who from his Roſie Cabinet,
Like a freſh Bride-groom, ſhews his face;
And as a Giant, runs his race.
He riſeth in the dawning Eaſt,
And glides obliquely to the Weſt:
The World with his bright Rayes repleat;
All Creatures cheriſh'd by his heat.
Gods Laws are perfect, and reſtore
The Soul to life, even dead before.
His Teſtimonies, firmly true,
With Wiſdom ſimple men indue.

Part 2.

The Lords Commandments are upright,
And Feaſt the Soul with ſweet delight.
His Precepts are all Puritie, *or, altogether pure.*
Such as illuminate the Eye;
The fear of God, ſoil'd with no ſtain,
Shall everlaſtingly remain.
Jehovah's Judgements are Divine;
With Judgement he doth Juſtice joine:
Which men ſhould more, than Gold, deſire,
Then heaps of Gold refin'd by Fire:
More ſweet than Honey of the Hive,
Or Cels, where Bees their Treaſure ſtive.

Stipo. as.

Thy

Thy Servant is inform'd from thence:
They, their Obſervers recompence. *Thoſe commandements*
Who knows, what his Offences be?
From ſecret ſins O cleanſe thou me!
And from preſumptuous Crimes reſtrain;
Nor let them in thy Servant reign:
So ſhall I live in Innocence,
Not ſpotted with that great Offence.
My Fortreſs, my Deliverer;
O let the Prayers my Lips prefer, *which*
And Thoughts, which from my Heart ariſe,
Be acceptable in thine Eyes.

PSALM XX.

THe Lord in thy Adverſity *As the 7.*
Regard thy cry;
Great *Jacobs* God with Safety arm,
And ſhield from harm:
Help from his Sanctuary ſend,
And out of Sion thee defend.

Thy Odors, which pure flames conſume,
Be his Perfume:
May he accept thy Sacrifice,
Fir'd from the Skies.
For ever thy indeavours bleſs;
And crown thy Counſels with ſucceſs.

We will of thy Deliverance ſing,
Triumphant King:
Our Enſigns in that pray'd-for Day
With Joy diſplay;
Even in the Name of God. O ſtill
May he thy juſt Deſires fulfil!

Now know I his Anointed He
Will hear, and free;
With ſaving Hand and Mighty Power,
From his high Tower.
Theſe truſt in Horſe; in Chariots thoſe;
Our truſt we in our God repoſe.

Their wounded limbs with anguiſh bend,
To Death deſcend:
But we in fervour of the fight
Have ſtood upright.
O ſave us, Lord; thy Suppliants hear:
And in our aid, Great King, appear.

PSALM XXI.

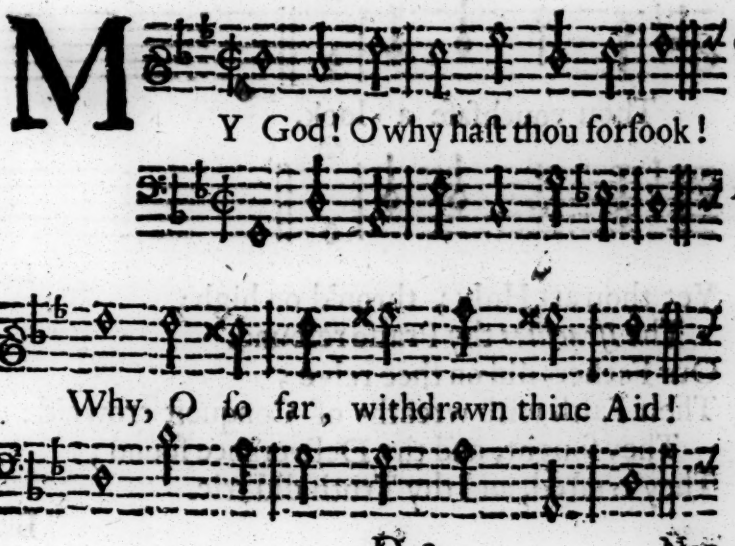
As the 15.

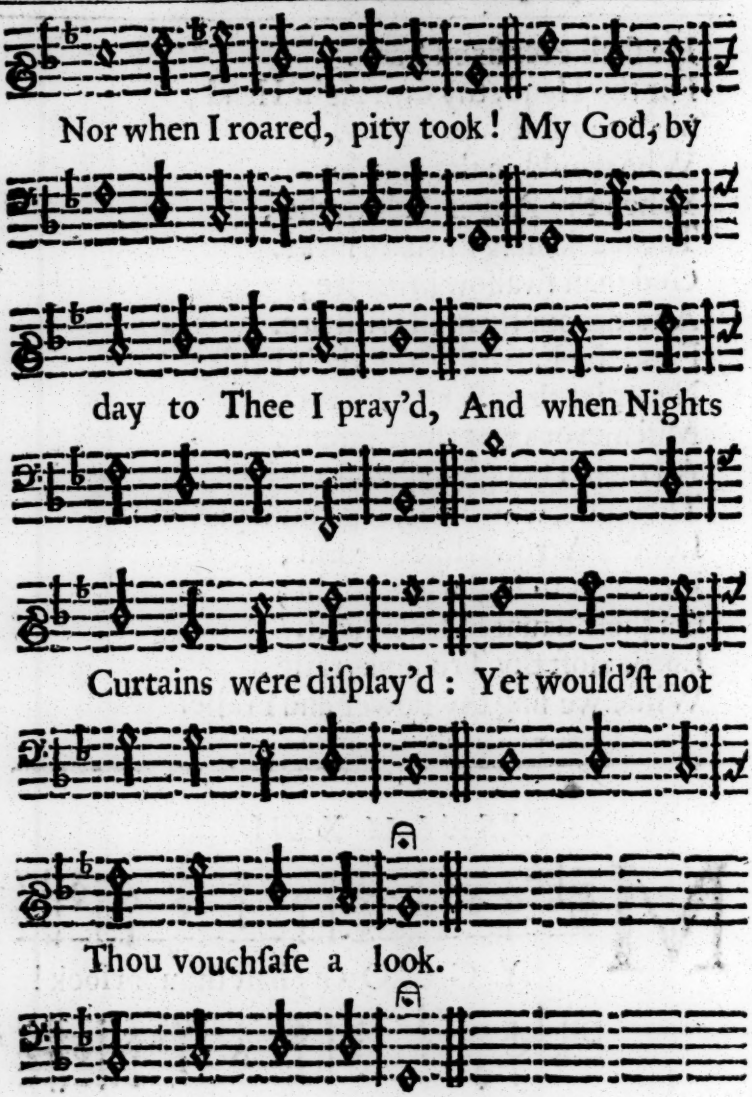
LOrd, in thy Salvation,
In the Strength which thou haſt ſhown,
Greatly ſhall the King rejoyce.
How will Joy exalt his Voice!
Thou haſt granted his requeſt;
Of his Hearts deſire poſſeſt;
Bleſt with Bleſſings manifold;
Crown'd with ſparkling Gems and Gold.
Praid-for Life thou granted haſt;
Length of Days which never waſte;
By thy Safe-guard glorious made;
With high Majeſty array'd:
Of reſiſtleſs Pow'r poſſeſt;
By thy favours ever bleſt.
Lo! his Joys are infinite;
Joy reflected from thy ſight:
For the King in God did truſt.
Through the Mercy of the Juſt,

He

He ſhall ever fixed ſtand.
For thy Hand, thy own right Hand,
Shall thy Enemies deſtroy,
Who would in thy ruin joy.
When thy Anger ſhall awake,
Them a flaming Furnace make.
God ſhall ſwallow in his Ire,
And devour them all with fire.
From the Earth deſtroy their Fruit;
Never let their Seed take root.
Miſchievous was their intent;
All their Thoughts againſt me bent;
Thoughts, which nothing could perform.
Let thy Arrows, like a Storm,
Put them to inglorious flight;
On their daunted faces light.
Lord, aloft thy Triumphs raiſe,
While we ſing thy Power and Praiſe.

PSALM XXII.





Yet thou art Holy; thron'd on high;
The *Iſraelites* thy Praiſe reſound.
Our Fathers did on thee relye;
Their Faith with wreaths of Conqueſt crown'd:
They ſought, and thy Deliverance found;
They truſted, and thy Truth did trie.

But

But I, a worm, no man, am made
The ſcorn of men; deſpis'd by all:
Who ſhake their Heads, make mouths, upbraid.
Let God, ſay they, redeem from thrall,
On whom thy Hopes ſo vainly call:
Now let him his Beloved aid.

Thou drew'ſt me from the Womb; by Thee
Confirmed at my Mothers breaſt:
When born, Thou took'ſt the charge of me;
Even from my Birth, my God profeſt.
O ſuccour me with fear diſtreſt!
Thou canſt alone thy Servant free.

Incenſed Bulls about me ſtare; *Part 2.*
Strong Bulls of Baſhan girt me round:
Who their inflamed mouths prepare,
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
I'm ſpilt like water on the ground;
And all my Bones disjointed are.



My Heart like Wax within me thaws;
My vigour as a Pot-ſheard dry'd:
My thirſty Tongue cleaves to my jaws;
In duſt of Death thou do'ſt me hide:
Dogs compaſs me on ev'ry ſide;
And multitudes, who hate thy Laws.

My Hands and Feet transfixed are;
Bones, to be told, with anguiſh waſte:
This ſeen with joy, my robes they ſhare;
Lots on my ſeamleſs garment caſt.
My Strength, to my redemption haſte!
Nor O be deaf to my ſad prayer!

Let not the Sword thy Servant wound;
My Dearling from the Dog protect:
From Lions that in rage abound;
From Unicorns guard thy Elect.
I then my Brethren will direct;
Among the Saints thy Praiſe reſound.

Part 3. O praiſe him you who fear the Lord;
You Sons of *Jacob*, God adore:
Let *Iſraels* Seed his praiſe record;
For from their crys who help implore,
His Face he hides not, nor the Poor
In their Affliction hath abhorr'd.

I in the great Aſſembly ſhall
Declare his Works, which words exceed;
And pay my Vows before them all.
The Meek abundantly ſhall feed;
The Faithful praiſe their Help at need,
Nor by the ſtroke of Death ſhall fall.

All who behold the Suns Up-riſe,
Shall God profeſs, and ſerve alone:
And all the Heathen Families
Shall caſt themſelves before his Throne;
Becauſe the Kingdom is his own;
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in proſperity abound,
Nor undeſerved Honours gain;
Who poorly creep upon the ground,
And ſcarce their needy lives ſuſtain;
Shall eat, and to his eaſie reign
Submit, with joys eternal crown'd.

Their

Their ſanctifi'd Poſteritie
Shall ever celebrate his Name;
Adopted Sons of the moſt High:
They ſhall his Righteouſneſs proclame,
And Works of everlaſting fame,
To their believing Progeny.

PSALM XXIII.

THe Lord my Shepherd, me his Sheep *As the 8.*
Will from conſuming Famine keep.
He foſters me in fragrant Meads,
By ſoftly-ſliding waters leads;

My Soul refreſh'd with pleaſant juice:
And leſt they ſhould his Name traduce,
Then when I wander in the Maze
Of tempting ſin, informs my ways.

No terrour can my courage quail,
Though ſhaded in Deaths gloomy vail;
By thy Protection fortifi'd:
Thy Staff my Stay, thy Rod my Guide.

My Table thou haſt furniſhed;
Powr'd pretious Odors on my head:
My Mazer flows with pleaſant Wine,
While all my Foes with envy pine.

Thy Mércy and Beneficence
Shall ever joyn in my Defence;
Who in thy Houſe will ſacrifice,
Till aged Time cloſe up mine eyes.

PSALM XXIV.

As the 8.

THe round and many-peopled Earth,
thoſe things, which
What from her womb extract their birth,
thoſe creatures, which.
And whom her foodful breaſt ſuſtains, *fruitfull*
Are his, who high in glory raigns.
God
The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd,
By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd.
Who ſhall upon his Mountain reſt?
Who in his Sanctuary feaſt?
Even he, whoſe hands are innocent;
His heart unſoil'd with foul intent;
Whom ſwoln Ambition, Avarice,
Nor tempting Pleaſures can intice:
Who only their infection fears;
And never fraudulently ſwears:
The Lord his Saviour him ſhall bleſs,
And cloth him with his Righteouſneſs.
born or deſcended
Such are of *Jacobs* Faithful Race,
Who ſeek him, and ſhall find his Face.
You lofty Gates, your Leaves diſplay;
You everlaſting Doors, give way;
The King of Glory comes. O ſing
His Praiſe! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord in Strength, in Pow'r compleat;
The Lord in Battail more than great.
You lofty Gates, your Leaves diſplay;
You everlaſting Doors give way;
The King of Glory comes. O ſing
His praiſe! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord of Hoſts, of Victory,
Is King of glory; thron'd on high.

PSALM

PSALM XXV.

ON Thee with Confidence I call, *As the 2.*
To thee my troubled Soul erect:
Lord, let not ſhame my look deject,
Nor Malice triumph in my fall.
Thy Servants ſave; but thoſe confound,
Who Innocence with ſlander wound.

In thy diſcloſed paths direct;
Thy Truth, that leading Star diſplay:
O my Redeemer! every day
My dangers thy relief expect.
Think of thy Mercies ſhown of old;
Thy Mercies more than can be told.

The ſins of my unbridled Youth,
Nor frail Tranſgreſſions call to mind:
Let thoſe that ſeek, thy Mercy find,
Even for the honour of thy Truth.
God, ever juſt and good, the way
Of life will ſhew to ſuch as ſtray.

The Meek in righteouſneſs ſhall guide;
To ſuch his heavenly Will expreſs:
Which ſhall with Truth and Mercy bleſs
All ſuch as in his Laws abide.
My ſins, ſo numerous and great
O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

What's he who fears The ever-Bleſt? *Part 2.*
To him ſhall he his Paths diſcloſe:
His Soul refreſh'd with calm repoſe;
The Land by his fair Race poſſeſt:

To

To him his Counſels ſhall impart,
And ſeal his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait:
My feet inlarge thou from their ſnares.
O pitty me ſo worn with cares;
Deſpiſed, poor, and deſolate!
The troubles of my mind increaſe;
Lord, from their galling yoke releaſe!

Behold thou my affliction,
The toil and ſtraits, wherein I live:
My ſins, ſo infinite, forgive.
Behold my Foes, how potent grown!
How are they multiply'd of late,
Who hate me with a deadly hate!

Deliver, O! from ſhame protect;
Since from my Faith I never ſwerve:
Let Innocence and Truth preſerve,
Who conſtantly thy aid expect.
Redeem thy choſen *Iſrael*,
And ſorrow from his breſt expell.

PSALM XXVI.

As the 4th.

LOrd, judge my cauſe: thy piercing Eye
Beholds my Souls integritie.
How can I fall;
When I, and all
My hopes on thee relie?

Examine, try my reins and heart;
Thou, Mercies Source, my object art:

Nor

Nor from thy Truth
Have I in Youth,
Or will in Age depart.

Men ſold to ſin offend my ſight;
I hate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite:
Thoſe who deviſe
Malicious lies,
And in their crimes delight.

But will, with hands immaculate,
And offerings, at thy Altar wait:
Thy Praiſe diſperſe
In grateful verſe;
Thy Noble Acts relate.

Thy Houſe, in my eſteem, excels:
The Manſion where thy Glory dwells.
My life O cloſe
Not up with thoſe,
Whoſe ſin thy Grace expells!

Who guiltleſs blood with pleaſure ſpill:
Subverting bribes their right-hands fill;
Bold in offence.
But Innocence
And Truth ſhall guard me ſtill.

Redeem; O with thy Grace ſuſtain!
My feet now ſtand upon the plain.
Thy Juſtice I
Will magnifie,
With thoſe who fear thy Name.

PSALM XXVII.

As the 10.

GOd is my Saviour, my clear light:
Who then can my repoſe affright?
Or what appear
Worth ſuch a fear,
My life protected by his Might?
Vain hatred, vain their power,
That would my life devour.

Theſe fell, when they againſt me fought:
The Wicked ſuffer'd what they ſought.
Though troops of foes
At once incloſe,
Of fear I would not lodge a thought:
Should Armies compaſs me;
So confident in thee.

One thing I have, and ſhall requeſt;
That I may in thy Manſion reſt,
Till Death ſurprize
My cloſing eyes:
That they may on thy beauty feaſt;
That in thy Temple ſtill
I may enquire thy Will.

When ſtorms ariſe on ev'ry ſide,
He will in his Pavillion hide:
How ever great,
In that retreat
I ſhall conceal'd and ſafe abide.
He, to reſiſt their ſhock,
Hath fixt me on a Rock.

Now

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd
Above my foes, who gird me round;
That in my Tent
I may present
My sacrifice with Trumpets sound:
There I thy praise will sing,
Set to a well-tun'd string.

O hear thou my afflicted cry; Part 2.
Extend thy pity, and reply.
When thus the Lord
In sweet accord;
Seek thou my Face with searching Eye.
Directed by thy Grace,
Lord, I will seek thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide!
Nor in thine anger turn aside
From him that hath
Serv'd thee with faith.
Forsake me not, my ancient Guide;
So oft in dangers known:
O leave me not alone.

Although my Parents should forsake;
Yet, Lord, thou wouldst to Harbour take.
O lest I stray,
Teach me the Way,
And in thy Precepts perfect make:
Because my enemies
Watch like so many Spies.

Expose me not to their desire;
For lying witnesses conspire,
Who in their breath
Bear Wrath and Death.

My

My Soul had ſunk beneath their ire,
But that I did relye
On thy benignity.

In hope to ſee (within the Land
Of thoſe that live) thy ſaving hand.
He ſhall impart
Strength to thy heart.
Wait on the Lord, undaunted ſtand;
His heav'nly Will attend,
Who timely aid will ſend.

PSALM XXVIII.

As the 5th.

MY God, my Rock, regard my Crie;
Leſt I unheard, like thoſe that die,
In ſhades of dark Oblivion lie.

To my aſcending Grief give ear,
When I my hands devoutly rear
Before thy Mercy-ſeat with fear.

With wicked men mix not my Fate;
Nor drag me with the Reprobate,
Who ſpeak of Peace, but foſter hate.

Such as their works, their dire intent,
And practices to circumvent;
Such be their dreadful puniſhment.

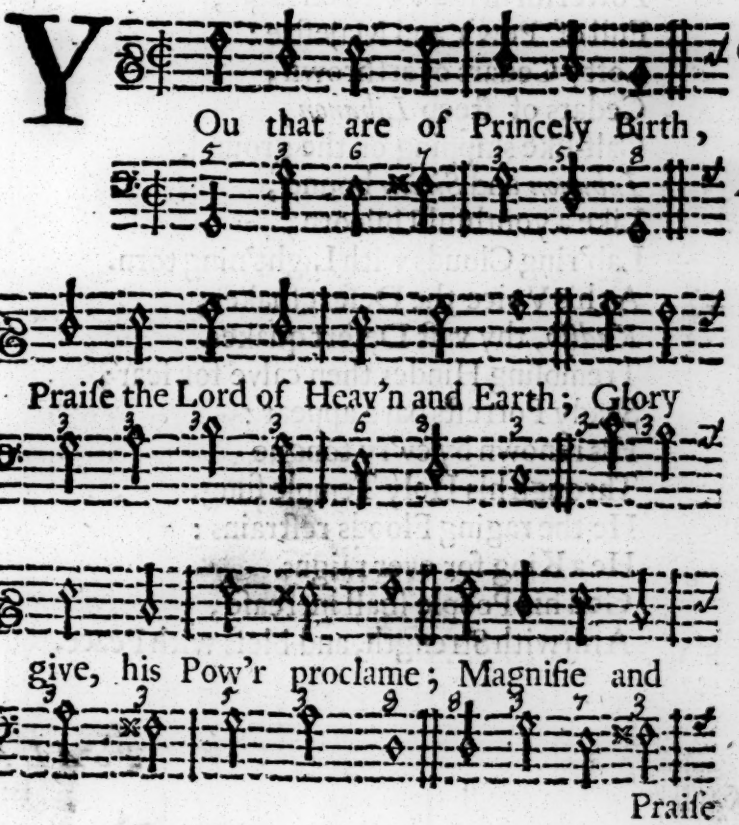
Since they will not thy Choice renown,
But hate whom thou intend'ſt to crown;
O build not up, but pull them down!

He hears! His Name be magnifi'd!
My Strength, ſecur'd on ev'ry ſide,
Since all my hope on him rely'd.

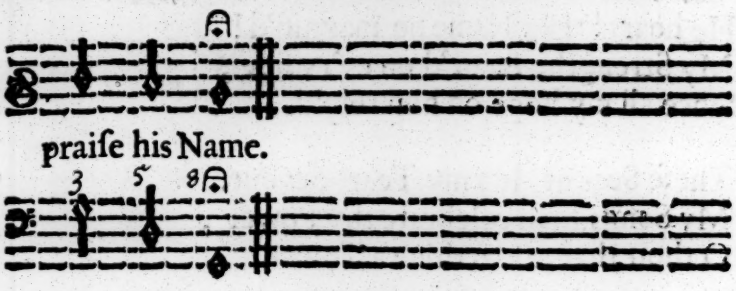
Theſe Seas of Joy my Tears devour.
My Songs ſhall celebrate thy Power,
O thou that art to thine a Tower.

O thou my ſtrong Deliverance,
Thy People, thine Inheritance,
Bleſs, feed, preſerve, and ſtill advance.

PSALM XXIX.



You that are of Princely Birth,
Praiſe the Lord of Heav'n and Earth; Glory
give, his Pow'r proclame; Magnifie and
Praiſe



Worſhip; in the Beauty bleſs,
Beauty of his Holineſs.
From a dark and ſhow'ring Cloud,
On the floods that roar aloud,
Hark! his Voice with terrour breaks:
God, our God in Thunder ſpeaks.
Powerful in his Voice on high,
Full of Pow'r and Majeſtie:
Lofty Cedars overthrown,
Cedars of ſteep *Libanon*,
Calf-like skipping on the ground.
Libanon and *Sirion* bound,
Like a youthful Unicorn,
Lab'ring Clouds with Light'ning torn.
At his Voice the Deſert ſhakes;
Kadiſh, thy vaſt Deſert quakes.
Trembling Hindes then calve for fear;
Shady Forreſts bare appear:
His renown by ev'ry tongue
Through his Holy Temple ſung.
He the raging Floods reſtrains:
He a King for ever raigns.
God his People ſhall increaſe,
Arm with Strength, and bleſs with Peace.

PSALM

PSALM XXX.

MY Verſe ſhall in thy praiſes flow: *As the* 14.
Lord, thou haſt rais'd my head on high;
Nor ſuffer'd the proud Enemy
To triumph in my overthrow.

I cry'd aloud; thy Arm did ſave;
Thou drew'ſt me from the ſhades of Death;
Repealing my exiled breath,
When almoſt ſwallow'd by the Grave.

You Saints of his, oh ſing his praiſe!
Preſent your Vows unto the Lord;
His perfect Holineſs record,
Whoſe Wrath but for a Moment ſtays.

His quick'ning Favour life beſtows:
Tears may continue for a night;
But Joy ſprings with the Morning Light;
Long-laſting Joys, ſoon-ending Woes.

In my Proſperity I ſaid, *Part* 2.
My feet ſhall ever fixt abide:
I, by thy favour fortifi'd;
Am like a ſtedfaſt Mountain made.

But when thou hid'ſt thy cheerful Face;
How infinite my Troubles grew!
My cries then with my grief renew,
Which thus implor'd thy ſaving Grace:

What profit can my blood afford,
When I ſhall to the Grave deſcend?
Can ſenſeleſs Duſt thy Praiſe extend?
Can Death thy living Truth record?

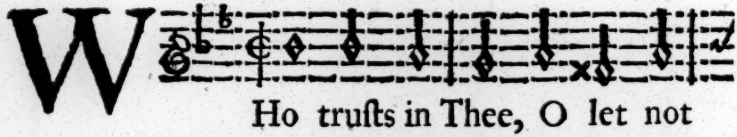
To my Complaints attentive be;
Thy Mercy in my aid advance:
O perfect my Deliverance,
That have no other Hope but Thee!

Thou, Lord, haſt made th' Afflicted glad;
My Sorrow into Dancing turn'd:
The Sack-cloth torn wherein I mourn'd,
And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

That ſo my Glory might proclame
Thy Favours in a joyful Verſe;
Unceſſantly thy Praiſe rehearſe,
And magnifie thy ſacred Name.

PSALM XXXI.

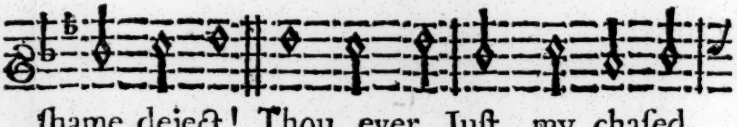
Cantus.



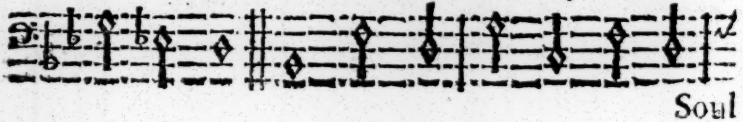
Ho truſts in Thee, O let not

Baſſus.

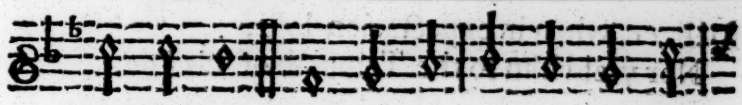




ſhame deject! Thou ever Juſt, my chaſed

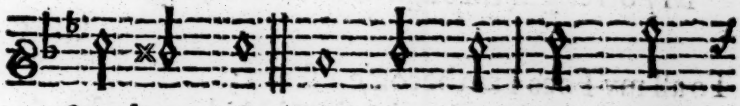


Soul

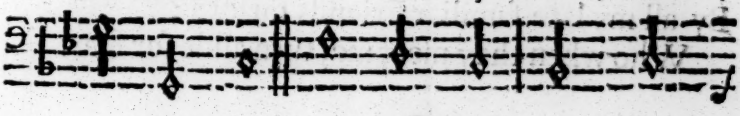


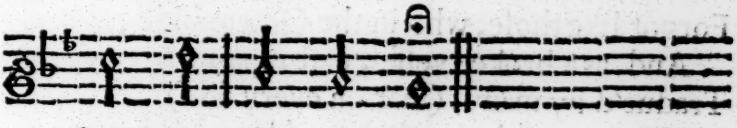
Soul ſecure: Lord, lend a willing ear, with





ſpeed protect; Be thou my Rock; with





thy ſtrong Arm immure.



My Rock, my Fortreſs, for thy Honour aid, 5
And my ingaged feet from Danger guide: 5
Pull from their ſubtil Snares in ſecret laid, 5
O thou my only Strength ſo often try'd. 5

To thy ſafe Hands my Spirit I commend,
O my Redeemer, O thou God of Truth.
Who Lies invent, or unto Idols bend,
I have abhorr'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I will rejoice, and in thy Mercy boaſt,
That in his trouble wouldſt thy Servant know:

Deliver, when in expectation loſt;
Nor yield him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Part 2. Now help the Comfortleſs: my Sight decays,
My Spirits faint, my Fleſh conſumes with care:
My Life is ſpent with grief, in ſighs my Days;
My Strength through Sin diſſolves, my Bones impare.

To all my Foes I am become a ſcorn;
Nor leaſt to thoſe, who ſeem'd in love moſt near:
By all my late familiar Friends forlorn;
Who when they meet me, turn aſide for fear.

Forgot like thoſe, who in the Grave abide,
And, as a broken veſſel, paſt repair:
Traduc'd by many, (fear on every ſide)
Who counſel take, and would my life inſnare.

But, Lord, my Hopes are on thee fixt: I ſaid,
Thou art my God; my Days are in thy Hand:
Againſt my furious Foes oppoſe thy Aid;
And thoſe, who perſecute my Soul, withſtand.

O let thy Face upon thy Servant ſhine;
Save for thy Mercies ſake; from Shame defend.
Shame cover thoſe who keep no Laws of thine;
And undeplored to the Grave deſcend.

Part 3. The lying lips in endleſs ſilence cloſe,
That with deſpite and pride traduce the Juſt.
What Joy haſt thou reſerv'd! what wrought for thoſe,
(In ſight of all) who fear, and in thee truſt!

Thoſe

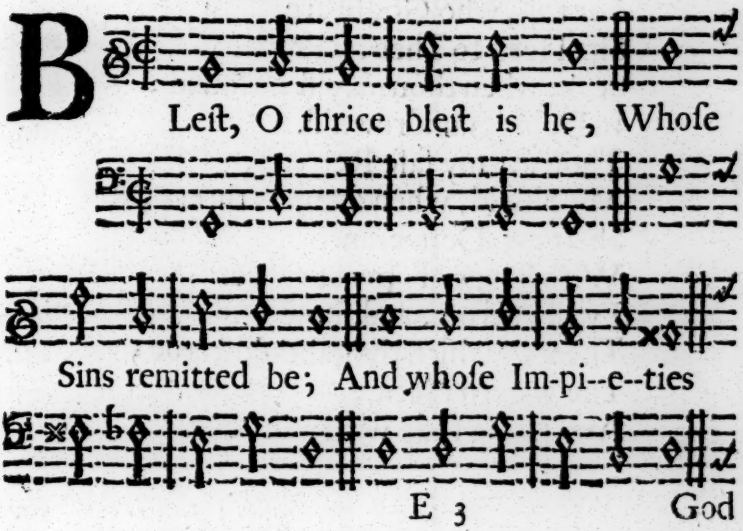
Thoſe ſhalt Thou in thy ſecret Preſence hide
From their Oppreſſors violence and wrongs;
They in thy cloſe Pavilion ſhall abide,
Secured from the ſtrife of envious Tongues.

Bleſt he! who in a walled City hath
To me his wonderful Affection ſhown.
I raſhly ſaid, I am the food of Wrath;
Cut off; for ever from his Preſence thrown.

Yet thou, O ever bleſſed, heard'ſt my Prayer,
When to thy Mercy I addreſs my Cry.
O love the living Lord, all you that are
His choſen Saints, and on his Aid rely.

For he the Faithful ever will preſerve;
And render to the Proud their full deſerts.
Couragious be all you, who hope, and ſerve
The Lord of Life, who will confirm your hearts.

PSALM XXXII.





God covers from his Eyes.



To whom his Sins are not
Imputed, as forgot:
His Soul with guile unſtain'd.
While ſilent I remain'd,
My bones conſum'd away;
I roared all the day:
For on me day and night
Thy Hand did heavy light.
My moiſture dry'd throughout,
Like to a Summers drought.
I then my Sins confeſt,
How far I had tranſgreſt:
When all I had reveal'd,
Thy Hand my Pardon ſeal'd.
For this, who Godly are
Shall ſeek to Thee by Prayer;
Seek, when thou may'ſt be found;
In Deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my ſafe Retreat,
My Shield, when dangers threat;
Shalt my Deliverance
With Songs of Joy advance.
I will inſtruct, and ſhow
The way which thou ſhouldſt goe;
The way to Pietie;
And guide thee with mine eye.

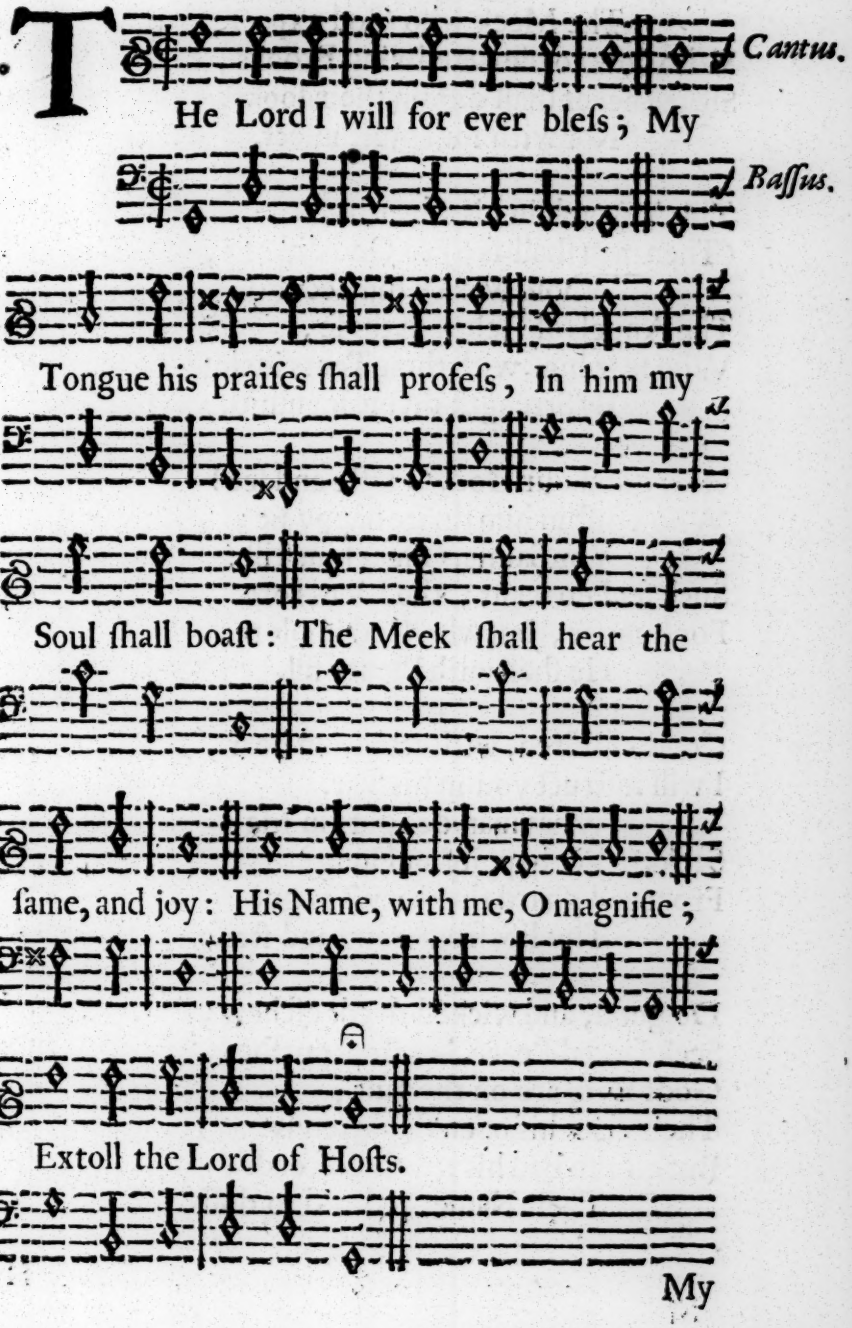
Be not like Mule and Horſe,
Whoſe reaſon is their Force;
Whoſe mouth the Bit and Rein,
Leſt they rebel, reſtrain.
Innumerable Woes
The Wicked ſhall incloſe:
But thoſe who God affect,
His Mercy ſhall protect.
O you, who are upright,
In God your God delight:
You Juſt, his bleſſed Choice,
In Him with Songs rejoice.

PSALM XXXIII.

TO God, you Juſt, your Voices raiſe; *As the 8th.*
It you beſeems to ſing his Praiſe.
O celebrate the King of kings
On Inſtruments ſtrung with ten Strings:
To Harp and Lute new Dities ſing:
Sing loud with skillful fingering.
His Words are crown'd by their event;
And all his Works are permanent.
Juſtice and Judgement he affects:
His Bounty upon all reflects.
His Word the arched Heav'ns did frame;
His Breath, the Stars eternal Flame.
He the collected Seas confines,
And folds the Deep in Magazines.
The Lord, O all you Nations, fear;
All whom the Earths round ſhoulders bear.
He ſpake, 'twas done as ſoon as ſaid;
At his Commandment ſtedfaſt made.

The People counſel take in vain;
Their Projects no ſucceſs obtain.
The Counſels of the Lord are ſure;
His Purpoſes no Change indure.
Bleſt they, whoſe God Jehovah is;
The Nation ſet apart for his.
The Lord looks from the lofty Skies;
On careful Mortals caſts his Eyes:
The Lord looks from his Reſidence;
The Sons of men beholds from thence.
He faſhioned their hearts alone:
To him their Thoughts and deeds are known.
No King is ſaved by an Hoſt;
No Giant in his ſtrength ſhould boaſt:
There reſts no Safety in a Horſe;
None are deliver'd by his force.
Gods eyes are ever on the Juſt,
Who fear, and in his Mercy truſt;
To free their Souls from ſwallowing Earth,
And keep alive in time of Dearth.
Our fervent Souls on God attend,
Our help, who only can defend:
In whom our Hearts exult for joy;
Becauſe we on his Name rely.
Great God to us propitious be,
As we have fixt our Hopes on thee.

PSALM XXXIV.



THe Lord I will for ever bless; My
Tongue his praises shall profess, In him my
Soul shall boast: The Meek shall hear the
same, and joy: His Name, with me, O magnifie;
Extoll the Lord of Hosts.

My

My Prayers aſcending pierc'd his ear;
Who ſnatch'd me from thoſe ſtorms of fear.
The Meek who God expect,
Who flow to him like living Brooks,
Shame never ſhall diſtain their looks,
Nor with foul guilt infect.

This Wretch in his adverſity
(Then men ſhall ſay) to God did cry,
Whoſe Mercy him ſecur'd.
The Angels of Jehovah thoſe,
Who fear him, with their Tents incloſe,
By Strength divine immur'd.

How good our God, O taſte and ſee! 4
Who truſt in him thrice happy be; 4
You Saints, O fear him ſtill: 3
Such feel no want; the Lions rore 4
For hunger; but who God implore, 4
He ſhall with Plenty fill. 3

פ Come children, with attention hear,
I will inſtruct you in his fear.
What man delights in life?
Seeks to live happily and long?
From evil guard thy wary Tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and ſtrife.

Do good, and wicked deeds eſchew;
Seek ſacred Peace, her ſteps purſue.
Gods Eyes are on the Juſt;
Their cries his open Ear attends:
But on the Bad his wrath deſcends,
Their Names reduc'd to duſt.

He

He hears the Righteous, and their cry;
Preſerv'd in their adverſity:
A broken heart affects,
And Souls contrite which in Him truſt.
Great are the afflictions of the Juſt;
But He in all protects:

Keeps every bone of theirs intire.
The Wicked ſwallows in his Ire,
And who the Righteous hate.
The Lord his Servants ſhall redeem;
Thoſe ever dear in his eſteem,
Who on his Promiſe wait.

PSALM XXXV.

LOrd, plead my cauſe againſt my foes; *As the 3.*
With ſuch as fight againſt me, fight:
Ariſe, thy ample Shield oppoſe,
And with thy Sword defend my right.
Addreſs thy Spear; thoſe in their way
Encounter, who my Soul invade:
To her O let thy Spirit ſay,
I am thy God, and ſaving Aide.
Let thoſe, who my diſgrace contrive,
Hang down their heads, for flight deſign'd:
Who ſeek my fall, let Angels drive
Like Chaff befote the bluſtring wind.
Obſcure and ſlippery be their path;
Let winged Troops purſue their foil;
Since they for me with cauſeleſs wrath
Have dig'd a pit, and pitch'd a Toil;
Let ſuddain ruin them deſtroy;
Meſht in the Nets themſelves had laid:

Then

Then in the Lord my Soul ſhall joy,
And glory in his timely Aid.
My Bones ſhall ſay, O who like thee,
That arm'ſt the Weak againſt the Strong;
That do'ſt the Poor and Needy free
From outrage, and too powerful wrong?

Part 2. Falſe witneſſes againſt me ſtood,
Who unknown accuſations brought:
That Evil rendered for Good,
And cloſely my confuſion ſought.
I in their ſickneſs did condole;
Unfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd:
With faſting humbled my ſad Soul,
And often to my Prayers return'd:
Him viſited both Night and Day,
As if an ancient Friend or Brother:
In Black upon the Earth I lay,
And wept as for my dying Mother.
Yet theſe rejoyced in my woe,
Falſe Comforters about me croud;
And leaſt I ſhould their cunning know,
They rent their Cloths, and cry'd aloud.
Like Hypocrites at Feaſts, they jeer;
Whoſe gnaſhing teeth their hate profeſs;
O Lord, how long wilt thou forbear,
And only look on my diſtreſs?
O ſave from thoſe, who ſmile, and kill;
My Dearling from the Lions Jaws:
I in the great Aſſembly will
Then praiſe thy Name with full applauſe.

Part 3. Let not my cauſeleſs Enemies
Rejoyce in my afflicted ſtate:
Nor wink at me with ſcornful eyes,
Who ſwell with undeſerved hate.

Of

Of Peace they ſpeak not; rather they
The peaceable with fraud purſue:
Who wry their mouths at me, and ſay,
Ha, Ha! our eyes thy ruin view.
This ſeen, O ſtand no longer mute;
Nor, Lord, deſert my Innocence.
Awake, ariſe: O proſecute
My Cauſe, and plead in my Defence.
With Juſtice Judge: nor let them ſay
In triumph; We our wiſh poſſeſs:
Not in their mirthful hearts, Ha, Ha!
W' have ſwallow'd him in his diſtreſs.
Wrath and confuſion ſeize on thoſe,
Who in my tribulation joy:
Let them who glory in my woes,
Be cloth'd with ſhame and infamy.
Let thoſe eternally rejoyce,
Who favour and aſſiſt my right:
For ever with exalted voice
The goodneſs of our God recite.
And ſay, O magnifie his Name,
Who glories in his ſervants peace.
My tongue his Juſtice ſhall proclame,
Nor ever in his praiſes ceaſe.

PSALM XXXVI.

As the 34.

WHen I the bold Tranſgreſſor ſee,
My thoughts thus whiſper unto me;
He never fear'd the Lord:
He ſmooths himſelf in his own eyes,
'Till his ſecure impieties
Become of all abhorr'd.

Their

Their words are vain, and full of guile:
They Wiſdom from their hearts exile;
Forſaken Virtue hate:
Who miſchief on their Beds contrive;
Through by-ways to bad ends arrive,
And vices propagate.

Thy Mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high;
And thy approv'd Fidelity
The lofty Skie tranſcends:
Thy Juſtice like a Mountain ſteep;
Thy Judgements an unfathom'd Deep;
Who man and beaſt defends.

O Lord, how precious is thy Grace!
The ſons of men, their comfort place,
Beneath thy ſhady wings:
They with thy Houſhold dainties ſhall
Be fully ſatisfi'd, and all
Drink of thy pleaſant Springs.

For O! from thee the Fountain flows,
Which endleſs Life on thine beſtows;
Inlight'ned with thy Light.
On ſuch as know thee ſhow'r thy Grace;
O let thy Juſtice thoſe embrace,
Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of Pride defeat;
Nor ſuch as are in miſchief great
My guiltleſs Soul ſurprize.
The workers of iniquity
Are faln like Meteors from the skie:
Caſt down, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

VEx not thy self at the ~~impiety~~ *prosperity* *As the 1.*
Of ~~wicked men, nor their frail height envy.~~ *those, that flou-*
For they shall soon be mow'd, like Summers Hay; *rish in impiety.*
And as the verdure of the Herb decay. *green-ness*
Trust thou in God; do good, and long in peace
Possess the Land, refresh'd by her increase.
Be he thy sole delight; He shall inspire
Thy raised thoughts, and grant thy hearts desire.
Relye, and to his care thy ways commend,
Who will ~~produce~~ them to a happy end. *conduct*
He shall thy Justice, ~~like~~ the Light, display, *as*
And make thy Judgement, as the Height of Day.
Rest on the Lord, and patiently attend
His Heavenly Will: nor let it thee offend,
Because the wicked in their courses thrive;
And prosperously at their desires arrive.
Abstain from anger, heady wrath eschew: *avoid*
Nor fret thou, lest ill Deeds ill Thoughts pursue.
God will cut off the Bad, the Faithful bless;
Who shall the ever-fruitful Land possess.

After a while th' Unjust shall cease to be; *Part 2.*
Thou shalt his place consider, but not see. *his place.*
The Meek in heart shall reap the Lands increase,
And solace in the multitude of Peace. *reap*
Against the Godly wicked Men conspire,
Gnash their malicious Teeth, and foam with ire; *anger*
But God shall laugh at their impiety; *deride*
Because he knows their Day of Doom is nigh. *that*
They draw their bloody Swords, their Bows are bent
To kill the Needy, Poor, and Innocent.

But

But their proud hearts ſhall periſh by the ſtroke
Sword is Of their own Steel, their Bow's aſunder broke.
That little, which the Righteous hath, excells
Th' abundant wealth, wherein the Wicked ſwells.
For God the arms of violent Men will break:
will protect But ſhield the Righteous, and ſupport the Weak.
His eyes behold the ſuff'rings of the Poor:
Their firm poſſeſſions ever ſhall endure.
In frightful times they ~~They in the time of~~ danger ſhall not dread;
But ſhall in Famin's rage be fill'd with Bread.
When vitious men ſhall ſpeedily decay:
God deſpiſe, ſhall And thoſe, who ſlight Jehovah, melt away,
(As fat of Lambs, which ſacred Fires conſume;)
ſmoak And forthwith vaniſh like the riſing fume.

Part 3. The Wicked borrow, never to reſtore:
The Juſt are gracious and relieve the Poor.
Whom God ſhall bleſs, they ſhall the Land enjoy:
Whom God ſhall curſe, them vengeance ſhall deſtroy.
The ſteps of Righteous men the Lord directs;
For He, even He, their ordred paths affects.
Although they fall; yet fall to riſe again:
them For ~~his~~ His Care and powerful Hand ſuſtain.
I have been young, am old; yet never ſaw
The Juſt abandon'd; nor thoſe, who draw
From him their birth, with beggery oppreſt.
He lends in mercy, and his Seed are bleſt.
Do good, ſhun evil, and remain unmov'd;
For Righteous Souls are of the Lord belov'd:
His undeſerted Saints protecting ſtill;
Their Plants up-rooting, who tranſgreſs his Will.
Juſt men inherit ſhall the promis'd Land;
And dwell therein, while Mountains ſtedfaſt ſtand.

The

The Righteous Soul of sacred Judgement speaks, Part 4.
And from his Lips a spring of Wisdom breaks.
Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;
Nor shall his Feet in slippery places slide.
Men seek his blood; but God defends: nor shall
He by the sentence of the Wicked fall.
Wait on the Lord, nor his straight paths transgress;
And evermore this pregnant Soil possess. *fruitful, fertil.*
But those, who in iniquity delight;
Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.
The Wicked I have seen in wealth to flow,
Exceed in power, and like a Laurel grow:
Yet vanish hence, as he had never been;
I sought him, but he was not to be seen.
Observe the perfect, and the pure in heart;
They die in peace, and happily depart.
But the Ungodly are at once cut down;
And perish without pity, or renown.
The Lord is the salvation of the Just; *assist, else their*
Their strength in trouble, since in him they trust:
Will those assist, who on his aid depend; *He'll them.*
Deliver, and from impious Foes defend.
And from the malice of their

PSALM XXXVIII.

NOT in thy wrath against me rise; *As the 4.*
Nor in thy fury, Lord, chastise:
Thy Arrows wound,
Nail to the Ground,
Thy hand upon me lies.
No Limb from pain and anguish free;
Because I have incensed thee:
Nor rest can take,
My bones to ake,
Such sin abounds in me.

Like Billows they my head tranſcend;
Beneath their heavy load I bend:
My Ulcers ſwell,
Corrupt, and ſmell;
Of Folly the ſad end.

Perplext in mind I pine away,
And mourning waſte the tedious day;
My Fleſh no more
Then all one Sore;
All parts at once decay.

Much broken; all my ſtrength o're-thrown;
Through anguiſh of my Soul I groan.
Lord, thou doſt ſee
My thoughts and me;
My Sighs to thee are known.

My ſad Heart pants, my nerves relent,
My Sight grows dim; and to augment
My miſeries,
All my Allies
And Friends themſelves abſent.

Part 2. Who ſeek my life, their Snares extend;
Their wicked thoughts on Miſchief bend:
Calumniate,
And lye in wait
To bring me to my end.

But I as deaf to them appear,
As mute, as if I tongueleſs were:
My paſſion rul'd,
Like one that could
At all not ſpeak nor hear.

Becauſe

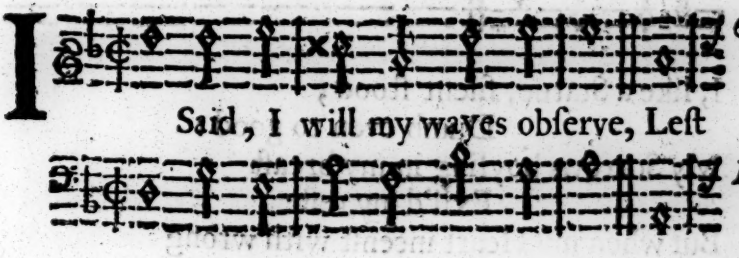
Becauſe my hopes on thee relye:
My God, I ſaid, O hear my cry;
Leſt they ſhould boaſt,
Who hate me moſt,
And in my ruin joy.

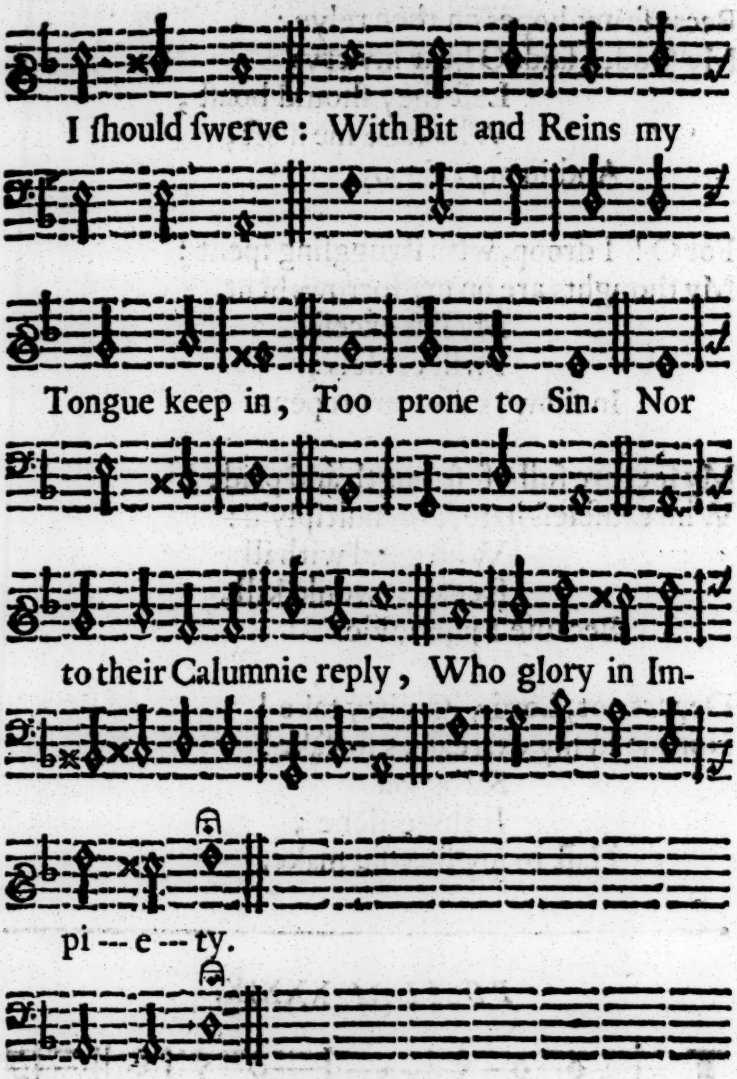
For O! I droop, with ſtruggling ſpent:
My thoughts are on my ſorrows bent.
My ſins exceſs
I will confeſs;
In ſhow'rs of tears repent.

My foes are full of ſtrength and pride;
Who cauſeleſs hate, are multiply'd:
Who good with ill
Repay; would kill,
Becauſe I juſt abide.

Depart not, Lord; O pitty take!
Nor me in my extreames forſake!
Salvation
Is thine alone;
Haſt to my ſuccour make.

PSALM XXXIX.





I, like a Statue, ſilent ſtood,
Dumb even to good :
My Sorrows boyling in my breaſt
Exil'd my reſt:
But when my Heart incenſt with wrong
Grew hot, I gave my Grief a tongue.

Of

Of those few days I have to spend,
And my last End,
Inform me, Lord; that I may so
My Frailty know.
My time is made short as a Span;
As nothing is the Age of man.

Man nothing is but Vanitie,
Though thron'd on high;
Walks like a shadow, and in vain
Turmoils with pain:
He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knows not who shall prove his Heir.

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope
Of all my Hope:
Him from his loath'd Transgressions free,
Who trusts in Thee:
Nor O subject me to the Rule,
And proud derision of a Fool!

With silence, since thy Will was such,
I suffered much:
O now forbear! lest instant Death
Force my faint breath.
When thou dost with thy Rod chastise
Offending man, his courage dies.

His Beauty wasted, like a cloth
Gnawn by the Moth:
Himself a short-liv'd vanitie,
And born to dye.
Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Ear,
And thy afflicted Servant hear.

Nor theſe ſalt rivers of mine Eyes,
My God, deſpiſe:
A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
I ſojourn here.
O let me gather ſtrength, before
I paſs away, and be no more.

PSALM XL.

As the 2.

FOr God I patiently did look;
He to my crys inclin'd his Ear:
And when invironed with fear,
From that Abyſs of horror took:
Drew from the Mud, and on a Rock
Eſtabliſh'd, to indure the ſhock.

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of his Praiſe, un-ſung before.
Many ſhall ſee, with fear adore;
And truſting in th' Almighty, ſay:
Who on the Lord depend, are bleſt;
Who Liers, and the Proud deteſt.

Many, and full of wonder, are
The Works, O Lord, which Thou haſt wrought:
What Thou to raiſe our joyes haſt thought,
O who in order can declare!
'Twere loſt endeavour to expreſs
Their number, that are numberleſs.

Thou Gifts, nor Offerings doſt deſire;
But pierced haſt thy Servants ear:
To Thee Oblations are not dear,
Nor Sacrifice conſum'd with fire.

Then

Then ſaid I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Laws are written in my Heart:
My Joy Thy Pleaſure to fulfil.
I in the great Aſſembly ſtill
Thy Righteouſneſs to all impart.
My lips are unreſtrain'd by me,
Which, Lord, is only known to Thee.

Thy Juſtice I have not conceal'd
Within the cloſure of my breaſt:
But Thy Fidelity profeſt;
And ſaving health at large reveal'd:
Amidſt the Congregation
Thy conſtant Truth and Mercy ſhown.

Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd for Aid; Part 2.
With Truth and Mercy ſtill incloſe:
For O! innumerable woes
On every ſide my Soul invade:
So changed with Iniquities,
That they ev'n blind my fearful eyes.

In number they my hairs exceed;
My fainting heart pants in my breaſt:
Be pleas'd to ſuccour the Diſtreſt;
And Lord deliver me with ſpeed.
Let ſhame at once confound them all,
That ſeek my Soul, and plot my fall.

Be they repulſt with Infamy,
Who perſecute with deadly hate:
Deſervedly left deſolate,
Who Ha, Ha! in deriſion cry.

Let all who ſeek thy Help, rejoyce,
And praiſe Thee with a cheerful Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,
Still ſay; The Lord be magnifi'd!
Though I be poor, and caſt aſide;
Yet he regards me from above.
My Safety, my Deliverer,
No longer thy relief defer.

PSALM XLI.

As the 7.

WHo duly ſhall the Poor regard,
Hath his Reward:
The Lord in time of Trouble, ſhall
Prevent his fall:
He ſhall among the Living reſt,
And with the Earths increaſe be bleſt.

Lord, render him not up to thoſe,
Who are his Foes:
When he in ſorrow languiſheth,
Near unto Death;
Let him by Thee be comforted,
And in his Sickneſs make his bed.

I ſaid, O Lord, thy Mercy ſhow,
And Health beſtow:
For O! my Soul the lothſome ſtains
Of Sin retains.
My Foes have ſaid, When ſhall he die,
And yet out-live his Memory?

If

If any visit, they devise
Deceitful Lies:
Their hollow Hearts with Mischief load,
Divulg'd abroad:
Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this Punishment
From Heav'n is sent:
He from the bed whereon he lies,
Shall never rise.
Yea, even my Friend, my Confident,
My Guest, his heel against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore;
My Health restore:
O raise me! that forthwith I may
Their Hate repay.
In this thy Love thou dost express,
That none triumph in my distress.

For thou art of my Innocence
The strong Defence.
I shall, inlightned by the Grace,
Behold thy Face.
Jehovah, Israels God, be blest;
While Day and Night the World invest.

Amen, Amen.

A PARAPHRASE

Upon the Second BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM XLII.

As the 34.

LOrd! as the Hart, imboſt with heat,
Braies after the cool Rivulet:
So ſighs my Soul for thee.
My Soul thirſts for the living God:
When ſhall I enter his Abode,
And there his Beauty ſee!

Tears are my Food both Night and Day;
While, Where's thy God; they daily ſay.
My Soul in plaints I ſhed;
When I remember, how in throngs
We fill'd thy Houſe with Praiſe and Songs;
How I their Dances led.

My Soul, why art thou ſo depreſt!
Why O thus troubled in my breaſt!

With

With Grief so overthrown!
With constant Hope on God await:
I yet his Name shall celebrate,
For Mercy timely shown.

My fainting Heart within me pants:
My God, consider my Complaints;
My Songs shall praise thee still:
Even from the Vale where *Jordan* flows;
Where *Hermon* his high Fore-head shows,
From *Mitsars* humble Hill.

Deeps unto Deeps inraged call, *Part 2.*
When thy dark Spouts of waters fall,
And dreadful Tempest raves:
For all thy Floods upon me burst,
And billows after billows thrust
To swallow in their Graves.

But yet by Day the Lord will charge
His ready Mercy to inlarge
My Soul, surpris'd with cares:
He gives my Songs their Argument;
God of my life, I will present
By night to thee my prayers.

And say; My God, my Rock, O why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,
By Foes reduc'd to Dust!
Their words like weapons pierce my bones;
While still they Ecchо to my Groans,
Where is the Lord thy Trust?

My Soul, why art thou so depress!
O why so troubled in my breast!

Sunk

Sunk underneath thy Load!
With conſtant Hope on God await:
For I his Name ſhall celebrate;
My Saviour, and my God.

PSALM XLIII.

As the 34.

MY God, thy Servant vindicate:
O plead my Cauſe againſt their hate,
Who ſeek my utter ſpoil!
Deliver from the Mercileſs,
Who with bold Injuries oppreſs,
And proſper in their guile.

For of my Strength thou art the Lord,
Why like to one by thee abhorr'd
Doſt thou my Soul expoſe!
Why wander I in black araid!
My body worn, my mind diſmaid!
Purſu'd by cruel Foes!

Thy Favour and thy Truth extend;
Let them into my Soul deſcend,
Conducted by their light;
Conducted to thy holy Hill,
And Houſe bleſt with thy Preſence ſtill;
There to injoy thy ſight.

Then will I to thy Altar bring
An acceptable offering,
That doſt ſuch Joys afford:
There on a tuneful Inſtrument,
With Songs that joyn in ſweet conſent,
Thy ſacred praiſe record.

M

My Soul, why art thou ſo depreſt!
Why O thus troubled in my breaſt!
Sunk underneath thy load!
With conſtant hope on God await;
For I his Name ſhall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XLIV.

LOrd! we have heard our Fathers tell *As the* 3.
The Wonders wrought by thee of old,
To them by their great Grandſires told;
How by thy Hand the Heathen fell;

Of fruitfull *Canaan* diſpoſſeſt,
And *Iſrael* planted in their room;
They periſh'd by a fearful Doom,
While ours in growth and ſtrength increaſt.

Not their own Swords that pleaſant Land
Did conquer, and their Foes eject;
Nor did their arms their lives protect:
It was thy Arm and powerful Hand;

It was the Splendor of thy Face;
And by thy Favour they o're-came.
My King, my God, O ſtill the ſame!
Salvation ſend to *Jacobs* Race.

For by thy Aid our Enemies
Lay bleeding on the ſtained ground;
And in thy Name we did confound
Who ever durſt againſt us riſe.

Our

Our Sword's unable to defend;
We will not truſt in our weak Bows.
Thou, Lord, haſt ſav'd us from our Foes;
And brought them to a ſhameful end.

Part 2. For this with praiſes we adore,
And ever celebrate thy Name:
But now Thou caſts us off to ſhame,
Nor lead'ſt our Armies as before.

Our faces from our Foes reverſt;
A Spoil to ſuch as hunt for blood:
Thou giv'ſt us up as Sheep for food,
Among th' uncircumcis'd diſperſt.

For nought thou doſt thy People ſell,
Nor art inriched by their price;
Our Neighbours in our fall rejoice;
A Scorn to all that near us dwell.

A By-word to the Heathen grown,
Who ſhake their heads in our diſgrace:
My ſhame is ſtill before my face;
My Eyes to Earth with bluſhes thrown.

Sprung from the bold blaſphemers taunts,
And proud Avengers threatning look:
Yet, Lord, we have not thee forſook,
Nor falſify'd thy Covenants.

Part 3. Our hearts have not their Faith diſſolv'd;
Our Steps the Path preſcribed keep:
Though Thou haſt cruſht us in the Deep,
And with the ſhades of Death involv'd.

For

For ſhould we from the Lord depart,
Or to ſtrange Gods our hearts uprear;
O would not this to him appear,
Who knows the Secrets of our Heart?

Yet for thy ſake are daily ſlain;
For ſlaughter mark'd like butcher'd Sheep.
Awake, O Lord, why doſt thou ſleep?
Riſe, nor for ever Us diſdain.

O to thy Own at length return!
Why doſt Thou hide thy chearful face?
With-drawing thy accuſtom'd Grace
From ſuch as in Affliction mourn?

For lo! our Souls, are wrapt in duſt;
Our bellies to the Centre cleave:
O, for thy Mercies ſake receive,
And ſuccour thoſe who in Thee truſt!

PSALM XLV.

As the 8.

WIth heat divine inſpir'd, I ſing
A Panegyrick to the King:
High Raptures in a numerous ſtile
I with a ready Pen compile.
Much fairer than our Humane Race;
Whoſe lips like Fountains flow with Grace:
For this the Lord thy Soul ſhall bleſs
With everlaſting Happineſs.
Gird, O moſt Mighty, on thy Thigh
Thy Sword of Awe and Majeſtie:
In triumph, arm'd with Truth, ride on;
By Clemency and Juſtice drawn.

No

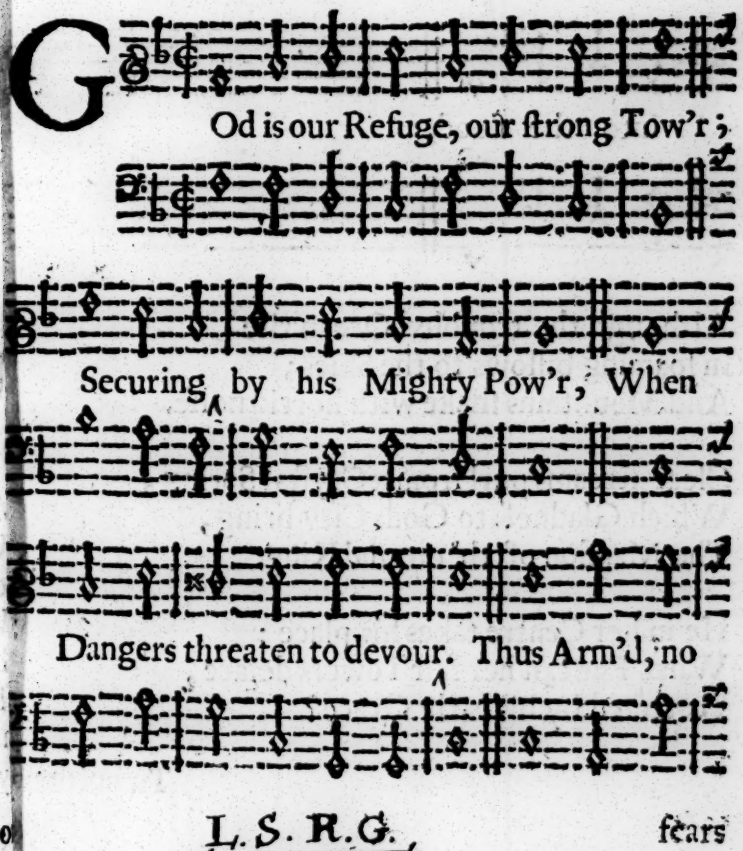
No mortal vigour ſhall withſtand
The fury of thy dreadful Hand.
Thy piercing Arrows in the Kings
Oppoſers hearts ſhall dye their wings.
Thy Throne no waſt of Time decays;
Thy Scepter ſacred Juſtice ſways.
Thou Virtue lov'ſt; but haſt abhorr'd
Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord
Hath thee alone preferr'd, and ſhed
The Oyl of Joy upon thy head.
Thy Garments, which in Grace excell,
Of Aloës, Myrrh, and Caſſia ſmell;
Brought from the Ivory Palaces:
Which more than other Odors pleaſe.
Kings Daughters to augment thy State,
Among thy noble Damſels wait.
The Queen inthron'd on thy right hand,
Adorn'd with Ophyr's golden Sand.

Part 2. Hark Daughter, and by me be taught;
Thy Countrey baniſh from thy thought,
Thy Houſe and Family forget,
His Joy upon thy Beauty ſet.
He is thy Lord; O bow before,
And him eternally adore!
The Daughters of Sea-circled Tyre
Shall bring their Purple, and deſire
(Even they whom Wealth and Honour grace)
To ſee the ſweetneſs of thy Face.
Her Mind all Beauties doth infold;
Her fair limbs clad in purfled Gold,
She ſhall unto the King be brought,
In Robes with *Phrygian* Needle wrought:
While Virgins on her Train attend,
Whoſe Faith and Friendſhip know no end:

Who

Whom they with joy ſhall lead along;
Eterniz'd in a Nuptial Song:
And with renew'd Applauſes bring
Unto the Palace of the King.
Thou in thy Royal Fathers place,
Of Sons ſhalt ſee a numerous Race;
Who over all the Earth ſhall ſway,
While the cleer Sun directs the Day.
My Song ſhall celebrate thy Name,
And to the World divulge thy Fame.

PSALM XLVI.



God is our Refuge, our ſtrong Tow'r;
Securing by his Mighty Pow'r, When
Dangers threaten to devour. Thus Arm'd, no

fears



Although the troubled Ocean riſe
In foaming billows to the Skies;
And Mountains ſhake with horrid noiſe.

Clear ſtreams purl from a Cryſtal Spring,
Which Gladneſs to Gods City bring,
The Manſion of th' eternal King.

He in her Centre takes his place:
What Foe can her fair Towers deface,
Protected by his early Grace?

Tumultuary

Tumultuary Nations roſe,
And armed Troops our walls incloſe;
But his fear'd Voice unnerv'd our Foes:

The Lord of Hoſts is on our ſide;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

Come, ſee the wonders he hath wrought;
Who hath to deſolation brought
Thoſe Kingdoms, which our ruin ſought.

He makes deſtructive War ſurceaſe;
The Earth, deflowr'd of her Increaſe,
Reſtores universal Peace.

He breaks their Bows, unarms their Quivers,
The bloody Speer in pieces ſhivers,
Their Chariots to the Flame delivers.

Forbear, and know, that I the Lord
Will by all Nations be ador'd;
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hoſts is on our ſide;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

PSALM XLVII.

Cantus.



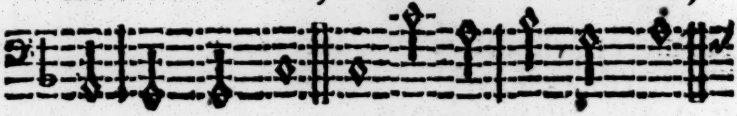
Let all in ſweet accord Clap Hands,

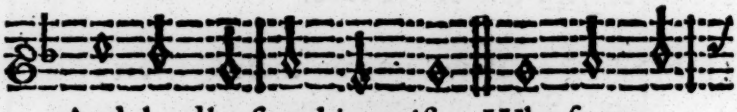
Baſſus.



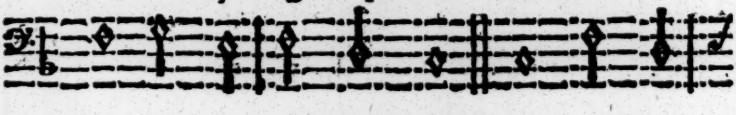


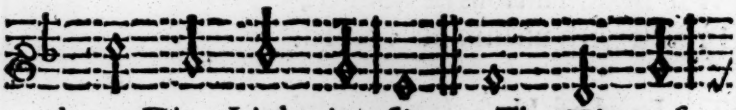
their Voices raiſe, In Honour of the Lord;



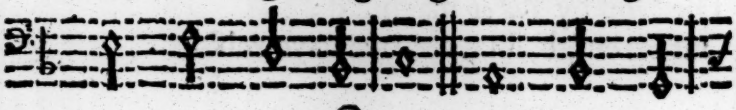


And loudly ſing his praiſe: Who from a-



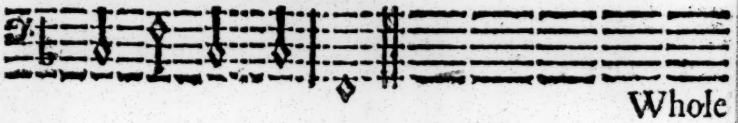


bove, Dire Lightning flings: The King of





kings, Of all that move.



Whole

Whole Nations of our Foes
Beneath our Feet hath thrown:
A fair Poſſeſſion choſe,
For us that are his Own:
The dignitie
Of *Iſrael*;
Belov'd ſo well
By the moſt High.

In Triumph God aſcends,
With Trumpet ſhrill, and Shalmes;
Praiſe him, who his defends;
O praiſe our King with Pſalms!
For God is King
Of all the Earth;
With ſacred Mirth
His Praiſes ſing.

God o're the Heathen reigns; 3
Sits on his Holy Throne: 3
All whom the Earth ſuſtains, 3
Shall worſhip him alone. 3
His Shield extends 2
In their Defence; 3
His Excellence 2
All height tranſcends. 2

PSALM XLVIII.

As the 8.

THe Lord is moſt Majeſticall;
Moſt highly to be prais'd by all,
Within the City of our God,
And Manſion bleſt by his abode.
Fair *Sion* hath a pleaſant Site;
Of Earth the Beauty and Delight:

Upon the North-ſide bordering,
The City of the Mighty King.
God dwells within her lofty Towers;
Secur'd from all aſſailing Powers.
Conſpiring Kings her ruin ſought;
Who armed Troops before her brought.

Part 2. At once they ſaw, admir'd, and fled;
Their hearts ſurpriz'd with ſudden Dread.
Such fear, ſuch pangs poſſeſt our foes,
As women ſuffer in their Throws.
At thy command black *Eurus* rores,
And ſpreads his wracks on *Tharſian* ſhores.
We, what we heard our Fathers tell,
Have ſeen, who in this City dwell;
The City of our God, which Hee
Shall ever from deſtruction free.
Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankfulneſs
We in thy Temple ſtill profeſs.
As is thy Name, thou God of Might,
So are thy Praiſes infinite;
And ſtretch to Earths remoteſt Bound:
Thy Hand for Juſtice far renown'd.
O *Sion*, *Judah*'s Diadem,
You Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
Unite your Joys, and glory in
His Judgement, which your eyes have ſeen.
Go walk the Round of *Sion*; tell
Her Towers; obſerve her Bulwarks well:
On her fair Buildings caſt thine eye;
Declare it to Poſteritie.
For God will ſtill our God remain,
And us unto our Laſt ſuſtain.

PSALM

PSALM XLIX.

ALL you, who dwell upon the foodful (fruitful) Earth; As the 1.
Both Rich and Poor; of base and noble birth;
Attend: my Tongue deep wisdom shall impart;
And knowledge from the fountain of my heart.
I unto light dark Parables will bring,
And to my solemn Harp Ænigmaes sing.
In Misery and Age why should I fear,
When Sin pursues my steps, and Death draws near?
O you, who Riches as your God adore, ¶ The vanity
And glory in your scarce possessed Store: of riches to ye living &
Who can redeem his Brother for one Day, of monuments to the
Or to the Lord his high-prais'd Ransome pay? dead.
(For O, not all the Gold, which Streams conceal, equal
Or Hills include, can banish'd Life repeal,) death's decree
That he might live unto Eternitie,
Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrails lye.
They see the Wise, and Fools, to Death descend,
While others their congested treasures spend:
Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,
Proud Structures raise, and call them by their name.

But Man in honour is a Vanitie, Part 2.
That fleets away; and as a Beast must die.
In this vain course, they circularly move,
And their Posterity their words approve.
Death shall as Sheep devour them in the Dust;
Till that great Day subject them to the Just.
Their Strength and Beauty shall to nothing wast:
All naked, from their sumptuous Houses cast.
But God shall from the greedy Sepulchre
My Soul redeem, and to his Joys prefer. advance

Deſpair not, when a man grows Opulent,
And when the Glories of his Houſe augment:
For with his thread of Life his Riches end;
Nor ſhall his Honours with his Soul deſcend.
Though here he live in luxury and eaſe;
And thoſe are prais'd, who their own Genius pleaſe;
Yet as his Fathers, he ſhall ſet in Night;
Nor ever riſe to ſee the cheerful Light.
Man high in honour, whoſe ignoble breaſt
No knowledge holds, ſhall periſh like a beaſt.

PSALM L.

Aſaph 1. THe God of gods, Jehovah, ſhall convent
All from the Orient to the Suns deſcent.
From *Sions* Towers (of Beauty the Divine
And full Perfection) ſhall his Glory ſhine.
Nor ſilent comes: devouring flames before,
And round about him horrid Tempeſts rore.
The righteous Judge, to judge his People, ſhall
High Heav'n and conſcious Earth to witneſs call.
Aſſemble all my Saints, who with one mind
My Teſtaments with Sacrifice have ſign'd.
Then thund'ring Skie ſhall make his Juſtice known;
When he our God aſcends his Judgements Throne.
My People, hear; Thy God, O *Iſrael!*
Will thee convince, and thy Tranſgreſſions tell.
I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
Nor fumes, which rarely from my Altars riſe:
I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steer,
Nor from thy Folds a Male-goat of that year:
For all are Mine, that Woods or Deſerts breed,
And Herds which on a thouſand mountains feed:

I know all Fowl, which Hill or Valleys yield,
And number all the Cattel of the Field.

Will I, if hungry, unto Thee complain, *Part 2.*
When all is Mine which Sea and Land contain?
Will I eat fleſh of Bulls? or canſt thou think,
That I the blood of ſhaggy Goats will drink?
A thankful heart upon my Altar lay;
And righteous Vows to high Jehovah pay.
Then call on me in trouble; I will raiſe
Thy Soul from Death, and thou my Name ſhall praiſe.
But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'ſt thou explain
My Law; My Covenants with thy lips prophane?
That ſcorn'ſt inſtruction; doſt my Word deſpiſe;
Conſent'ſt with Theeves, and haſt adulterous eyes?
Deceit, and ſlander tip thy impious tongue:
Thy brother woundſt with Infamy and Wrong.
Thus didſt thou; this did I with ſilence ſee,
So as thou thought'ſt, that I was like to thee.
But I will thy Hypocriſie uncaſe;
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Conſider this, O you, who God neglect:
Leſt I deſtroy you, when none can protect.
Who praiſe for Incenſe offer, honour Me;
And upright Souls ſhall my Salvation ſee.

PSALM LI.

LOrd, to a ſinner Mercy ſhow: *As the 3.*
Which ſince in Thee ſo infinite;
Let all thy ſtreams of Mercy flow,
And purifie me in thy ſight.

O waſh thou my polluted Soul!
O clenſe me from my bloody Deed!
That to my ſelf appears ſo foul;
And now in true Contrition bleed.
My ſins, unmask'd, before Thee lye;
Who have deſerv'd thy wrath alone:
Which I confeſs, to teſtifie
Thy Truth, and make thy Juſtice known.
In ſin conceiv'd, brought forth in ſin;
Sin ſuck'd I from my Mothers breaſt:
Thou lov'ſt a heart ſincere within,
Where Wiſdom is a conſtant gueſt.
With Hyſop purge, from blemiſh clear;
O waſh, then falling Snow more white!
Lord, let me thy remiſſion hear:
The Bones, which thou haſt broke, unite.
Blot out my crimes; O ſeparate
My trembling Guilt far from thy view!
A clean Heart in my breaſt create;
A Mind, to Thee confirm'd, renew.

Part 2. Nor caſt me from thy Preſence, Lord;
Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw!
But thy life-quick'ning Grace afford;
Inlarge my Will t' imbrace thy Law.
Then Sinners I with heav'nly Food
Will feed, directed in thy Wayes:
O my Redeemer, clenſe from blood
The Soul, that will thy Mercy praiſe.
Give thou my Verſe an argument;
And they thy Goodneſs ſhall reſound.
No Sacrifice will Thee content;
Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd.
Elſe, I would Hecatombs impart:
True ſorrow is thy Sacrifice.

A broken and a contrite Heart,
My God, Thou never wilt despise.
Thy *Sion* with accustom'd Grace
(Lest my foul crimes her shame procure)
In thy protecting Arms imbrace;
And fair *Jerusalem* immure.
Then we, with due Solemnity,
To Thee our grateful Vows will pay;
And Bulls, which never Yoke did try,
Upon thy flaming Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

As the 32.

O Thou in Mischief great,
Why boasts thou in deceit?
Gods greater Mercy will
Protect his Servants still.
Thy Tongue with fraud abounds,
And like a Rasor wounds;
All evil dost affect;
All that is good neglect.
Lies are thy low delight;
To Virtue opposite;
Thy words with treachery
The innocent destroy.
God shall repay thy hate,
Thy Structures ruinate;
And make thee curse thy birth:
Then tear thee from the Earth.
The Just thy fall shall see,
Fear Him, and laugh at thee.
Lo he, who God forsook,
Nor for his refuge took;

Self-

Self-ſtrength'ning with exceſs
Of Wealth, and Wickedneſs.
But I ſhall planted be,
Like a green Olive-tree,
In Gods own Houſe; and will
Truſt in His Mercies ſtill.
For this, I evermore
Shall thy great Name adore:
Thy Promiſes expect;
The joy of thy Elect.

PSALM LIII.

As the 12.

FOols, flattering their own vices, ſay
Within their hearts; God is a Name
Devis'd to make the Strong obey;
To fetter Nature; quench her flame:
When all this Univerſal Frame
The hands of potent Fortune ſway.

Secure and proſperous in ill,
The fear and thought of God exile,
To follow their rebellious will;
Think nothing that delights them vile:
Their Souls with wicked thoughts defile;
And all their foul Deſires fulfill.

God from the Tow'r of Heav'n his Eyes
On men, and their endeavours, threw:
Not one beheld beneath the Skies,
That ſought him, or his Statutes knew:
All Vice with winged Feet purſue;
But none forſaken Virtue priſe.

O deaf to good! in knowledge blind!
By Sin through clouds of errour led!
Dull ſenſual Forms, without a Mind!
Not ſlow, though certain, Vengeance dread!
The Righteous they devour like bread;
All piety at once declin'd.

Theſe, idle terrours ſhall affright;
Their ſleeps diſturb'd by guilty fear.
God ſhall their Bones aſunder ſmite,
Who impious Arms againſt him bear;
Nor they their Infamy out-wear;
Since deſpiſeable in his ſight.

O that unto thy *Iſrael*
The Day-ſtar might from *Sion* ſpring!
And all the ſhades of Night expel!
When Thou ſhalt us from Bondage bring,
How would we Lord thy Praiſes ſing!
No joy ſhall *Jacobs* joy excell.

PSALM LIV.

LOrd, for thy Promiſe ſake defend, *As the* 4.
And Thy All-ſaving Shield extend:
O hear my cries,
Which with wet Eyes
And ſighs to Thee aſcend!

For cruel men my life purſue;
And who thy Statutes never knew.
Suppreſs my Foes:
O ſide with thoſe,
Who to my ſoul are true!

With

With vengeance recompence their Hate,
And in an inſtant ruinate.
Then will I bring
My Offering,
And thy great Acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praiſed be;
Who from thoſe ſnares haſt ſet me free:
For loe, theſe eyes
My Enemies
Deſir'd ſubverſion ſee.

PSALM LV.

¶ As the 39. LOrd, to my Prayers incline thine Ear;
Th' afflicted hear:
Nor be thou Deaf to my complaint;
For O I faint!
Regard the ſighs, the groans, the cries,
Which from my penſive Soul ariſe.

Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,
Which ſtorm-like grow;
omitt. And by blood-thirſty Violence;
Truth my offence:
Who ſlander with their wounding Tongues,
And preſs me unto Death with wrongs.

My heart, a ſtranger unto reſt,
Throbs in my breaſt:
The terrours of approaching Death
Exhauſt my breath.
My ſinews trembling Fear diſſolves,
And Horror all my Powers involves.

O that with Dove-like wings I might
Take my ſwift flight,
To calm Retreats of reſt, where I
Conceal'd might lie!
Then would I find ſome Wilderneſs,
Removed far from mans acceſs.

Then all theſe Tempeſts, which ariſe
With hideous noiſe;
And with their dreadful Tumults make
My Heart to quake;
I would, far ſwifter than the Wind,
Or winged Lightnings leave behind.

Lord, ſwallow thoſe, who ſwell with pride; *Part 2.*
Their Tongues divide:
For Strife, and Violence, bent to kill,
The City fill:
Both Day and Night they walk the Round;
Rape, Miſchief, Tears, within abound.

Wild Outrages her ſtreets profane,
And boldly reign:
Fraud lurking in her Palaces,
Conſpires with theſe.
For I, had he his hate profeſt,
Had ſhunn'd, or ſhould his wrongs digeſt.

But thou, my Friend, even of my Heart
The better Part;
To ſo intire a union grown,
As if but one:
Gods Houſe we daily viſited,
Both ſweetly by one Counſel led.

Let

Let Death devour them; let them dive
To Hell alive.
With miſchief their proud roofs abound
Their hearts unſound:
But God my Soul ſhall diſ-enthrall;
For I upon his Name will call.

The Part 3.

My Prayers ſhall with the Suns upriſe,
Aſcend the Skies;
Renew'd, when he at Noon diſplays
His fervent Rays;
When he behind the Earth deſcends,
And Day, out-worn with labour, ends.

My Cries ſhall penetrate the Sphears,
And pierce his Ears.
He ſhall my captive Soul releaſe,
And crown with Peace.
For in the Fervor of the Fight,
His Angels ſhall protect my Right.

Th'Eternal Judge, Jehovah, ſhall
Confound them all;
Who only change from bad to worſe,
Nor fear his Curſe.
Sweet Peace he violated hath,
And broken his obliged Faith.

His Words than Butter ſmoother farr;
His Thoughts of Warr:
Words ſofter than the fluent Oil;
Yet bent to Spoil.
But thou, my Soul, thy cares impoſe
On God, who will redreſs thy woes.

The

The Juſt he ſhall confirm with Joy;
Th' Unjuſt deſtroy.
Thoſe who in blood and fraud delight,
Shall ſet in Night,
Before their Noon of Life be paſt.
But I on God my hopes have plac'd.

PSALM LVI.

O Lord, protect me by thy Power, *As the 4.*
From ſuch as would my Life devour;
Who mercileſs
Strive to oppreſs;
Nor grant me Truce one hour.

That would devour mé every Day,
And make my chaſed Life their prey:
Yet, Lord, will I
On thee relie;
When Dangers moſt diſmay.

Thy Promiſe I will celebrate;
In conſtant hope thy Pleaſure wait;
With patience bear
Thy Stay; nor fear
Frail man, or his vain hate.

My words and deeds they daily wreſt,
And in their thoughts my fall digeſt;
Unite in ill,
And lurk to kill:
My Feet can find no reſt.

O ſhall they with impunity
Eſcape, and thus their ſins enjoy!
Let Death thy rage
Alone aſſwage;
Them in their guilt deſtroy.

My Wand'rings thou haſt numbered;
Even every Tear mine Eyes have ſhed
Thy Vial holds:
All in the Folds
Of thy large Volume read.

Aſſur'd, that when on God I call,
My Foes ſhall by his Fury fall.
His Promiſe I
Will magnifie;
His Truth divulge to All.

To him my ready Vows will pay;
My Vows of Thanks, both night and day:
In whom I truſt:
Nor ſhall th' Unjuſt
My ſtedfaſt Hopes diſmay.

For he hath ſnatch'd me from the Night
Of Death, and kept my foot upright:
That I may ſtill
Obſerve his Will,
And ſee the cheerful Light.

PSALM LVII.

O Thou, from whom all Mercy ſprings, *As the* 10.
Compaſſionate my Sufferings;
And pity me,
That truſt in Thee!
O ſhelter with thy ſhady Wings,
Until theſe ſtorms of Woe
Clear-up, or over-blow!

Thee I invoke, O thou Moſt High,
Thou All-performer! from the Skie
Thy Angels ſend;
Let them defend
My Soul from him that would deſtroy:
O ſend thy Mercy down;
With Truth thy Promiſe crown!

For Salvage Lions girt me round,
And they whoſe Malice knows no bound;
Their cruel Words
More ſharp than Swords;
Their Teeth like Spears and Arrows wound.
To Heav'n thy Glory raiſe;
Let Earth reſound thy Praiſe.

They ſubtil ſnares prepared have,
And bow'd my Soul even to the Grave:
With wicked wit
Have digg'd a pit,
From which themſelves they could not ſave:
But juſtly fell therein,
Intrapt by their own Sin.

My raviſh'd Heart flames with deſire;
I to the Muſick of my Lyre,
Eternal King,
Thy Praiſe will ſing.
Awake my Glory! Zeal inſpire!
Awake my Harp and Lute,
Nor in his Praiſe be mute!

To thee, before the Morning riſe,
My Lips their Calves ſhall ſacrifice:
Thy Mercy far
The higheſt Star,
Thy Truth tranſcends the lofty Skies.
To Heaven thy Glory raiſe;
Let Earth reſound thy Praiſe.

PSALM LVIII.

As the 46.

PErnicious Counſellors! Give you
Sincere advice? to Juſtice true?
Or Virtue but in ſhow purſue?

Your Hearts are ſtill on Miſchief bent;
Your Hands impure and violent;
Nor favour Truth, nor Wrong prevent.

Even from the womb they blindly ſtray;
Born, and perverted in one day;
Lie, ſlander, flatter, and betray:

Like Serpents, with black poyſon ſwell;
And charm th' Inchanter ne're ſo well,
More deaf than Aſps, his Charms repel.

Lord,

Lord, ſlit their Tongues, before they ſpeak;
Strike out their Teeth, which tear the Weak;
And the young Lions grinders break.

As Sun-beat Snow, ſo let them thaw;
And when their weak'ned Bows they draw,
Let their crack'd Arrows flie like ſtraw.

Let them like Snails conſume away;
And as untimely Births decay,
Which never ſaw the cheerful Day.

Before their pots can feel the brier,
God in the Whirl-wind of his Ire,
Shall blaſt alive, and burn with fire.

Sin with Revenge at length ſhall meet;
The Godly ſhall rejoyce to ſee't;
And in their blood ſhall waſh their feet.

Then erring Mortals ſhall confeſs,
There are Rewards for Righteouſneſs,
And Plagues for ſuch as do tranſgreſs.

PSALM LIX.

LOrd, ſave me from mine Enemies; *As the 34.*
From thoſe, who thus againſt me riſe,
Like an incenſed Flood:
From thoſe, who in Impietie
Place their delight, and long to die
Their hands in guiltleſs blood.

Lo! for my Soul they lie in wait:
The Mighty joyn their power and hate,
Without my blame or crime.
Without my crime they weapons take;
And perſecute my ſoul. Awake
My God! aſſiſt in time.

Great God of Hoſts, of *Iſrael*,
Theſe all-oppreſſing Tyrants queſt;
Nor be to Mercy won:
At night their miſchief they begin;
Incenſt like ſnarling Dogs they grin,
And through the City run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words;
Between their lips they brandiſh ſwords;
Yet ſay; Can theſe be known?
But, Lord, thou ſhalt their threats deride;
The empty terrour of their pride
And Malice, vainly ſhown.

Part 2. I and my ſtrength are in thy Power.
In thee I truſt, my Shield! my Tower!
Thy Mercy, Lord, how great!
My Foes ſubjecteſt to my will:
Subdue, and ſcatter; but not kill,
Leſt we thy Truth forget.

O be they in their Pride ſurpris'd!
Even for the Lies they have deviſ'd,
Their curſes, and cloſe Arts.
Conſume them, from the Land expel:
To ſhew, God reigns in *Iſrael*,
To Earths remoteſt parts.

Hope-

Hopeleſs let them return with Night,
Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite;
About the City rome:
Pale, meager, and half famiſhed;
Like vagabonds howl they for bread;
Without or food, or home.

But I, before the Day-ſtar ſpring,
Will of thy Power and Mercy ſing;
My Safety in diſtreſs.
Thou art my Rock, my ſtrong Defence;
My living Verſe thy Excellence
And Bounty ſhall expreſs.

PSALM LX.

CAſt off, and ſcattered in thine Ire: *As the 2.*
Lord on our woes with pity look.
The Lands inforc'd Foundations ſhook;
Whoſe yawning ruptures Sighs expire.
O cure the Breaches Thou haſt rent,
And make Her firmly permanent!

Our Souls thou haſt with ſorrow fed;
And mad'ſt us drink of deadly Wine:
Yet now thy Enſigns giv'ſt to Thine,
Even when beſet with trembling dread;
That we thy Banner may diſplay,
Whil'ſt Truth to Conqueſt makes our way.

O hear us, who thy Aid implore;
Lord, with thy own Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved ſuccour ſend.
God by his Sanctity thus ſwore;

I *Succoths* Valley will divide;
In *Shechems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

Mine *Gilead* is, *Manaſſeh* mine;
Ephraim my ſtrength, in battel bold;
Thou *Judah* ſhalt my Scepter hold:
I will triumph on *Palaſtine*.
Baſe ſervitude ſhall *Moab* waſte;
O're *Edom* I my ſhooe will caſt.

Who will our forward Troops direct,
To *Rabbah* ſtrongly fortifi'd?
Or into ſandy *Edom* guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that did'ſt reject,
Nor would'ſt before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Hoſt againſt the Foe?

O then, when Dangers moſt affright,
Do thou our troubled Souls ſuſtain!
For loe! the help of Man is vain.
Through Thee we valiantly ſhall fight:
Our flying Foes thou ſhalt tread down;
And Thine with wreaths of Conqueſt crown.

PSALM LXI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Servant hear;
O lend a willing ear!
In exile my ſad heart,
From Earths remoteſt part,
O'rewhelm'd with Miſeries,
To Thee for ſuccour cries.
To that High Rock O lead,
So far above my head!
That wert, and art my Tower,
Againſt oppreſſing Power.

For

For to thy ſacred Court
I ever ſhall reſort;
Secure beneath thy wings,
From all their menacings:
Even Thou my ſuit haſt ſign'd;
A King by Thee deſign'd,
To govern ſuch as will
Thy Holy Law fulfill.
Whom Thou long life wilt give,
His Ages ſhall out-live;
He Throne ſhall ſtand before
Thy Face for evermore.
Thy Mercy, Lord, extend;
Him for thy Truth defend.
Then I in chearful Layes
Will celebrate thy praiſe;
And to Thee every day
My Vows devoutly pay.

PSALM LXII.

LOrd, thou art the only Scope
Of my never-fainting Hope;
My Salvation, my Defence,
Refuge of my Innocence:
Thou the Rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o're-thrown.
How long will you machinate!
Perſecute with cauſleſs hate!
You ſhall like a tott'ring wall,
Like a batter'd Bulwark, fall.
All conſpire to caſt me down;
From my brows to tear my Crown:
Full of fraud, they bleſs in ſhow,
When their Thoughts with curſes flow.

As the 15.

Yet

Yet my Soul on God attends;
All my Hope on him depends;
He the Rock I built upon,
Not by man to be o're-thrown.
He my Glory, he my Tower,
Guards me by his ſaving Power.
You, who are ſincere and juſt,
In the Lord for ever truſt:
Powr your Hearts before his Throne;
His, who can protect alone.
All that are of high Deſcent,
To the Poor and Indigent,
Nothing are but Vanity;
Nothing but deceive and lye:
Balanc'd, altogether they
Lighter than a Vapour weigh.
In Oppreſſion truſt thou not;
Nor in Wealth by Rapine got:
If thy Riches multiply,
See thou prize them not too high.
God ſaid once; twice have I heard;
Power is his, by Him conferr'd:
His is Mercy, He rewards,
And, as we deſerve, regards.

PSALM LXIII.

As the 34.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray,
Before the dawning of the Day.
My Soul and waſting fleſh,
With thirſty Ardor Thee deſire,
In Soils ſcorch'd with æthereal Fire,
Whoſe draught no ſhow'rs refreſh:

That

That in thy Sanctuary I
May see thy Power and Majesty,
Once more with ravish'd eyes:
My lips shall celebrate thy Praise;
Thy Goodness, more than length of daies,
Or life it self, I prise.

Extoll'd while I have utterance:
To Thee will I my Palmes advance;
That wilt with marrow feast.
My Verse thy Wonders shall recite;
Remembred in the silent Night,
As on my Bed I rest.

Secur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
I will in sacred Raptures sing;
And to thy Promise cleave.
Thy Hand upholds; but who with hate
My Soul seek to precipitate
Hells entrails shall receive.

The raging Sword shall shed their blood;
A prey for Wolves; for Foxes, food.
Yet God his King shall bless;
And such as swear by his great Name:
But those, whose Tongues the Just defame,
Confusion shall suppress.

PSALM

PSALM LXIV.

As the 10.

THou great Protector, hear my Cry;
Save from my dreadful Enemy:
O vindicate
From their cloſe hate,
Who for my Soul in ambuſh lie.
From their blind Rage protect,
Who Truth and Thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues, more ſharp than Swords,
Their Arrows draw, even bitter words;
To wound th' Upright,
With fierce delight,
When Time to their deſire accords:
Then on a ſudden ſhoot;
Nor fear divine purſuit.

Confirm'd in skilful Malice; they
Conſpire, their Nets in ſecret lay:
And ſay; What eye
Can this deſcry?
Firſt counſel take; and then betray:
On miſchief ſet their hearts,
Purſu'd by wicked Arts.

But God ſhall let his Arrows flie;
Wound in the twinkling of an Eye:
Each deadly ſtung
By his own Tongue,
Shall with that fatall Poiſon die.
Who this behold, or hear,
Shall tremble with cold fear.

Men

Men ſhall their Eyes with wonder raiſe,
Rehearſe his Deeds, and ſing his Praiſe.
Eternity
Shall crown their Joy,
Who walk in his preſcribed ways.
He to the Pure of Heart
His Glory ſhall impart.

PSALM LXV.

As the 8.

DUe Honours, Lord, on Thee attend,
Where *Sions* ſacred Towers aſcend:
There thy devoted *Iſraelites*
Shall pay their Vows, with ſolemn Rites.
To Thee ſhall all Man-kind repair:
Since thou vouchſaf'ſt to hear our Prayer.
Our Sins thy Mercies expiate,
When burthen'd with their loathed weight.
Thrice happy he, of whom thou mak'ſt
Thy Choice; and to thy ſervice tak'ſt;
That may within thy Courts reſide;
There with thy Goodneſs ſatisfi'd;
And taſte of that ſincere Delight,
Which never cloys the Appetite.
From thee, O God, our Safety ſprings;
Thy Judgement threatens dreadful things.
Their Hope, whom Soils remote ſuſtain;
Who flote upon the toiling Main.
Great is thy Power: propt by thy Hand,
Cloud-touching Mountains ſtedfaſt ſtand.
Thou with thy Scepter doſt appeaſe
The roaring of the high-wrought Seas:
And the tumultuary jarrs
Of People breathing Blood and Warrs.

Who

Part 2. Who dwell upon the Earth's Confines,
They tremble at thy fearful Signs.
Where firſt the Sun his beam diſplays;
And where he ſets his golden Rayes,
They triumph in the fruits of Peace;
Inriched by the Earth's increaſe.
He Rain upon her Boſom pow'rs;
His ſwelling Clouds abound with Show'rs:
And ſo prepares the luſty Soil
To recompence the Reapers toil.
Mellows the Glebe with fatning juyce,
Whoſe furrows hopeful blades produce:
With Plenty crowns the ſmiling Years,
Shed from the influence of the Sphears:
The Deſert with ſweet Claver fills;
And richly ſhades the joyful Hills.
Flocks cover all the higher Plain:
The rancker Vallies cloth'd with Grain.
Theſe in Abundance ſolacing,
Without a tongue thy Praiſes ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

As the 29. HAppy Sons of *Iſrael*,
Who in pleaſant *Canaan* dwell,
Fill the Air with ſhouts of Joy;
Shouts redoubled from the Skie.
Sing the great Jehovah's Praiſe;
Trophees to his Glory raiſe:
Say; How wonderful thy Deeds!
Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!
Conqueſt on thy ſword doth ſit;
Trembling Foes through fear ſubmit.

Let

Let the many-peopled Earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Worſhip our eternal King;
Hymns unto his honour ſing.
Come, and ſee what God hath wrought;
Terrible to humane thought.
He the Billows did divide;
Wall'd with waves on either ſide,
While we paſſed ſafe and dry:
Then our ſouls were wrap'd with joy.
Endleſs his Dominion;
All beholding from his Throne.
Let not thoſe, who hate us moſt;
Let not the Rebellious boaſt.
Bleſs the Lord; his Praiſe be ſung,
While an Ear can hear a Tongue.
He our feet eſtabliſheth;
He our ſouls redeems from Death,

Part 2.

Lord, as ſilver purifi'd,
Thou haſt with Affliction try'd:
Thou haſt driv'n into the net;
Burthens on our ſhoulders ſet:
Trod on by their Horſes hooves;
Theirs, whom Pity never moves.
We through fire, with flames imbrac'd;
We through raging floods have paſs'd:
Yet by thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy Land.
I will to thy Houſe repair;
Worſhip, and thy Power declare:
Off'rings on thy Altar lay;
All my vows devoutly pay,
Utter'd with my heart and tongue,
When oppreſt with powerful Wrong.

Fatlings

Fatlings I will Sacrifice;
Incenſe in perfumes ſhall riſe;
Bullocks, ſhaggy Goats and Rams
Offer'd up in ſacred flames.
You, who great Jehovah fear,
Come, O come, you bleſt, and hear
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then, when neer to ruin brought.
Fervently to Him I cry'd;
I his Goodneſs magnifi'd.
If I Vices ſhould affect,
Would not He my Prayers reject:
But the Lord my Prayers hath heard,
Which my tongue with tears preferr'd.
Sourſe of Mercy, be Thou bleſt,
That haſt granted my Requeſt.

PSALM LXVII.

As the 47.

LOrd, ſhow'r on us thy Grace,
Inrich with Gifts divine:
Let thy illuſtrious Face
Upon thy Servants ſhine:
That all below
The arched Skie,
May Thee, and thy
Salvation know.

Let all thy Praiſe rehearſe,
With one united Voyce:
Sing in melodious Verſe;
Eternally rejoyce.

Thy

Thy Power obey,
Whoſe Juſtice ſhall
Diſpoſe of All;
All Scepters ſway.

Let all extol thy Worth:
Then ſhall the ſmiling Earth
Her pleaſant fruits bring forth;
Nor ever mourn in Dearth.
We who implore,
Thy Bleſſings find;
And all Mankind
With fear adore.

PSALM LXVIII.

LEt God, the God of Battail, riſe; *As the* 8.
And ſcatter his proud Enemies.
O let them flee before his face,
Like ſmoak, which driving tempeſts chace.
As Wax diſſolves with ſcorching Fire;
So periſh in his burning Ire.
But let the Juſt with joy abound:
In joyful Songs his Praiſe reſound:
Who riding on the rowling Sphears,
The Name of great Jehovah bears.
Before his Face your joys expreſs:
A Father to the fatherleſs.
He wipes the tears from Widows eyes;
The ſingle Plants in Families;
Inlarging thoſe who late were bound:
While Rebels ſtarve on thirſty Ground.
When he our numerous Army led,
And march'd through Deſerts, full of dread;

Heaven melted, and Earths Centre ſhook,
With his majeſtick Preſence ſtrook.
When *Iſraels*-God in Clouds came down,
High *Sinai* bow'd his trembling Crown.

Part 2. He in th' approach of meager Dearth,
With ſhow'rs refreſht the fainting Earth:
Where his own Flock in ſafety fed;
The Needy unto plenty led.
By Him we conquer: Virgins ſing
Our Victories, and Timbrels ring.
He Kings with their vaſt Armies foils;
While women ſhare their wealthy ſpoils.
You who among the Pots have lain
In Soot and Smoak, ſhall ſhine again;
Bright, as the ſilver-feather'd Dove,
Whoſe wings with golden Splendor move.
When he the Kings had overthrown,
Our Land like ſnowy *Salmon* ſhone.
Gods Mountain *Baſhans* Mount tranſcends;
Though he his many Heads extends.
Why boaſt you ſo, ye meaner Hills?
God with his Glory *Sion* fills:
This his beloved Reſidence;
Nor ever will depart from hence.

Part 3. His Chariots twenty thouſand were,
Which Myriads of Angels bear;
He in the midſt, as when he crown'd
High *Sinai*'s ſanctified ground.
Lord, Thou thy Self haſt rais'd on high;
Thou captivat'ſt Captivity.
Deck'd with the trophees of his Foes,
The gifts receiv'd on his beſtows:

Reducing

Reducing thoſe who did rebell;
That both might in his *Sion* dwell.
O praiſed be the God of gods,
Who his with daily bleſſings loads:
The God of our Salvation,
On whom our hopes depend alone.
The Controverſe of Life and Death
Is arbitrated by his Breath.
He on their heads his Foes ſhall wound;
Their hairy ſcalps, whoſe ſins abound,
And in their treſpaſſes proceed.
Thus ſpake Jehovah; *Jacobs* Seed
I will from *Baſhan* bring again,
And through the bottom of the Main:
That Dogs may lap their enemies blood;
And they wade through a crimſon Flood.

We in thy Sanctuary late, *Part* 4.
My God, my King, beheld thy State.
The ſacred Singers march'd before;
Who inſtruments of Muſick bore,
In order followed: Every Maid
Upon her pleaſant Timbrel plaid.
His Praiſe in your Aſſemblies ſing,
You, who from *Iſraels* Fountain ſpring.
Nor little *Benjamin* alone,
But *Judah* from his Mountain-throne;
The far removed *Zebulun*;
And *Naphtali* which borders on
Old *Jordan*, where his ſtream dilates;
Joyn'd all their Powers and Potentates.
For us his winged Souldiers fought:
Lord, ſtrengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.
He that ſupports a Diadem,
To Thee, divine *Jeruſalem*,

Shall in Devotion treaſure bring,
To build the Temple of his King.

Part 5. Break through their Pikes; the multitude
Of Bulls, with ſavage ſtrength indu'd;
Till they with gifts ſweet Peace invite:
But ſcatter thoſe, whom Wars delight.
Far off from Sun-burnt *Meroë*,
From falling *Nilus*; from the Sea
Which beats on the *Ægyptian* ſhore,
Shall Princes come, and here adore.
You Kingdoms, through the World renown'd,
Sing to the Lord; his praiſe reſound:
He who Heavens upper Heaven beſtrides,
And on her aged ſhoulders rides:
Whoſe voice the Clouds aſunder rends;
In Thunder terrible deſcends.
O praiſe his Strength; whoſe Majeſty
In *Iſrael* ſhines, his Power on high.
He from his Sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his Foes:
While us his Power and Strength inveſt.
O *Iſrael*, praiſe the Ever-bleſt.

PSALM LXIX.

As the 22. LOrd, ſnatch me from the raging Floud;
Now in deep Eddies almoſt drown'd:
That ſtruggle in the yielding mud,
There, where no bottom can be found:
The riſing waves my head ſurround,
And with their terrors chill my Bloud.

Tir'

Tir'd with complaining; hoarse, and sore;
Sight fails my long-expecting Eyes:
My Hairs are not in number more
Than my uninjur'd Enemies.
The great in wrong against me rise;
I, what I never took, restore.

My God, Thou know'st my Innocence:
Let not the faithful blush for me,
Traduc'd by slanderous Impudence:
Nor O! let those that call on Thee,
Their shame in my Confusion see;
Since Thou art our profest Defence.

For Thee I suffer Calumnies;
To Men become a general scorn;
Deserted by my near Allies;
By children of my Mother born:
Through zeal unto thy Honour worn,
While thy reproach upon me lies.

I fasted, wept, in Sack-cloth mourn'd;
My anguish in my looks expreſt:
Yet this to my derision turn'd;
By Drunkards sung at every Feast:
Even Judges at my sorrow jest;
My Innocence by slander spurn'd.

Yet shall my Prayers and Sighs ascend Part 2.
Even in an acceptable hour.
Thy Mercy, gracious Lord, extend;
And save by thy Almighty Power.
Let not the swallowing mud devour:
Preserve from such a shameful end.

Deliver from th' inſulting Foe;
My ſtrugling Feet from ſinking keep:
Let not the Billows overflow,
Nor Whirl-pits ſuck into their Deep.
O pity Thou the Eyes that weep:
And thy Tranſcendent Mercy ſhow.

Hear, and redeem without delay;
Nor in my trouble hide thy Face:
Leſt I become a wretched prey
To ſuch as have my Soul in chaſe.
My ſhame, indignities, diſgrace
And all their crimes before Thee lay.

Reproach my bleeding heart hath pierc'd:
Was ever Sorrow half ſo great!
Compaſſion hath her Eyes averſt;
My Grief no comfort could intreat:
They gave me bitter Gall to eat;
And Vinegar to quench my Thirſt.

O be their board a ſnare to thoſe!
Proſperity it ſelf a Bait!
Their Eyes in clouds of darkneſs cloſe;
And let them fall by their own weight:
Pour on them thy Eternal hate;
With vengeance multiply their woes.

Part 3. In Ruins let their Houſes lie;
None in their ſilent Tents be found;
That would, whom thou haſt ſmit, deſtroy;
And wounded Souls with ſlander wound.
Let their Iniquities abound,
Nor ever in thy Mercy joy.

Their

Their names out of thy Volume blot;
Nor with the Juſt inthrone their Daies.
Though poor; to miſery begot;
Yet Thou ſhalt my dejection raiſe:
Then will I celebrate thy Praiſe:
My thankful Heart no time ſhall ſpot.

This will Jehovah more delight,
Than Bulls prepar'd for Sacrifice:
Their guilded Horns with Garlands dight.
This ſhall the Meek with pleaſed Eyes
Behold, and centuple their joys:
Their Day ſhall never ſet in Night.

For God the Poor regards, and thoſe,
Who for his ſake affliction try.
Round Earth, deep Seas, what Seas incloſe;
You Orbs, that move ſo orderly;
Our great Jehovah magnify,
Who crowns his Saints with ſweet Repoſe.

For God his *Sion* ſhall immure,
And *Judah*'s Cities build again:
Where they ſhall ever live ſecure;
A fair inheritance obtain:
There ſhall their bleſſed Seed remain;
And ſafely that rich Soil manure.

PSALM LXX.

As the 5.

HAſt, Lord; from ſuch as would devour,
Defend by thy almighty Power:
Delay not in ſo fear'd an Hour.

But let confuſion ſeizē on thoſe,
Who ſeek my ſoul; to ſhame expoſe:
Be ſudden in their overthrows.

Let thoſe with infamy return;
Dejected, and unpittyed, mourn;
Who laugh, and blaſt me with their ſcorn.

Who love thy Name, with joy inveſt:
Let them in ſhades of Safety feaſt;
And ever ſay, The Lord be bleſt.

But I am poor, and full of need:
Haſt, Lord; deliver me with ſpeed;
Our Strength, our Help, from Thee proceed.

PSALM LXXI.

As the 34.

ITo thy Wing for refuge flie;
Protect me from foul Infamie;
Lord, in thy Juſtice ſave.
Deliver from their treacherous Snares:
O favourably hear my Prayers;
Snatch from the yawning Grave.

Be

Be thou my Fortreſs of Defence;
There let me fix my Reſidence.
O Thou, my Rock! my Tower!
Who haſt thy Angels given in charge,
That they thy Servants ſhould inlarge
From circumventing Power.

Deliver from their cruel might,
Whoſe wicked hands in blood delight:
Leſt I their pray become.
Thou art my hope; even from my Youth
Have I rely'd upon thy Truth;
By Thee kept in the womb:

From thence extracted by thy Care.
Though, as a Prodigy they ſtare
On me with wondring eyes;
Yet Thee, my ſtrength, my Song ſhall praiſe,
And to the Stars thy glory raiſe,
While Suns ſhall ſet and riſe.

O caſt not off, when full of days; Part 2.
Forſake not, when my Strength decays:
Watch'd by conſpiring Foes.
God hath abandon'd him, ſay they;
Now let us make his life our prey:
Who ſhall our power oppoſe?

My God, cloſe to thy ſervant ſtand,
And help him with a ſpeedy hand:
Thoſe in their pride confound,
Who perſecute my wretched Soul;
Let Death their impious rage controul,
And with diſhonour wound.

But

But I will ever hope, and raiſe
My Voice to multiply thy Praiſe;
Thy Righteouſneſs diſplay,
Thy manifold Deliveries:
Which O! no number can compriſe;
Thus ſpend the harmleſs Day.

I in thy Strength, though old and weak,
Will walk, and of thy Juſtice ſpeak;
Of thine, even thine alone.
Thou haſt inform'd me from my Youth:
I, to this hour, with ſingle Truth,
Thy wondrous works have ſhown.

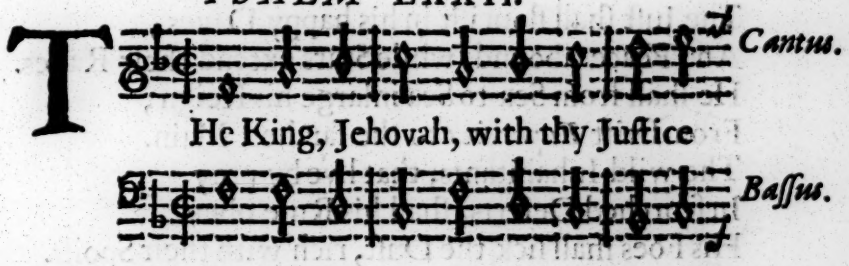
Part 3. Now in the Winter of my years;
When Time hath ſnow'd upon my hairs,
Abandon not, O Lord;
Till I unto this Age proclame
Thy Mighty Power; in Songs the ſame
Unto the next record.

Thy Counſels depth our ſearch exceeds:
How admirable are thy Deeds!
O who is like to Thee!
Thou haſt afflictions on me lain;
Yet ſhalt thou quicken me again,
And from Earths entrails free.

Still thou my glory wilt increaſe,
And comfort with the joys of Peace.
I, in a living verſe,
Unto my warbling Harp will ſing
Thy praiſes, O eternal King;
Thy noble Acts rehearſe.

Unto my Voice, and Inſtrument
Shall my exalted Soul conſent;
By Thee redeem'd from Death:
Thy Juſtice every Day proclame:
That now haſt cloth'd my Foes with Shame,
Diſperſed by thy breath.

PSALM LXXII.



THe King, Jehovah, with thy Juſtice
crown; And in a God-like reign his Son renown.
He ſhall with e--qui--ty thy People ſway;
And Judgement in the ſcales of Juſtice weigh.

Then

Then little Hills ſhall riot with increaſe;
And Mountains flouriſh in the fruits of Peace.
He ſhall the Poor from Violence protect;
Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.
They, while the reſtleſs Sun directs the Year;
While Moons increaſe and wain, thy Name ſhall fear.
He ſhall deſcend like plenty-dropping Showers,
Which cloath the earth, and fill her lap with flowers.
The Juſt ſhall flouriſh in his happy Dayes,
And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Rayes.
He ſhall from Sea to Sea inlarge his Reign;
From ſwift *Euphrates* to the fartheſt Main.
The wild Inhabitants, that live by prey
In ſcorched Deſerts, ſhall his Rule obey.
His Foes ſhall lick the Duſt, rich with their Spoils.
Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-graſped Iſles,
Shall orient Pearl, and ſparkling Stones preſent;
Gold from the Sun-burnt *Æthiopians* ſent.
The ſwart *Sabæans* and *Panchaia*'s King,
Shall Caſſia, Myrrhe, and ſacred Incenſe bring.

Part 2. All Kings ſhall homage to this King afford;
All Nations ſhall receive him for their Lord.
He ſhall th' Oppreſſed hear, the Poor defend;
The Needy ſave, and ſuch as have no friend:
Redeem their Souls from Fraud, and Violence;
And ſhall with Blood revenge their Bloods expenſe.
For this, he long and happily ſhall live:
To him they ſhall the Gold of *Sheba* give.
The People for their King ſhall hourly pray:
His Praiſes ſing, and bleſs him day by day.
Rank crops of Corn ſhall on high Mountains grow,
And ſhake like Cedars, when rough Tempeſts blow.
The Citizens ſhall proſper and abound;
Like blades of Graſs, which cloath the pregnant ground.

His

His Name ſhall laſt to all Eternitie :
Even while the Sun illuminates the Skie.
All Nations ſhall in Him be bleſt : Him all
The habitable Earth ſhall bleſſed call.
O praiſed be our God ! that King of kings,
Who only can accompliſh wondrous things !
For ever celebrate his glorious Name,
And fill the World with his illuſtrious Fame.

Amen, Amen.

Here end the Prayers of David *the Son of* Jeſſe.

A PARAPHRASE

Upon the Third BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM LXXIII.

As the 1. THat Power of powers, who *Iſrael* protects,
The Pure of heart eternally affects.
Yet I began to ſtagger in my Faith;
My Feet almoſt had ſwerved from his Path,
When I the Fool beheld with envious eyes;
Saw ~~proſ~~perous Vice to Wealth and Honour riſe.
Their Thread of Life is cloſe and firmly ſpun;
Whom feeble Age, and pale Diſeaſes ſhun.
They, while we ſuffer, ſurfeit in content;
As if alone exempt from puniſhment.
Pride hangs like precious Chains about their necks;
And Violence in robes of Purple decks.
Their ſwoln eyes ſhine with uncontroll'd exceſs;
Who more, than what their hearts can wiſh, poſſeſs.

Even

Even glory in their foul Impiety;
And ſpeak like Thunder from the troubled Sky.
Dire Blaſphemies againſt high Heaven they caſt;
The ſuffering Earth their Pride and Slander blaſt.
The Good not ſeldom through their Scandal ſtray,
And preſt with Miſeries, in Paſſion ſay;
O how can we the Lord All-ſeeing call!
Or think he cares what unto men befall!
When lo! the Wicked with ſucceſs are crown'd,
And in the pleaſures of this world abound.
I to no end have purg'd my heart of ſtain;
In Innocence have cleans'd my hands in vain;
That thus with daily puniſhments am worn,
And ſtill chaſtiſed with the riſing Morn.

If I gave words unto ſuch thoughts as theſe, *Part 2.*
I ſhould th' aſſemblies of thy Saints diſpleaſe:
For then, what were it to be juſt, or good?
My Soul this ſecret never underſtood;
Till I into thy Sanctuary came,
And there beheld their Honour end in Shame.
Thou haſt on ſlippery hights their greatneſs plac'd;
Down Head-long from their Noon of glory caſt.
How are they unto Deſolation brought!
Conſumed in the moment of a thought!
Such as a pleaſant dream when Sleep forſakes
Our flattered ſenſe; ſo, when thy Wrath awakes,
Thou in thy dreadful fury ſhalt deſtroy
Their empty and Imaginary joy.
Theſe former thoughts did my weak Soul moleſt;
So ignorant; ſo vain; ſo like a beaſt.
Yet I by thy Divine ſupportance ſtand:
Thou held'ſt me up by thy Almighty hand.
Thou by thy counſel ſhalt direct my waies;
And after to eternal Glory raiſe.

For

For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above?
Or what on Earth can my Affections move?
My Thoughts and Fleſh are frail: yet Lord, thou art
My Portion, and the Vigour of my Heart.
Who thee abandon, ſhall to Death deſcend;
And they whoſe knees to curſed Idols bend.
I as my duty, will to God repair;
On Him rely, and his great Acts declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

As the 14.

LOrd; why haſt Thou abandoned!
O why for ever! ſhall thine Ire
Conſume, like a devouring Fire,
The Sheep which in thy paſtures fed!

O think of thoſe, who were thy own;
By Thee of old from bondage brought:
Th' Inheritance which thou haſt bought,
And *Sion* thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and ſurvey
What ſpoil the barbarous Foe hath made.
Lo! all in heaps of ruins laid;
Thy Temple their accurſed prey.

Like Lions, with ſharp Famine whet,
They in thy Sanctuary roar;
All purple in thy Peoples gore;
And there their conquering Enſigns ſet.

It was eſteem'd a great renown
With Ax to ſquare the Mountain Okes:
Now they demoliſh with their ſtrokes,
And hew the carved Fabrick down.

Who

Who lo! with all-infolding flame,
The beauty of the Earth devour:
Profanely proſtrate on the floor
That Temple ſacred to thy Name.

Now (ſaid they) with a ſudden hand,
Give we a general End to all.
By Fire the holy ſtructures fall,
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes; Part 2.
There are no Prophets to divine,
That might our miſeries decline;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long ſhall our Enemies
Exult, and glory in our ſhame!
How long ſhall they Blaſpheme thy Name,
Great God, and thy ſlow Wrath deſpiſe!

Thy hand out of thy Boſome draw;
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:
My God, thou waſt our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders ſaw.

Thou ſtruck'ſt the Erythæan waves,
When Seas from Seas in tumult fled;
Brak'ſt the *Ægyptian* Dragons head,
And mad'ſt the joyning Floods their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beaſts and Serpents, which poſſeſs
The dry and foodleſs Wilderneſs,
By Thee delivered for a Spoil.

Thou clav'ſt the Rock, from whoſe green wound
The thirſt expelling Fountain brake:
Thou mad'ſt the heady Streams forſake
Their Chanels, and become dry ground.

Part 3. The cheerful Day, Night cloth'd in ſhade;
The Moon and radient Sun are Thine:
Thy Bounds the ſwelling Seas confine;
Summer and Winter by Thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not thoſe
Who Thee reproachfully deſpiſe.
Remember, Lord, the Blaſphemies,
Caſt on thee by our frantick Foes.

O! to the wicked Multitude
Surrender not thy Turtle-dove:
Nor from thy tender care remove
The Poor, by powerful Wrong purſu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain:
For Darkneſs over-ſpreads the Face
Of all the Land; in every place
Deſtruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign.

Let not th' oppreſt return with ſhame;
But crown thee with deſerv'd applauſe:
O patronize thy proper Cauſe:
Remember, Fools revile thy Name.

O let their Sorrows never ceaſe,
Who blaſt Thee with their Calumnies.
The tumults of their Pride, who riſe
Againſt Thee, every day increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.



As the 81.

THy Praiſes; O eternal King,
Our Souls in ſacred Verſe will ſing.
The wonders of thy Works declare
Thy Preſence in thy Power and Care.
When I ſhall wear the *Hebrew* Crown,
High Juſtice ſhall my Reign renown.
The Land with weak'ning Diſcord rent,
The People without Government,
Faint and diſſolve. Her Pillars I
Support, her Breaches fortifie.
Proud Man, I ſaid, renounce thy Pride;
Thou Fool, thy Folly caſt aſide.
Do not ſo high your Horns erect;
Nor bellow, as with yoak uncheckt.
Preferment from the Orient,
Nor from the Evening-Suns Deſcent,
Nor Deſert comes: God guides our Fates;
He raiſeth, and He ruinates.
A cup of red and mingled Wine
He poureth out to me and mine:
But every Rebel in the Land
Shall drink the Dregs, ſqueez'd by his Hand.
His noble Acts I will relate;
The God of *Jacob* celebrate;
Suppreſs the Wicked, and their wayes;
The Juſt to Wealth and Honour raiſe.

PSALM LXXVI.

As the 29.

GOd in *Judah* is renown'd;
Salem with his Temple crown'd:
He in ſacred *Sion* dwells;
Iſrael his wonders tells.
He their flying Enſigns tears;
Shivers the *Aſſyrian* Spears.
He their Swords, Shields, Arrows, broke;
Kill'd, ſubdu'd, without a ſtroke.
Thou more excellent than they,
That on *Juries* Mountains prey:
Who the Great in battel foil'd;
Of their lives and honours ſpoil'd.
Not the Mighty could withſtand,
Nor ſo much as find a hand.
Princes, by thy only Breath,
With the Vulgar, ſleep in Death.
Terrible unto thy Foes:
O, who can thy Wrath oppoſe!
When as they thy Thunder hear,
Mortals ſtand amaz'd, and fear:
When from thy eternal Reſt
Thou deſcend'ſt, to ſave th' Oppreſt.
Malice but it ſelf betrayes;
And converts into thy praiſe.
Future rage thou ſhalt reſtrain,
Making their indeavours vain.
Jacobs Seed, with one accord,
Pay your Vows unto the Lord.
Holy Levites, Offerings bring;
Of his glorious Conqueſt ſing.
He, who Princes overthrows,
O, how fearful to his Foes!

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd; He heard my cries: *As the 5.*
Again, when plung'd in miseries,
Renew'd with raised hands and eyes.

My festred wounds ran all the Night;
No comfort could my Soul invite
To relish long out-worn delight.

I call'd upon the Ever-blest:
And yet my troubles still increast;
Almost to Death by sorrow prest.

Thou keep'st my galled eyes awake:
Words fail my grief; sighs only spake,
Which from my panting bosome brake.

Then did my Memory unfold
The wonders, which thou wrought'st of old,
By our admiring Fathers told.

The Songs, which in the Night I sung;
When deeply by affliction stung:
These thoughts thus mov'd my desperate tongue;

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, forsake!
Nor pity on th' afflicted take!
O shall thy mercy never wake!

Wilt thou thy promise falsifie!
Must I in thy displeasure die!
Shall Grace before thy Fury flie!

This ſaid; I thus my Paſſions checkt:
His changes on their ends reflect,
To puniſh and reſtore th' Elect.

Part 2. His great Deliverance ſhall dwell
In my Remembrance; I will tell
What in our Fathers days befell.

His counſels from our reach are ſet;
Hid in his ſacred Cabinet.
What God like ours! ſo Good! ſo Great!

Who wonders can effect alone;
His Peoples great Redemption;
To *Jacob*'s Seed, and *Joſeph*'s known.

The yielding Floods confeſs thy Might;
The Deeps were troubled at thy Sight;
And Seas recoil'd in their affright.

The Clouds in ſtorms of rain deſcend;
The Air thy hideous Fragors rend;
Thy arrows dreadful flames extend.

Thy Thunders rorings rake the Skies;
Thy fatal Light'ning ſwiftly flies;
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy Ways even through the Billows lye:
The Floods then left their Chanels dry;
No Mortal can thy ſteps deſcry.

Like Flocks through Wilderneſs of Sand,
Thou led'ſt us to this pleaſant Land;
By *Moſes* and by *Aarons* hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

MY People, hear my Words; I will unfold *As the 42.*
Dark Oracles, and Wonders done of old;
By our great Anceſtors both heard and known,
Succeſſively unto their Children ſhown;
Which we will to Poſterity relate;
That People, yet unknown, may celebrate
Gods Power, his Praiſe, and glorious Acts: ſince He
Will's this Tradition by Divine Decree;
Until one Day ſhall give the World an end:
That all their hopes might on his Help depend.
Nor ever let his noble Actions ſleep
In dark oblivion, but his Statutes keep.
Unlike their rebel Sires, a ſtubborn Race;
Who fell from God, nor ſought his ſlighted Grace.
The *Ephraimites*, though expert in their Bows,
Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes:
Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;
Nor in the ways of his preſcription trod,
Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders ſhown
In *Zoan*; and the Plains by *Nile* o'reflown.
He brought them through the bowels of the Flood;
The parted Waves like ſolid Mountains ſtood.
By day with leading Clouds affords a ſhade;
By night a flaming Pyramis diſplaid.
Hard Rocks, He in the thirſty Deſerts clave,
And drink out of their ſtony Entrails gave:
Even from their barren ſides the waters guſht,
And down in rivers through the vallies ruſht.

Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, and meat to ſatisfie *Part 2.*
Their Luſt demand, provoking the moſt High.

Blaſpheming thus; Can God our wants redreſs?
A Table furniſh in the Wilderneſs?
Though from the cloven Rocks freſh Currents drill,
Can he give Bread? with Fleſh the hungry fill?
Thus tempted by their hourly murmurings,
He to his long retarded Wrath gives wings:
Their infidelity inrag'd the Juſt,
That would not to his ſure Protection truſt.
Who all the Curtains of the Skies withdrew,
And made the clouds reſolve into a dew.
With Manna, Food of Angels, Mortals fed;
And fill'd with plenty of cæleſtial Bread.
Then caus'd the early Eaſtern winds to riſe,
And bad the dropping South obſcure the Skies:
Whence ſhow'rs of Quails deſcend; as thick as ſand
On Sea-waſh'd ſhores, or duſt on Sun-dry'd Land;
Which fell among their Tents: They their delights
Injoy, and feaſt their deadly appetites.
For lo! while they thoſe fatal Dainties chew,
And their inordinate Deſires purſue;
The Wrath of God ſurpriz'd them, and cut down
The choice of all; even thoſe of moſt renown.
Nor, by their own miſ-haps admoniſhed,
Would they his Works believe, or Judgments dread.
So he their ſpirits quench'd with daily fears;
In Vanity and Toil conſum'd their years.

Part 3. But when by Slaughter waſted, the forlorn
Return'd, and ſought Him in the early Morn:
They then confeſt, and ſaid; Thou art our Tower,
Our Strength; alone protecteſt by thy Power.
Yet their ſlie Tongues did but their Souls diſguiſe;
Full of deluding flatteries and lies.
Their faithleſs hearts revolted from his Will;
Nor ever would his juſt Commands fulfill.

How

How oft would He, whose Mercy hath no bound,
Their pardon sign! nor in their Sins confound!
How oft did He his burning wrath asswage!
How oft divert the fury of his Rage!
Consider'd them as flesh, in frailty born;
A passing Wind, that never can return.
Yet still would they his sacred Laws transgress;
Provok'd him in th' unpeopled Wilderness:
Confin'd the Holy One of *Israel*;
Against their Saviour frantickly rebel:
Forgetful of his Power, nor ever thought
Of that great day, when from long bondage brought.
His dreadful Miracles to *Ægypt* known,
And Wonders in the Field of *Zoan* shown.
The River chang'd into a Sea of Blood;
Men faint for thirst, t' avoid th' infected Flood.
Huge swarms of unknown Flies display their wings,
Which wound to death with their invenom'd stings.
Loath'd Frogs even in their Palaces abound;
And with their filthy slime pollute the ground.

Their early Fruits the Caterpillers spoil: *Part* 4.
And Grashoppers devour the Plow-mans toil.
Long Vines with storms their dangling burdens lost:
The broad-leav'd Sycamores destroy'd with frost.
Their Flocks beat down with Hail-stones, breathless lie:
Their Cattel by the stroke of Thunder die.
The Vengeance of his Wrath all forms of woes,
More Plagues, then could be fear'd, upon them throws
Whom evil Angels to their sins betray.
He to the Torrent of his Wrath gave way;
Nor would with man or sinless beasts dispense;
Shot by the Arrows of his Pestilence.
Slew all the flower of Youth; their First-born Sons;
There where old *Nilus* in seven chanels runs.

But

But like a flock of Sheep his People led;
Safe and ſecure through Deſerts, full of dread:
Even through unfathom'd Deeps: which part and cloſe
Their tumbling waves to ſwallow their proud Foes.
Then brought them to his conſecrated Land;
Even to his Mountain purchas'd by his Hand.
Caſt out the Giant-like Inhabitants;
And in their rooms the Tribes of *Iſrael* plants.
Yet they (O moſt ingrateful!) falſifie
Their vows, and ſtill exaſperate the moſt High:
Who in their faithleſs Fathers traces goe;
And ſtart aſide; like a deceitful Bow.
Their Altars on the tops of Mountains blaze,
While they their hands to curſed Idols raiſe.

Part 5. Theſe objects fuel to his wrath afford:
Whoſe Soul revolted *Iſrael* abhor'd.
The ancient Seat of *Shiloh* then forſook;
Nor longer would that hated Manſion brook.
His Ark even to Captivity declin'd;
His Strength and Glory to the Foe reſign'd:
And yielded up his People to the Rage
Of barbarous ſwords; nor would his wrath aſſwage.
Devouring flames their able Youth confound;
Nor are their Maids with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.
Their Mitred Prieſts in heat of Battel fall;
No Widows weeping at their Funeral.
Then as a Giant, folded in the Charms
Of Wine and Sleep, ſtarts up and cries, To arms:
So rous'd, his Foes behind, Jehovah wounds;
And with Eternal Infamy confounds:
Yet would in *Joſephs* Tents no longer dwell;
Nor *Ephraim* choſe, who from his Cov'nant fell:

But

But *Judah*'s Mountain for his Seat elects;
And sacred *Sion*, which he most affects.
There our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,
Firm as the Centre, never to be ras'd.
And from the bleating Flocks his *David* chose,
When he attended on the yeaning Ews;
And rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed
His people; *Israel*'s selected Seed.
Who fed them faithfully; and all the Land
Directed with a just and equal hand.

PSALM LXXIX.

THe *Gentiles* waste thy *Canaan*, Lord, *As the 39.*
With Fire and Sword.
Thy holy Temple they prophane;
With Slaughter stain.
Beneath her ruins *Salem* groans;
Now nothing but a heap of Stones.

The dead no Funeral pomp attends,
Nor weeping friends:
Their carkases our barbarous Foes
To Beasts expose:
The ravenous Wolves become their tomb
Or else the greedy Vultures womb.

With blood of Saints, the Streams grow red,
Like Water shed:
Thy People now a general
Reproach to all.
The *Syrian*, and base *Edomite*
Deride, and in our woes delight.

How

How long, Lord, ſhall thy jealous ire
Devour like Fire!
Thy Anger, in a dreadful ſhow'r
Of vengeance, pow'r
On thoſe, who know not thy great Name:
And think thy Worſhip but a ſhame.

Part 2. For they have laid our Country waſte:
Our Cities ras't.
Lord, O remember not the crimes
Of former times!
But for thy tender mercy ſave
Our ſouls; now humbled to the grave.

Lord, for the glory of thy Name,
Redeem from ſhame.
O purge us, and propitious be!
From thraldom free.
Why ſhould the *Heathen* thus blaſpheme,
And ſay, Your God is but a Dream!

Againſt them let thy Vengeance riſe;
Before our eyes:
And for our blood, ſhed by their guilt,
Let theirs be ſpilt.
O hear the ſighing Priſoners cry!
And ſave, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our ſpiteful Neighbours, Lord, deride
Thee, in their pride.
With ſeven-fold vengeance recompenſe
Their inſolence.
So we, thy flock, our God will praiſe;
And to the Stars thy Glory raiſe.

PSALM

PSALM LXXX.

THou Shepherd of thy *Israel*, *As the 3.*
That, Flock-like, leadest *Josephs* Race:
Who 'twixt the Cherubims dost dwell,
O hear! shew thy inlightning Face.
Exalt thy saving power before
Manasseh, Ephraim, Benjamin:
O from Captivity restore!
And let thy beams upon us shine.
Great God of Battail, wilt thou still
Be angry, and our prayers despise?
Bread, steep'd in tears, our stomachs fill;
We drink the rivers of our eyes.
Our scoffing Neighbours fall at strife
Among themselves, to share our right:
Great God, restore the dead to life;
And comfort by the quick'ning light.

This Vine, from *Ægypt* brought, (the Foe *Part 2.*
Expel'd) was planted by thy hand:
Thou gav'st it room and strength to grow,
Untill her branches fill'd the Land.
The Mountains took a shade from these,
Which like a grove of Cedars stood:
Extending to the *Tyrian* Seas,
And to *Euphrates* rowling Flood.
O why hast thou her Fences ras't?
Whilst every Stragler pulls her Fruit:
The browsing Heard her branches waste;
And salvage Boars plow-up her root.
Great God, return; this trampled Vine
From Heaven behold with mild aspect:
Once planted by that Hand of thine;
The branches of thy own Elect. Which

Which now cut down, wild Flames devour;
Through thy fierce wrath to ruin brought:
Protect thy People by thy Power;
And perfect what thy self hath wrought.
Reviv'd, we will thy Name adore;
Nor ever from thy Pleasure swerve.
O from Captivity restore,
And by thy powerful grace preserve!

PSALM LXXXI.

As the 8.

TO God our Strength your voices raise:
In sacred numbers sing his praise.
The warbling Lute, sweet Viol bring,
And solemn Harp: loud Timbrels ring.
The new Moon seen, shrill Trumpets sound;
Your sacred Feasts with Triumph crown'd.
These Rites our God established,
When *Israel* He from *Ægypt* led:
Their necks with Yokes of bondage wrung;
Inured to an unknown tongue.
Your burdens I have cast away,
Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay:
Then sav'd, when in your fears you cry'd;
And from the thundring Cloud reply'd.
I try'd you; heard your murmurings,
At *Meribah*'s admired Springs.
You Sons of *Israel*, give ear;
I will instruct you, would you hear.
Beware; no foreign gods adore;
Nor their adulterate Powers implore.

Part 2.

I Thee alone brought from the Land
Of Bondage, with a mighty Hand.

I know, and will supply thy need;
When naked, cloath; when hungry, feed.
Yet would not they my Counsel brook;
But desperately their God forsook:
Whom I unto their lusts resign'd,
And errors of their wandring Mind.
O that they had my voice obey'd,
Nor from the paths of Virtue straid!
Then Victory their brows had crown'd:
Their slaughter'd Foes had spread the ground:
Then had I made their enemy
Submit, and at their mercy lye:
Themselves blest with eternal Peace;
Inriched with the Earths increase:
With flour of Wheat, and Honey fill'd,
From breaches of the Rock distill'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOd sits upon the Throne of Kings, *As the 4.*
And Judges unto judgement brings:
Why then so long
Maintain you wrong,
And favour Lawless things?

Defend the Poor, the Fatherless;
Their crying injuries redress:
And vindicate
The Desolate,
Whom wicked men oppress.

For they of Knowledge have no Light,
Nor Will to know; but walk in Night.

Earth's

Earths Baſes fail;
No Laws prevail;
Scarce one in heart upright.

Though Gods, and Sons of the moſt High;
Yet you, like common men, ſhall die;
Like Princes fall.
Great God, judge all
The Earth, thy Monarchy.

PSALM LXXXIII.

As the 1. LOrd, ſit not ſtill, as deaf unto our cries:
For lo! our Enemies in tumults riſe.
Even thoſe, who thy Omnipotence deny,
And hate thy Name, advance their Creſts on high:
Dark counſels take, and ſecretly contrive
Their ſlaughter, whom thy Mercy keeps alive.
Come, ſay they, let us with inceſſant ſtrokes,
Hew down this Nation, like a grove of Okes,
Till they no longer be; and *Iſrael* die
Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.
They all, in one confederacy, have made
A ſolemn League; ſupply'd with foreign aid.
Fierce *Idumæans*, who in *Nomades* ſtray,
And ſhaggy *Iſmaelites*, that live by prey;
Th' inceſtuous Race, that border on the Lake
Of ſalt *Aſphalthis*: Savage Thieves, who take
Their name from ſervile *Hagar*; they, who dwell
In *Gebal*; *Ammonites*, who Peace expell;
Stern *Palæſtines*; and wild *Amalekites*;
Falſe *Tyrians*; *Aſſur* with *Lots* Sons unites.

Let

Let them like *Midian* fall, by mutual wounds; Part 2.
Like *Sisera*; fall like *Jabin*, on the bounds
Of *Endor*, where swift *Kison* takes his birth;
Who lay like Dung upon the fatned Earth:
Like *Zeb*, and *Orebs* Princes; made a prey
For Wolves: like *Zeba* and proud *Zalmuna*:
Who said, let us these *Israelites* destroy,
And all the Cities of their God enjoy.
O let them, like a wheel be hurried round;
Like chaff, which whirlwinds ravish from the ground;
As Woods grown dry with age, imbrac'd with fire,
Whose flames above the singed Hills aspire:
So in the Tempest of thy Wrath pursue;
And with thy Storms thy trembling Foes subdue.
O fill their hearts with grief, their looks with shame;
Till they invoke thy late blasphemed Name.
Confound them with eternal Infamie;
That they, through anguish of their Souls, may die.
That men Jehovah's Wonders may rehearse;
The great Commander of this Universe.

PSALM LXXXIV.

As the 29.

O How amiable are
Thy Aboads, great God of War!
How I languish through restraint!
How my longing Spirits faint!
Lord, for thee I daily crie;
In thy absence hourly die.
Sparrows there their young ones rear;
And the Summers Harbinger
By thy Altar builds her nest,
Where they take their envy'd rest.

O my King! O thou moſt High!
Arbiter of Victorie!
Happy men! who ſpend their Days
In thy Courts; there ſing thy Praiſe!
Happy! who on Thee depend!
Thine their Way, and thou their End.
Who through *Baca* travelling,
Make that thirſty Vale a Spring;
Or ſoft Show'rs from Clouds deſtill,
And their empty Ciſterns fill:
Freſh in ſtrength, their courſe purſue,
Till they thee in *Sion* view.
Lord of Hoſts, incline thine Ear.
O thou God of *Jacob* hear!
Thou our Rock, extend thy Grace;
Look on thy Anointed's Face.
One Day in thy Courts alone.
Far exceeds a Million.
Let me be contemn'd and poor;
In thy Temple keep a Door:
Then with wicked men poſſeſs
All that they call Happineſs.
O thou Shield of our Defence!
O thou Sun, whoſe influence
Sweetly glides into our Hearts!
Thou, who all to thine imparts!
Happy! O thrice happy he,
Who alone depends on Thee!

PSALM

PSALM LXXXV.

AT length thou hast thy Mercy shown; *As the 2.*
Drawn from the *Babylonian* yoke;
Our Sins remov'd, which did provoke
Thy Wrath; even that now overblown.
Great God, our ruin'd State restore;
And let thy Anger flame no more.

O shall it like a Comet reign!
Extending to the yet unborn!
Wilt thou not quicken the forlorn;
That thine in Thee may joy again!
O show'r thy Mercy from above;
Preserve, and fix us in thy love!

I will the Voice of God attend,
Who to his People speaks of Peace.
Such as in Sanctity increase;
Nor to their Sins again descend:
These soon with Freedom shall be blest,
That Glory may our Land invest.

Those Dayes shall consummate our Bliss:
Sweet Clemency with Truth shall meet;
High Justice gentle Peace shall greet,
Saluting with a holy Kiss:
For Truth shall from the Earth arise,
And Righteousness look from the Skies.

Then shall Jehovah distribute
His Blessings with a liberal Hand:
The rich, and ever grateful Land
Abundantly produce her fruit.
For Justice shall before him go,
And her fair steps to Mortals show.

PSALM LXXXVI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Suppliant hear;
Afford a gentle Ear:
For I am comfortleſs,
And labour in diſtreſs.
My righteous Soul relieve,
So ready to forgive.
Thy Servant, Lord, defend;
Whoſe hopes on Thee depend.
Me from the Grave reſtore,
Who daily Thee implore:
From waſting Sorrow free
The Heart long vow'd to Thee.
For thou art God alone,
To tender pity prone,
Propitious unto all,
Who on thy Mercy call.
O hear my fervent prayer,
And take me to thy care:
Then ready to be found,
When troubles moſt abound.
What God, like Thee, O Lord,
Of all by men ador'd!
Or underneath the Sun,
Such miracles hath done.

Part 2.

Zeal ſhall all hearts inflame
T' adore and praiſe thy Name.
For thou art God alone;
Thy Power in Wonders ſhown.
Direct me in thy Way;
So ſhall I never ſtray.

My

My thoughts from Tempeſts clear;
United in thy Fear.
My Soul ſhall celebrate
Thy Praiſe; thy Power relate,
That haſt advanc'd my head,
And rais'd me from the Dead.
The Proud againſt me riſe,
And pow'rful Enemies
(All Rebells to thy Will)
My guiltleſs blood would ſpill.
But, O thou King of kings,
From Thee ſweet Mercy ſprings;
Still gracious, ſlow to wrath;
True to thy Servants Faith.
Lord, for thy Mercies ſake,
Into thy Boſome take:
Thy Hand-maids Son O ſave
From the devouring Grave!
Some happy Sign expoſe
To my aſhamed Foes;
That they thy Hate may ſee
To them; thy Love to me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

THe Lord hath with his Temple crown'd *As the 8.*
Moriah, by his Choice renown'd.
Not all the Tents of *Iſrael*,
Or Mountains which in height excel,
He ſo affects, or celebrates,
As lofty *Sions* ſtately Gates.
Jeruſalem, thou Throne of Kings,
Of Thee they utter glorious things.

Not by *Judæa*'s narrow bounds
Preſcrib'd; the Land which *Nile* ſurrounds,
Great *Babylon*, proud *Paleſtine*,
Rich *Tyre*, which circling Seas confine;
And black-brow'd *Æthiopians*,
Shall yield thee Citizens and Sons.
All ſorts of People, foreign-bred,
As Natives there indenized;
In *Sion*, built by immortal Hands:
Firm as the Mountain, where it ſtands.
The Lord in his eternal Scroll,
Shall theſe, as Citizens, inroll.
Their Muſick ſhall the Affections raiſe,
And Songs ſung in Jehovah's praiſe;
Whoſe Bleſſings on this City ſhall,
Like Streams from Heavenly Fountains, fall.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

As the 39.

MY Saviour! both by night and day
To Thee I pray.
O let my Cries tranſcend the Sphears,
And pierce thy Ears!
Leſt Sorrow ſtop my fainting breath;
Now near the Jaws of greedy Death.

My light extinguiſh'd, numbered
Among the Dead:
Like men in battail ſlain; the womb
Of Earth their Tomb:
Forgotten, as if never known;
By thy tempeſtuous Wrath o're thrown.

By

By Thee lodg'd in the lower Deeps,
Where Horrour keeps;
In Dungeons, where no Sun displaies
His cheerful Raies.
Cruſh'd by thy Wrath; on me thy Waves
Ruſh, like ſo many rolling Graves.

My old Familiars, now my Foes,
Deride my Woes.
My Houſe becomes my Goal; where I
In Fetters lie.
Blind with my tears; with crying hoarſe;
Hands rais'd in vain; a walking Coarſe.

Wilt thou to thoſe thy Wonders ſhow, Part 2.
Who ſleep below?
The Dead from their cold Manſions raiſe,
To ſing thy Praiſe?
Shall Mercy find us in the Grave?
Or wilt thou in Deſtruction ſave?

Wilt thou thy Wonders bring to light,
In Deaths long Night?
Or ſhall thy Juſtice there be ſhown,
Where none are known?
I have, and ſtill to Thee will pray;
Before the Sun reſtore the Day.

O, why haſt thou withdrawn thy Grace,
And hid thy Face;
From me, who from my Infancy
But daily die?
Whilſt I thy Terrours undergo;
Diſtracted by theſe ſtorms of woe,

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, devours
My trembling Powers:
With troops of Terrours circled round;
In Sorrow drown'd;
Depriv'd of thoſe, that lov'd me moſt;
To all in dark oblivion loſt.

PSALM LXXXIX.

As the 72.

OUr grateful Songs, O thou eternal King,
Shall ever of thy boundleſs Mercies ſing:
And thy unalterable Truth rehearſe
To after Ages, in a living verſe.
For what is by thy Clemency decreed,
Shall orderly, and faithfully ſucceed:
Even like thoſe never reſting Orbs above,
Which on firm hinges circularly move.
Thus God unto his ſervant *David* ſwore;
This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore
Thy ſeed eſtabliſh, and thy Throne ſuſtain;
Whilſt Seas ſhall flow, or Moons increaſe, and wain.
The heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth ſhall praiſe;
The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.
For who is like our God above the Clouds!
Or who ſo great, whom humane frailty ſhrowds!
He to his Angels terrible appears;
And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with fears.
Great God! how great, when dreadful Armies joyn!
What God ſo ſtrong! what Faith ſo firm as thine!

Part 2.

Thy Bounds the Billows of the Sea reſtrain;
Thou calm'ſt the tumults of th' incenſed Main.
Proud *Rahab*, like a Coarſe, with blood imbru'd;
Hew'n down; the ſtrong with greater ſtrength
ſubdu'd. Thine

Thine are the Heavens; those Lamps which guild
the Skies;
Round earth, broad seas, and all which they compriſe.
Thou mad'ſt the Southern and the Northern Pole,
Whereon the Orbs cœleſtial ſwiftly rowl.
Hermon inveſted with the Morning Raies,
And *Tabor* with the Evenings, ſing thy praiſe.
Thy Arm excells in Strength: thy hands ſuſtain
The World they made: And guide it with a rein.
Juſtice with Judgement joyn'd, thy Throne uphold:
Mercy and Truth thy ſacred brows infold.
Thrice happy they, who, when the Trumpet calls,
Throng to thy celebrated Feſtivalls!
They of thy Beauty ſhall injoy the ſight,
And guide their Feet by that informing light:
Thy Name ſhall daily in their mouths be found;
And in thy Juſtice ſhall their Joys abound.
Our Ornament in Peace, our Strength in Wars; *Part* 3.
Thy Favour ſhall exalt us to the Stars.
Thou, Holy One of *Iſrael*, our King;
Thou, our defence; ſecure beneath thy Wing.
Thus ſpake Jehovah by his Prophets voice;
Of ſtrenuous *David* have I made my choice,
(On that Heroë powr'd my Sacred Oyl)
To guide my People, and preſerve from ſpoil.
I will ſupport him with my powerful Arm;
No Foe ſhall tribute force: nor Treaſon harm:
His enemies before his Face ſhall flie,
And thoſe, who hate his Soul, by ſlaughter die.
Our Truth and Clemency ſhall crown his Daies,
And to the Firmament his Glory raiſe.
He, from the Billows of the *Tyrian* Main,
To ſwift *Euphrates* ſhall extend his Reign.
Who in his oft renew'd Devotions ſhall,
Me Father, God, and great Protector call.

My

My Favorite he ſhall be, and my Firſt birth;
Rais'd above all the Princes of the Earth.
My Mercy him for ever ſhall preſerve:
And from my Promiſe I will never ſwerve.
His Seed ſhall alwaies reign; his Throne ſhall laſt,
While days have light, and nights their ſhadows caſt.

Part 4. If they my Judgements ſlight, forſake my Law,
My Rites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw;
Then I with whips will their offences ſcourge,
With labour, miſery, and ſorrows urge:
Yet will not utterly my King forſake;
My Vow infringe, or alter what I ſpake.
I by my Sanctity to *David* ſware,
That he, and his ſhould never want an Heir,
To ſway the *Hebrew* Scepter, while the Sun
His uſual Race ſhould through the Zodiack run;
While Men, the Moon and radiant Stars ſhould ſee,
The faithful witneſſes of my Decree.
But thou art angry with thy own Elect,
And doſt thy late affected King reject;
Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant ſworn;
Thou from his Brows his Diadem haſt torn,
Caſt down the Rampier, which his ſtrength renown'd
And all his Bulwarks levell'd with the ground:
Whom now his Neighbours ſcorn; a common prey,
And ſpoil to all that travail by the way.

Part 5. Thou addeſt ſtrength and courage to his Foes,
Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woes;
Rebateſt his ſharp Sword, unnerv'ſt his might,
And mak'ſt him ſhrink in fervour of the fight:
His ſplendor haſt Eclipſed; his renown
In ruins buried, and his Throne caſt down:

His

His Youth consumed with untimely Age;
Mark'd out for shame; the object of thy Rage.
How long shall he in thy displeasure mourn!
Still shall thy Anger like a Furnace burn!
O call to mind the shortness of my daies;
That dream of Man, which like a Flow'r decays.
Who lives, that can the stroke of Death defend;
Or shall not to the silent Grave descend?
Where is thy ancient Love! thy plighted Troth,
Confirm'd to *David* by a solemn Oath!
Remember the Reproaches I have born;
Those of the Mighty; and their bitter scorn:
Traduced; by thy enemies abhorr'd.
Yet, O my pensive Soul, praise thou the Lord.

Amen, *Amen*.

A PARAPHRASE

Upon the Fouth BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM XC.

As the 34.

O Thou the Father of us all,
Our refuge from th' Originall;
That wert our God, before
The aëry Mountains had their birth,
Or Fabrick of the peopled Earth;
And art for evermore.

But frail man, daily dying, muſt
At thy Command return to Duſt:
Or ſhould he Ages laſt;
Ten thouſand years are in thy ſight
But like a quadrant of the Night,
Or as a Day that's paſt.

He

He by thy Torrent swept from hence;
An empty Dream, which mocks the Sense,
And from the Phansie flies:
Such as the beauty of the Rose,
Which in the dewy Morning blows,
Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguish we expire:
Thy anger a consuming Fire,
To our offences due.
Our sins (although by Night conceal'd,
By shame, and fear) are all reveal'd,
And naked to thy view.

Thus in thy wrath our years we spend;
And like a sad discourse they end,
Nor but to seventy last:
Or if to eighty they arrive,
We then with Age, and Sickness strive;
Cut off with winged hast.

Who knows the terror of thy wrath, Part 2.
Or to thy dreadful anger hath
Proportion'd his due fear?
Teach us to number our frail Daies,
That we our hearts to Thee may raise,
And wisely sin forbear.

Lord, O how long! at length relent!
And of our miseries repent;
Thy Early Mercy shew:
That we may unknown comfort taste:
For those long daies in sorrow past,
As long of joy bestow.

The

The works of thy accuſtom'd Grace
Shew to thy Servants: on their Race
Thy chearful beams reflect,
O let on us thy Beauty ſhine!
Bleſs our attempts with aid divine,
And by thy Hand direct.

PSALM XCI.

As the 9.

WHo makes th' Almighty his retreat,
Shall reſt beneath his ſhady Wings;
Free from th' oppreſſion of the Great,
The rage of War, or wrath of Kings.
Free from the cunning Fowlers train;
The tainted airs infectious breath:
His Truth in perils ſhall ſuſtain,
And ſhield thee from the ſtroke of Death.
No terrors ſhall thy ſleeps affright;
Nor deadly flying Arrows ſlay:
Nor Peſtilence devour by Night,
Or Slaughter maſſacre by Day.
A thouſand and ten thouſand ſhall
Sink on thy Right hand and thy Left:
Yet thou ſecure ſhall ſee their fall;
By vengeance, of their lives bereft.
Since God thou haſt thy Refuge made,
And do'ſt to him thy Vows direct;
No evil ſhall thy ſtrength invade,
Nor waſting plagues thy roof infect.
Thee ſhall his Angels ſafely guide;
Upheld by winged Legions,
Leſt thou at any time ſhouldſt ſlide.
And daſh thy Foot againſt the Stones.

Thou,

Thou on the Basilisk shalt tread;
The Mountain Lion boldly meet,
And trample on the Dragons Head;
The Leopard prostrate at thy Feet.
Since he hath fix'd his love on me,
Saith God, and walked in my wayes;
I will his Soul from danger free,
And from the reach of Envy raise.
To him I his desires will give;
From danger guard; in honour place:
He long, long happily shall live,
And flourish in my saving Grace.

PSALM XCII.

As the 29.

THou, who art inthron'd above;
Thou, by whom we live, and move;
O how sweet, how excellent,
Is't with tongue and hearts consent,
Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
To renown thy Name in Songs!
When the Morning paints the Skies,
When the sparkling Stars arise;
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful Verse.
Take the Lute, and Violin;
Let the solemn Harp begin;
Instruments strung with ten strings;
While the Silver Cimbal rings.
From thy Works my joy proceeds:
How I triumph in thy Deeds!
Who thy Wonders can express!
All thy Thoughts are fathomless;

Hid

Hid from Men in Knowledge blind;
Hid from Fools to Vice inclin'd.
Who that Tyrant Sin obey;
Though they ſpring like Flowers in *May*;
Parch'd with Heat, and nipt with Froſt,
Soon ſhall fade, for ever loſt.

Part 2. Lord, thou art moſt Great, moſt High;
Such from all Eternitie.
Periſh ſhall thy Enemies,
Rebels that againſt thee riſe.
All, who in their Sins delight,
Shall be ſcatter'd by thy Might.
But thou ſhalt exalt my Horn,
Like a youthful Unicorn;
Freſh and fragrant Odors ſhed
On thy crowned Prophets head.
I ſhall ſee my Foes defeat,
Shortly hear of their retreat:
But the Juſt like Palms ſhall flouriſh,
Which the Plains of *Judah* nouriſh:
Like tall Cedars mounted on
Cloud aſcending *Lebanon*.
Plants ſet in thy Court, below
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
Fruit in their Old-age ſhall bring;
Ever fat and flouriſhing.
This Gods Juſtice celebrates;
He, my Rock, Injuſtice hates.

PSALM

PSALM XCIII.

As the 47.

NOw great Jehovah reigns,
With Majesty aray'd;
His Power all powers restraines,
By men and gods obey'd.
The round Earth hung
In liquid Air;
Establish'd there
But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old than Time,
And after, as before.
The Floods in billows clime,
And foming loudly rore.
With horrid Noise
The Ocean raves,
And breaks his Waves
Against the Skies.

But thou more to be fear'd,
More terrible than these:
Thy Voice in Thunder heard;
Thy Nod rebukes the Seas.
Thee Truth renowns;
Pure Sanctity
Eternally
Thy Temple crowns.

PSALM XCIV.

As the 10.

GReat God of Hoſts, revenge our Wrong
On thoſe, who are in Miſchief ſtrong.
Upon thy Foes
Inflict our woes:
For Vengeance doth to Thee belong.
Judge of the World, prevent
The Proud and Inſolent.

How long ſhall they the Juſt oppreſs,
And triumph in their Wickedneſs!
How long ſupplant!
Ah! how long vaunt,
And glory in their dire ſucceſs!
Thy Saints aſunder break,
Inſulting o're the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poor Widows kill;
The blood of wretched Orphans ſpill:
And ſay, Can he
Or hear, or ſee?
Doth God regard what's good or ill?
Brute Beaſts, without a mind!
O Fools in knowledge blind!

Shall not th' Almighty ſee and hear,
Who form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Ear?
Who Nations ſlew,
Not puniſh you?
Who taught, not know? to him appear
Dark Counſels, ſecret Fires,
Vain Hopes, and vaſt Deſires.

But

But O! thrice blesſed he, whom God Part 2.
Chaſtiſeth with his gentle Rod;
Informs, and aws
By ſacred Laws.
In ſtorms brought to a ſafe aboad:
While the Unrighteous ſhall
By winged Vengeance fall.

For he will not forſake th' Elect;
Nor who adore his Name reject:
But Judgement then
Shall turn again
To Juſtice, and her Throne Erect:
Who are in Heart upright
Shall follow that clear Light.

What mortal will th' Afflicted aid?
Defend when impious Foes invade?
Lord, hadſt not thou,
My Soul e're now
In ſilent ſhades of Death had laid:
For he my Out-cries heard;
And from the Centre rear'd.

When Grief my labouring Soul confounds;
Thou powreſt Balm into her wounds.
Shall Tyranny
With thee comply?
Who Miſchief for a Law propounds?
Who ſwarm to circumvent,
And doom the Innocent.

But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
My Refuge, and my Recompence.
The Vicious ſhall
By Vices fall;
By their own Sins be ſwept from hence.
God ſhall cut off their breath,
And give them up to Death.

PSALM XCV.

As the 34.

COme Sing the great Jehovah's Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies have prolong'd our Dayes;
Sing with a joyful voyce.
With bending Knees, and raiſed Eyes
Adore your God: O ſacrifice;
In ſacred Hymns rejoyce.

Great is the God of our Defence,
Tranſcending all in eminence:
His Hand the Earth ſuſtains;
The Depths, the lofty Mountains made;
The Land and liquid Plains diſplaid,
And curbs them with his Reins.

O come, before his Foot-ſtool fall,
Our only God, who form'd us all;
Through Storms of danger led.
He is our Shepherd, we his Sheep;
His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keep,
In pleaſant Paſtures fed.

The Voice of God thus ſpake this Day;
Repine not as at *Meribah*,

As

As in the Wilderneſs:
Where your Fore-athers tempted me;
Who did my Works of Wonder ſee,
And to their ſhame confeſs.

When vex'd for forty years, I ſaid;
This People in their hearts have ſtray'd;
Rebellious to command:
To whom I in my Anger ſwore,
That Death ſhould ſeiſe on them, before
They knew this pleaſant Land.

PSALM XCVI.

NEw compoſed Ditties ſing
To our Everlaſting King:
You, all you of Humane birth,
Fed and nouriſh'd by the Earth,
Celebrate Jehovah's Praiſe,
Daily his Deliveries blaſe.
His Glory let the *Gentiles* know;
To the World his wonders ſhow.
O how gracious! O how great!
Earth his Foot-ſtool, Heaven his Seat.
To be fear'd and honour'd more
Than thoſe gods, whom Fools adore;
Idols by their Servants made:
But our God the Heavens diſplay'd.
Honour, Beauty, Power Divine,
In his Sanctuary ſhine.
All, who by his Favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give;
Glory due unto his Name,
And his Mighty Deeds proclame.

As the 29.

Offerings on his Altar lay;
There your Vows devoutly pay.

Part 2.

In his beauteous Holineſs
To the Lord your Prayer addreſs.
All, whom Earths round ſhoulders bear,
Serve the Lord with Joy and Fear.
Tell Mankind, Jehovah reigns:
He ſhall bind the world in Chains,
So as it ſhall never ſlide;
And with ſacred Juſtice guide.
Let the ſmiling Heavens rejoyce;
Joyful Earth exalt her Voice:
Let the dancing Billows rore;
Ecchoes anſwer from the Shore:
Fields their flowry Mantles ſhake;
All ſhall in their Joy partake:
While the Woods Muſicians ſing
To the ever-youthful Spring.
Fill his Courts with ſacred Mirth;
He, He comes to judge the Earth.
Juſtly He the World ſhall ſway,
And his Truth to men diſplay.

PSALM XCVII.

As the 8.

O Earth! joy in Jehovah's Reign;
You numerous Iſles, claſp'd by the Main.
Him rolling Clouds and Shades infold.
Judgement and Truth his Throne uphold.
Who fiery Darts before him throws;
With winged flames conſumes his Foes.
His Lightning made a day of night;
Earth trembled at ſo fear'd a ſight.

The

The Mountains at his Preſence ſweat,
Like pliant Wax diſſolv'd with Heat;
At his Deſcenſion from the Skie,
Who rules the Worlds great Monarchie.
The Heavens declare his Righteouſneſs;
His Glory wondering men confeſs.
Let thoſe with ſhame to Hell deſcend,
Whoſe Knees to curſed Idols bend;
Whoſe rocks for Deities implore:
O all you gods, our God adore.
Rejoycing *Sion* heard her King:
Her Daughters of his Judgements ſing.
Thou art exalted above all
Mankind, and Pow'rs Angelicall.
Thoſe Saints thy ſhady Wings protect,
Who Sin abhor, and thee affect.
For thou haſt ſown the Seeds of Light,
And joy, which ſhall inveſt th' Upright.
You Juſt, your joyful Hearts elate;
His bleſt Memorial celebrate.

PSALM XCVIII.

SIng to the King of kings, *As the 47.*
Sing in unuſual Laies;
That hath wrought wondrous things,
His Conqueſt crown with Praiſe:
Whoſe Arms alone,
And ſacred Hands,
Their impious Bands
Have overthrown.

He Juſtice brings to light;
His ſaving Truth extends,
Even in the *Gentiles* ſight,
To Earths remoteſt Ends.
His Heavenly Grace
At full diſplay'd,
And promiſe made
To *Jacobs* Race.

Let all that dwell on Earth
Their high Affections raiſe,
With univerſal Mirth,
And loudly ſing his Praiſe:
To Muſick joyn
The warbling Voice,
Let all rejoyce
With Joy divine.

The ſprightly Trumpet ſound;
The ſhrill-voic'd Cornet bring:
Let all with Joy abound
Before the Lord our King.
Rore out you Seas,
You ſpangled Skies,
All you compriſe,
Rejoyce with theſe.

Floods clap your thronging waves;
You Hills exalt your mirth:
He, who his People ſaves,
Now comes to judge the Earth:
The round World ſhall
With Juſtice trie;
His Equitie
Diſpenſt to all.

PSALM

PSALM XCIX.

LEt our Foes with terrour quake; *As the 29.*
Let the Earths Foundations ſhake:
Now the Lord his Reign begins,
Thron'd between the Cherubins.
O how great in *Sions* Towers!
High above all Mortal Powers.
Great and terrible his Name:
Since ſo holy, praiſe the ſame.
Judgement his great Power affects;
Yet by Equity directs.
Theſe celeſtial Twins imbrace;
Theſe reflect on *Jacobs* Race.
O how holy! above all
Honour; at his Foot-ſtool fall,
Moſes; *Aaron* heretofore
Among thoſe who Mitres wore:
Samuel by Vow deſir'd,
Among thoſe who were inſpir'd.
Theſe to him their Prayers preferr'd,
Theſe by him as ſoon were heard.
Theſe his Statutes rarely brake:
Unto theſe th' Almighty ſpake
In the Pillar of a Cloud:
To his Service ever vow'd.
He did their Petitions hear,
Merciful, and yet ſevere.
The Holy, on his Holy Hill
Glorifie, and worſhip ſtill.

PSALM

PSALM C.

As the 47.

ALL from the Suns uprise,
Unto his Setting Raies,
Resound in Jubilees
The great Jehovah's Praise.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your Gifts, and sing
Before his Throne.

Man drew from Man his Birth,
But God his noble Frame
Built of the ruddy Earth,
Fill'd with cælestial Flame.
His Sons we are;
Sheep by him led,
Preserv'd, and fed
With tender care.

O, to his Portals press
In your divine resorts:
With Thanks his Power profess,
And praise him in his Courts.
How good! how pure!
His Mercies last:
His Promise past
For ever sure.

PSALM

PSALM CI.

OF Juſtice I and Mercy ſing, (ſpring; *As the 46.*
Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountain
The Graces that adorn a King.

Grave Wiſdom ſhall my ſteps direct,
No Vice my heart nor Roof infect.
When wilt thou viſit thine Elect!

No pleaſure ſhall mine eyes miſguide:
Who from the Tract of Virtue ſlide,
Juſt Hate ſhall from my Soul divide.

Who miſchief in their Hearts contrive,
Delight in Wrong, in Factions ſtrive,
I from my peaceful Court will drive.

Who hath his Friend with Slander ſtrook,
I will cut off; nor ever brook
A proud Heart, and a haughty Look.

Mine Eyes the Faithful ſhall obſerve;
Thoſe in my Family ſhall ſerve,
Who never from pure Virtue ſwerve.

But who are exercis'd in Guile,
Whoſe Tongues malicious Lies defile,
I from my Preſence will exile.

And all the Wicked in the Land
Will cut off with a timely Hand;
Nor ſhall they in Gods City ſtand.

PSALM

PSALM CII.

As the 22.

ACcept my Prayers, nor to the Cry
Of my Afflictions ſtop thine Ear:
Lord, in the time of Miſery
And ſad reſtraint ſerene appear;
The Sighings of my Spirit hear;
And when I call, with ſpeed reply.

As Smoak, ſo fleets my Soul away;
My marrow dry'd, as Hearths with heat:
My heart ſtruck down, like withered Hay;
Through Sorrow I forſake my meat,
While meagre cares my Liver eat:
The clinging Skin my Bones diſplay.

Like Deſert-haunting Pelicans;
In Cities not leſs deſolate:
Like Screech-Owls, who with ominous ſtrains
Diſturb the Night, and day-light hate:
A Sparrow, which hath loſt his Mate,
And on a Pinácle complains.

Reviling Foes my Honour blaſt,
And frantick men my ruin ſwear.
For Bread, I roll'd-on aſhes taſt;
Each drop I drink mixt with a tear.
For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can bear,
Thou raiſeſt, and doſt head-long caſt.

My Dayes ſhort, as the Evening ſhade;
As Morning dew conſume away:
As Glaſs cut down with Sithes, I fade,

Or

Or like a flower crop'd yesterday:
But, Lord, thou suffer'st no decay:
Thy Promises shall never yade.

For thou shalt from thy Rest arise,
(Since now th' appointed time draws near)
And look on *Sions* miseries,
Her Walls and batter'd Buildings rear;
Whose ruins to thy Saints are dear;
For they her Dust as sacred prise.

Thy Name then shall the *Gentiles* praise; Part 2.
All Kings thy Honour celebrate:
For when the Lord shall *Sion* raise,
His Glory shall ascend in State:
So prone to hear the Desolate,
And succour them in all assaies.

Unto eternal Memory
Our Histories shall this record;
And all that are created by
His pow'rful Hand, shall fear the Lord,
Who doth such Grace to his afford,
And on the Earth looks from on high;

To hear the pensive Captives grone;
The Sons of Death by him unbound:
His Name again in *Sion* known,
That *Salem* may his Praise resound:
When in his Service all the Round
Of Earth shall there be joyn'd in one.

Yet, Lord, amidst these Hopes thou hast
Consum'd my strength, abridg'd my years:
Before my Noon of Life be past

Let

Let me not die thus drown'd in tears.
Time waſts not thee, which all out-wears;
Thy happy Daies for ever laſt.

Thou mad'ſt the Earth, thou didſt diſplay
The Heavens in various motion roll'd:
Theſe and their Glories ſhall decay;
But thou ſhalt thy exiſtence hold:
They like a Garment ſhall grow old,
And in their changes paſs away.

But thou art ſtill the ſame: before
The World, and after ſhalt remain.
You bleſſed Souls, who God adore,
With Patient Hope your harms ſuſtain:
For you ſhall proſper in his Reign
And yours, ſubſiſt for evermore.

PSALM CIII.

As the 8.

MY Soul, and all my Faculties
Jehovah praiſe; ſing till the Skies
Re-eccho his aſcending Fame:
My Soul, O celebrate his Name!
Nor ever let the memory
Of his ſurpaſſing Favours die.
He gently pardons our miſdeeds,
And cures the Wounds which inward bleeds.
Hath from the Chains of Death unbound;
With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
With Food our Hunger he ſubdues:
And Eagle-like our Youth renues.
His Juſtice he extends to all;
Oppreſſors by his Vengeance fall.

His

His ſacred Paths to *Moſes* ſhown;
His Miracles to *Iſrael* known:
From Him the Springs of Mercy flow;
Swift to forgive, to anger ſlow.
For he will not for ever chide,
Nor conſtant to his Wrath abide:
But mildly from his Rage relents,
And ſhortens our due Puniſhments.
For as the Heavens in amplitude
Exceed the Centre they include:
So ample is his Clemency
To all who on his Grace rely.

As far as the bright Orient *Part 2.*
Is diſtant from the Suns Deſcent;
So far he ſets from his Aſpect
Their Guilt, who him with fear affect.
And as a Father to his Child,
So ſoft, ſo quickly reconcil'd.
He knows the Fabrick of us all;
That duſt is our Original.
Man flouriſheth like Graſs, a Flower
That blows and withers in an hour:
By ſcorching heat, by blaſting Wind
Deflower'd, and leaves no print behind.
But his firm Mercy ſhall imbrace
His Saints for ever, and their Race:
Thoſe who his equal Laws fulfill,
Remember, and perform his Will.
In Heaven the great Jehovah reigns,
And governs all that Earth contains:
You Angels, who in ſtrength exceed,
Who him obey with winged ſpeed;
You ordred Hoſts of radiant Stars;
O you his flaming Miniſters;

All

All, whom his Wiſdom did create;
Through his large Empire celebrate
His glorious Name with ſweet accord:
Joyn thou, my Soul, to praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of God in his Works.

¶ *As the 72. Part. 1. In the heavens, Air, waters.*

MY raviſh'd Soul, great God, thy praiſes ſings;
Whom Glory circles with her radiant Wings,
And Majeſty inveſts: then Day more bright;
Cloth'd with the beams of *new-created* Light.
He, like an all-infolding Canopy,
Fram'd the vaſt concave of the ſpangled Skie:
And in the Air-*imbraced* Waters ſet
The Baſis of his hanging Cabinet.
Who on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides;
And with a reign the flying Tempeſt guides.
Bright Angels his attendant Spirits made;
By flame-diſperſing Seraphims obey'd.
The ever-fixed Earth cloth'd with the Flood;
In whoſe calm boſome unſeen Mountains ſtood;
At his rebuke it ſhrunk with ſuddain dread,
And from his voices Thunder ſwiftly fled.
Then Hills their late concealed Heads extend,
And ſinking Vallies to their Feet deſcend.
The trembling Waters through their bottoms wind,
Till they the Sea, their Nurſe and Mother, find.
He to the ſwelling Waves preſcribes a bound,
Leſt Earth again ſhould by their rage be drown'd.

newly created

embraced by the air.

foundation

Springs

Springs through the pleasant Medows pour their drills,
Which Snake-like glide between the bordring Hills;
Till they to Rivers grow; where beasts of prey
Their thirst asswage, and such as man obey.

In neighbouring Groves the Ayr's Musicians sing,
And with their Musick entertain the Spring.
He from celestial Casement showers distills,
And with renew'd increase his Creatures fills.
He makes the fertil food-full Earth her fruit produce;
For Cattel Grass, and Herbs for humane use.
The spreading Vine long purple clusters bears,
Whose juyce the hearts of pensive Mortals chears:
Fat Olives smooth our brows with suppling Oyl;
And strengthning Corn rewards the Reapers toil.
His Fruit affording trees with sap abound.
The Lord hath *Lebanon* with Cedars crown'd:
They to the warbling Birds a shelter yield,
And wandring Storks in lofty Fir-trees build.
Wild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge flie;
And Conies in the Rocks dark entrails lie.
He guides the changing Moons alternate face:
The Suns diurnal and his annual Race.
'Twas he that made the all-informing Light;
And with dark shadows cloaths the aged Night.
Then Beasts of prey break from their Mountain Caves;
The roaring Lion pinch'd with hunger craves
Food from his hand. But when Heavens greatest Fire
Obscures the Stars, they to their Dens retire.
Men with the Morning rise, to labour prest;
Toil all the Day, at Night return to rest.

Part 2. Part. 2. *Birds, beasts, & Men; with their convenient entertainments, & their relief by the alternation of night & day.*

¶ Part 3. Great God! how manifold, how infinite
The provisions of the earth; The furniture of the Sea.
Are all thy Works! with what a clear fore-ſight
Didſt thou create and multiply their birth!
Thy riches fill the far extended Earth.
The ample Sea; in whoſe unfathom'd Deep
Innumerable ſorts of Creatures creep:
Bright ſcaled Fiſhes in her Entrails glide,
And high-built Ships upon her boſome ride:
About whoſe ſides the crooked Dolphin plays,
And monſtrous Whales huge ſpouts of water raiſe.
All on the Land, or in the Ocean bred,
On Thee depend; in their due ſeaſon fed.
They gather what thy bounteous Hands beſtow,
And in the Summer of thy Favour grow.
When thou contract'ſt thy clouded Brows, they mourn;
And dying, to their former duſt return.
Again created by thy quickning breath,
To re-ſupply the Maſſacres of Death.
No Tract of Time his Glory ſhall deſtroy:
He in th' Obedience of his Works ſhall joy:
But when their wild revolts his Wrath provoke;
Earth trembles, and the airy Mountains ſmoke.
I all my life will my Creator praiſe;
And to his Service dedicate my Daies.
May he accept the Muſick of my Voice,
While I with ſacred Harmony rejoyce.
Hence you profane, who in your Sins delight:
root-out. God ſhall extirp, and caſt you from his Sight.
My Soul, bleſs thou this all-commanding King:
√ You Saints and Angels, Hallelujah ſing.

PSALM

PSALM CV.

TO God, O pay your vows; invoke his Name, *As the 72.*
And to the World his noble Acts proclame!
O sing his praises in immortal Verse,
And his stupendious Miracles rehearse!
You Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;
His power adore; for ever seek his Face.
Old *Abrahams* Seed, you Sons of the Elect;
You *Israelites*; O you, who God affect,
Report the Wonders by his finger wrought,
When in your cause th' inferiour creatures fought.
Jehovah rules the many-peopled Earth;
His judgement known to all of humane birth.
He never will forget his Promise past;
His Covenants inviolable last,
Which he to faithful *Abraham* made before,
And after to the holy *Isaac* swore:
To *Jacob* sign'd, confirm'd to *Israel*;
That their large Off-spring should in *Canaan* dwell.
When they, but few in number, wandered
In unknown Regions, and their Cattel fed:
He did their lives from violence protect;
And for their sakes even mighty Princes checkt.
Touch not, said he, my Anointed; fear to wrong
Those sacred Prophets, who to Me belong.

When raging Famine in these Climates reign'd; *Part 2.*
He broke the Staff of Bread, which life sustain'd:
But *Joseph* sent before them; sold to save
His Brethren, by whose envy made a slave.
There for th' Accusers guilt in prison thrown;
With galling fetters bound, for crimes unknown;

Try'd with affliction, at the time decreed,
At once by *Pharoah* both advanc'd and freed.
He of his Houſhold gave him the command,
And made him Ruler over all his Land:
His Princes to his government Subjects.
The prudent Youth grave Senators directs.
Then aged *Jacob* into *Egypt* came,
And ſojourn'd in the fruitful Fields of *Ham*.
God in that Land his people multiply'd;
Their Focs, which now their greater ſtrength envy'd,
Hate what they fear; he alienates their hearts,
To ſeek their ruin by deceitful Arts.

Part 3. Then *Moſes* on a ſacred Embaſſie
And *Aaron* ſent; th' Elect of the moſt High.
There wrought his dreadful Wonders; from the Iſle
Of Sea-girt *Pharo's*, to the Falls of *Nile*.
He bade *Cimmerian* darkneſs dim the Day:
Th' aſſembled Vapours his commands obey.
He their ſeven chanell'd Waters turn'd to Blood;
The Fiſhes ſtrangled in their native Flood.
Frogs from the ſlimy Earth in Millions ſpring;
And skip about the Chambers of the King.
All parts with ſwarms of noiſome Flies abound:
And Lice, like quickned duſt, crawl on the ground.
He ſtorms of killing Hail, for Showers, beſtows;
And from the breaking clouds his lightning throws:
Blaſts all the Vines, and Fig-trees in the Land;
The Woods, with Tempeſts torn, or naked ſtand.
Innumerable Locuſts theſe ſucceed;
And Caterpillars on their leavings feed:
They bite the tender Herb, the bud, and flower;
And all the verdure of the Earth Devour.

Their

Their Strength (the First-born) slew: which fill'd
their ears
With Female screeches, and their hearts with fears.

Then He the *Hebrews* out of *Goshen* brought, Part 4.
In able health, with Gold and Silver fraught.
Th' Inhabitants, whose tears augment the *Nile*,
At their departure Joy, and Fear exile.
A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was spread;
And Nightly by a flaming Pillar led.
At their request he sends them showers of Quails;
And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, hails.
Cleaves the hard Rocks, from whence a Fountain
flows,
And unknown Rivers to those Deserts shows:
For he his sacred Promise call'd to mind,
To *Abraham* his Friend and Servant sign'd.
Thus he his People brought from servitude,
Whose long-felt miseries in joy conclude.
From hence the *Heathen* by our Weapons chac'd;
And us his sons in their possessions plac'd:
That from his Statutes we might never swerve.
O praise the Lord, and him devoutly serve!

PSALM CVI.

WIth grateful hearts Jehovahs praise re- As the 72.
sound;
In goodness great; whose Mercy hath
no bound.
What Language can express his mighty deeds,
Or utter his due praise, which words exceeds!
Thrice blessed they, who his commands observe,
Nor ever from the tract of Justice swerve.

Great God, O with benevolent aſpect
(Even with the love thou bear'ſt to thine Elect)
Behold and ſuccour; That my raviſh'd Eyes
May ſee a period of their miſeries,
Who Thee adore: that I may give a voice
To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce.
We as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;
Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.
They, of thy Miracles in *Egypt* wrought,
So full of Fear and Wonder, never thought;
Thy Mercies, than their hairs in number, more:
But murmur'd on the *Erythræan* Shore.
Yet for his Honour ſav'd them from the Foe,
That all the World his wondrous Power might know.
There the commanded Sea aſunder rent,
While *Iſrael* through his duſty Chanel went:
Whom He from *Pharoah* and his Army ſaves;
The ſwift-returning Floods their fatal Graves.

Part 2. Then they his Word believ'd, and ſung his Praiſe;
Yet ſoon forgot: and wandred from his Waies.
Who long for fleſh to pamper their exceſs;
And tempt him in the barren Wilderneſs.
He grants their wiſh, and with a Flight of Fowls,
Sent meager Death into their hungry Souls.
They, *Moſes* gentle Government oppoſe;
And envy *Aaron*, whom the Lord had choſe.
The yawning Earth then in her ſilent womb
Did *Dathan* and *Abirams* Troops intomb.
A ſwiftly-ſpreading Fire among them burns,
And thoſe Conſpirators to Aſhes turns.
Yet they, the ſlaves of Sin, in *Horeb* made
A Calf of Gold, and to an Idol pray'd.

The

The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they
For th' Image of a Beaſt that feeds on Hey:
Forgot their Saviour, all his Wonders ſhown
In *Zoan*, and the Plains by *Nile* o're-flown;
The Wonders acted by his pow'rful Hand;
Where the Red-Sea obey'd his ſtern Command.
God hath pronounc'd their ruin: *Moſes* then,
His Servant *Moſes*, and the beſt of Men,
Stood in the Breach, which their Rebellion made;
And by his Prayer the hand of Vengeance ſtaid.

Yea they this fruitful Paradiſe deſpis'd, *Part* 3.
Nor his ſo-oft-confirmed Promiſe priz'd:
But mutined againſt their faithful Guide,
And baſely wiſh'd, they had in *Ægypt* dy'd.
For this, the Lord advanc'd his dreadful Hand,
To overthrow them on th' *Arabian* Sand;
To ſcatter their rebellious Seed among
Their Foes; expos'd to poverty and Wrong.
Beſides; *Baal-Peor* they ador'd, and fed
On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.
Thus their Impieties the Lord incenſe,
Who ſmote them with devouring Peſtilence.
But when with noble anger *Phineas* ſlew
The bold Offenders, He his Plagues with-drew.
This was reputed for a righteous Deed,
Which ſhould for ever conſecrate his Seed.
So they at *Meribah* his Anger mov'd;
The ſacred Prophet for their ſakes reprov'd:
Their Cries his Saint-like ſufferance provoke;
Who raſhly in his Souls diſtemper ſpoke,
Nor ever entred the affected Land.
They, ſtill rebellious to divine Command,
Preſerv'd thoſe Nations by his Wrath ſubdu'd;
Mixt with the *Heathen*, and their Sins purſu'd.

Their curſed Idols ſerve with Rites profane,
(Snares to their Soul) and from no Crime abſtain.

Part 4. Their Sons and Virgin daughters ſacrifice
To Devils; and look on with tearleſs eyes.
Defil'd the Land with innocent blood, which ſprung
From their own loins, on flaming Altars flung.
Unto adulterate Deities they pray'd,
And worſhipped thoſe Gods their hands had made.
Theſe crying Sins exaſperate the Lord;
Who now his own Inheritance abhorr'd:
Given up unto the *Heathen* for a Prey;
Slaves to their Foes; who hate them moſt, obey.
Deliver'd oft; as oft his Wrath provoke,
And with increaſing Sins renew their Yoke.
Yet he compaſſionates their miſeries,
And with ſoft pity hears their mournful Cries:
His former Promiſe calls to mind, relents;
And in his Mercy, of his Wrath repents.
In ſalvage Hearts unknown Compaſſion bred,
By whom but lately into thraldome led.
Great God of gods, thy Votaries protect,
And from among the Barbarous recollect:
That we to Thee may dedicate our Daies,
And joyntly triumph in thy glorious Praiſe.
Bleſt, O for ever bleſt, be *Iſraels* King:
All you his People, Halelujah ſing.

Amen, *Amen*.

A PARAPHRASE

Upon the Fifth BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID.*

PSALM CVII.

EXtoll, and our good God adore, *As the* 8.
Whose Sea of Mercy hath no Shore.
O you by Tyrants late oppreſt,
Now from your ſervile Yokes releaſt;
Praiſe him, who your Redemption wrought,
And home from barbarous Nations brought.
From where the Morn her Wings diſplays;
From where the Evening crowns the Dayes;
Beneath the burning Zone, and near
The Influence of the freezing Bear.
They in unpeopled Deſerts ſtraid;
The Heavens their Roof, the Clouds their ſhade:
Their Souls with thirſt and hunger faint;
None by, to pity their Complaint:
When to the Lord their God they cry'd,
His Mercy their extreams ſuppli'd.

He

He led them through the Wilderneſs,
And gave them Cities to poſſeſs.
O you, his Goodneſs celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
For he in foodleſs Deſerts fed
The Hungry with cœleſtial Bread.
From wondring Rocks new Currents roul,
To ſatisfie the thirſty Soul.

Part 2. Thoſe Rebels, who his Counſel ſlight,
Impriſon'd in the ſhades of Night;
Horrors of Guilt their Souls ſurpriſe:
When humbled with their miſeries,
They to the Lord addreſt their Prayers;
His Mercy comforts their Deſpairs,
From Darkneſs draws, diſſolves their Grieves;
And from Deaths Jaws preſerves their lives.
O you his Goodneſs celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate?
He breaks Steel-bars, and Gates of Braſs,
To force a way for His to paſs.
Thoſe Fools, whom pleaſing Sins intice,
Are puniſh'd by their darling Vice.
Their Souls all ſorts of Food diſtaſt:
Whom Troops of pale Diſeaſes waſte.
When they to God direct their Prayers,
His Mercy comforts their Deſpairs.
His Word reſtores them from their Graves,
And from a dreadful Ruin ſaves.
O you his Goodneſs celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
Due Praiſes to his Altar bring,
And of your great Redemption ſing.

Who

Who ſail upon the toiling Main, Part 3.
And traffick in purſuit of Gain,
To ſuch his Power is not unknown,
Nor wonders in the Ocean ſhown.
At his Command black Tempeſts riſe;
Then mount they to the troubled Skies,
Thence ſinking to the Depths below.
The Ship Hulls as the Billows flow;
And all Aboard at every ſeel,
Like Drunkards on the Hatches reel.
When they to God direct their Prayers,
His Mercy comforts their Deſpairs.
Forthwith the bitter Storms aſſwage,
And foming Seas ſuppreſs their Rage:
Then, ſinging, with a proſperous Gale,
To their deſired Harbour ſail.
O you his Goodneſs celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
His Fame in your Aſſemblies raiſe,
And in the ſacred Senate praiſe.

He Rivers turns t'a Wilderneſs; Part 4.
Springs dry'd up by the Suns acceſs.
To ſcourge their Sins, he makes the Soil
Ingrateful to the Owners toil:
Turns ſandy Deſerts into Pools,
And parched Earth with Fountains cools:
There plants his hungry Colonies,
Where ſtrongly-fenced Cities riſe:
The Fields their yellow Mantles wear,
And ſpreading Vines full cluſters bear.
They infinitely multiply:
Their Heards of no diſeaſes die.
But when their Sins his Wrath incenſe,
Then Famine, War, and Peſtilence,

Their

Their miſerable Lives devour:
Their Princes he deprives of Power,
Who in the Path-leſs Wilderneſs
Conceal'd themſelves from Mans acceſs.
The Poor he raiſeth from the ground;
Their Families like flocks abound,
The Juſt ſhall this with Joy behold;
Th' Unjuſt with fear and ſhame controll'd.
The Wiſe theſe Changes will record,
That they may know and ſerve the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

As the 2.

MY Thoughts the Lord their Object make;
Before the ruddy Morning ſpring,
My Glory of his Praiſe ſhall ſing:
Awake, my Lute; my Harp, awake;
While I to all the World rehearſe
His praiſes in a living Verſe.

Thy Mercy (O how great!) extends
Above the Starry Firmament;
Still unto tender pity bent:
Thy Truth the ſoaring clouds tranſcends.
Thy Head above the Heavens erect;
Thy Glory on the Earth reflect.

O hear us, who thy aid implore;
And with thy own Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved Succour ſend.
God by his Sanctity thus ſwore;
I *Succoths* Valley will divide:
In *Sichems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

Manaſſeh,

Manasseh, *Gilead*, both are mine:
Ephraim my Strength, in Battail bold.
Thou *Judah*, shalt my Scepter hold.
I will triumph o're *Palestine*.
Base Servitude shall *Moab* waste.
O're *Edom* I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troops direct
To *Rabbah* strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy *Edom* guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Host against the Foe?

When Death and Horrour most affright,
Do thou our troubled Souls sustain.
For O, the help of Man is vain!
Lead; and we valiantly shall fight.
Thy Feet our Foes shall trample down;
Thy Hands our Brows with Conquest crown.

PSALM CIX.

MY God, my Glory, leave not in Distress; *As the* 1.
Nor let prevailing fraud the truth oppress.
They who delight in subtilties and wrongs,
Afflict me with the poison of their tongues,
With Slander and Detraction gird me round,
And would, without a Cause, my life confound.
Good turns with evil proudly recompence,
And Love with Hate; my Merit, my offence.
But I in these Extremes to thee repair,
And pour out my perplexed Soul in Prayer.

Subject

Subject him to a Tyrants ſtern command;
Subverting Satan place at his Right hand;
Found guilty, when arraign'd: in that fear'd time
Let his rejected Prayers augment his Crime.
May he by violence untimely dye,
And let another his Command ſupply.
Let his diſtreſſed Widow weep in vain;
His wretched Orphans to deaf Ears complain.
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Deſerts ſeek their bread.
Let griping Uſurers divide his ſpoil;
And Strangers reap the harveſt of his toil.

Part 2. In his long miſery may he find no Friend;
None to his Race ſo much as Pity lend.
Let his Poſterity be overthrown;
Their Names to the ſucceeding Age unknown.
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget;
His Mothers Infamy before him ſet.
O let them be the Object of his Eye,
Till he out-root their hated Memory:
That to the wretched would no Mercy ſhow;
But cruelly purſu'd his Overthrow.
Laid Trains to kill the Broken and Contrite.
On his own head let his dire Curſes light.
He hated Bleſſing; never be he bleſt:
Let curſing like a Robe his Loins inveſt;
And like a fatal Girdle gird him round;
As he with Execrations did abound.
Let them like Water in his Bowels boil,
And eat into his Bones like burning Oyl.
Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,
Who ſeek to blaſt me with malicious lies.

But,

But, Lord, in my deliverance proclame *Part 3.*
Thy Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
For I am poor, with misery oppreſt;
My wounded heart bleeds in my panting breſt.
I like the Evening ſhadow am declin'd,
And like the Locuſt, toſs'd with every wind.
My feeble Knees beneath their burden bend;
My Fleſh with faſting falls, my Bones aſcend.
Reproach hath ſeiz'd on me; my Foes revile;
And in deriſion, ſhake their heads, and ſmile.
My God, O ſnatch me from the ſwallowing grave!
Thy ſervant with accuſtom'd Mercy ſave:
That they may know it was thy powerful Hand;
And how I by divine Supportance ſtand.
Still may they vainly curſe whom thou doſt bleſs;
And pine with envy at my good ſucceſs.
Let them be cloth'd with ſhame: O be their own
Confuſion on them like a Mantle thrown.
But I thy praiſe will duly celebrate;
And to the multitude thy Deeds relate:
That haſt th' afflicted Soul from ſorrow freed,
And from their ſnares who had his death decreed.

PSALM CX.

THe Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake, *As the* 34.
Sit at my right hand, till I make
A Foot-ſtool of thy Foes.
He will thy Rod from *Sion* ſend,
Unto whoſe Power all powers ſhall bend,
That dare thy Rule oppoſe.

Thy

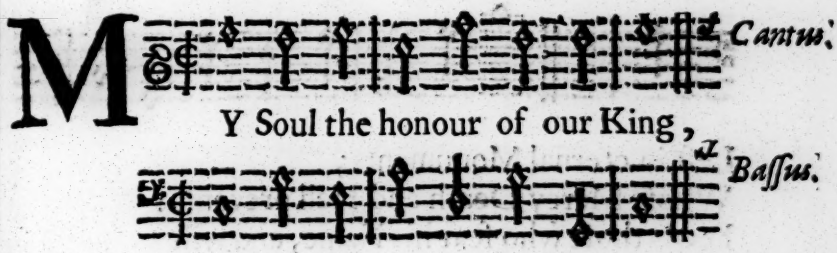
Thy People willingly ſhall pay
Their vows in that triumphant Day,
With their united Powers:
Aray'd in Ephods; nor ſo few
As are thoſe Pearls of Morning-dew,
Which hang on Herbs and Flowers.

He ſwore, who never Oath did break,
Of th' order of *Melchiſedeck*,
That thou a Prieſt ſhould'ſt raign:
Even while the Sun diſperſt his Light;
While Moons ſhall rule th' alternate Night,
Or Stars their courſe maintain.

God, in that Day at thy right hand,
Their Blood, who Tyrant-like command,
Shall in his fury ſpill.
He, in his Juſtice ſhall confound
The *Heathen*, and the purple ground
With heaps of ſlaughter fill.

Who over many Nations ſway,
And only their own Wills obey,
Shall ſink beneath his rage.
Then ſhall this all-ſubduing King
With Water of the Cryſtal ſpring
His burning thirſt aſſwage.

PSALM CXI.



MY Soul the honour of our King,
Shall in the great Assembly sing. Great are the
wonders He hath shown; With joy by their
admirers known. His glorious deeds all praise
O transcend;

tranſcend; His equal Juſtice knows no end.

Left in eternal Monuments;
Whoſe Mercy Death and Hell prevents:
Feeds thoſe who fear his Name, and will
His Promiſe faithfully fulfill.
Who planted with a powerful Hand
His People in this pleaſant Land.
Juſt Judgement executes; directs
By ſacred Laws; and Truth affects.
Theſe fretting Time ſhall never waſte;
But ſquar'd by Juſtice ever laſt.
His Word to us confirm'd by deed;
So often from oppreſſion freed.
His Name is terrible to all:
His fear is the Original
Of Wiſdom; and they only wiſe
Who make his Laws their Exerciſe.
His praiſe, while men have memory,
And power of ſpeech, ſhall never dye.

PSALM CXII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 111 THat man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
And cheerfully obeys his Word.
His Seed ſhall flouriſh on the Earth;
Their Off-ſpring happy from their birth.

His

His Houſe with riches ſhall abound:
His truth with endleſs honour crown'd.
To him in darkneſs light aſcends:
Mild, gracious, juſt in all his ends.
His bounty for the poor provides:
Diſcretion all his actions guides.
No violence ſhall caſt him down;
No time deface his juſt renown;
Nor rumours ſhake his confidence:
The Lord his Hope, and ſtrong Defence:
Confirm'd in fearleſs fortitude,
Till he have all his Foes ſubdu'd.
He the neceſſitated feeds.
The honour of his vertuous Deeds
Shall live in ſacred memory;
His Glories ſhall aſcend on high.
Th' unjuſt inrag'd their teeth ſhall grinde,
And languiſh with the grief of minde:
Pale envy ſhall their fleſh conſume,
And all their hopes convert to fume.

PSALM CXIII.

Hallelu-jah.

O You, who ſerve the living Lord, *As the 113*
Due praiſes to his Name afford:
Now and for ever celebrate;
Let all his noble Acts relate.
Even from the purple Morn's upriſe,
To where the Evening ſtecks the Skies.
All power to his Dominion bends:
His Glory the bright Stars tranſcends.

What God can be compar'd with ours?
Who Thron'd in Heavens ſuperiour towers
Submits himſelf to guide and move
All that is done in Heaven above:
And from that height vouchſafes to throw
His eyes on us, who creep below.
The poor he raiſeth from the Duſt:
Even from the Dunghill lifts the Juſt;
Whom he to height of honour brings,
And ſets him in the Thrones of Kings.
He fructifies the barren Womb;
The Childleſs, Mothers now become.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXIV.

As the 111

WHen *Iſrael* left th' *Egyptian* Land,
Freed from a tyrannous command;
God his own People ſanctifi'd,
And he himſelf became their Guide.
Th' amazed Seas, this ſeeing, fled;
And *Jordan* ſhrunk into his Head:
The cloudy Mountains skipt like Rams;
The little Hills like friſking Lambs.
Recoyling Seas, what caus'd your dread?
Why *Jordan*, ſhrunk'ſt thou to the Head?
Why, Mountains, did you skip like Rams?
And why you little Hills, like Lambs?
Earth, tremble thou before his Face;
Before the God of *Jacobs* Race;
Who turn'd hard Rocks into a Lake;
When Springs from flinty intrails brake.

PSALM

PSALM CXV.

WE nothing can of merit clame: *As the 9.*
Not for our ſakes thy aid afford;
But for the honour of thy Name,
Thy Mercy, and unfailing Word.
Why ſhould th' inſulting *Heathen* cry;
Where's now the God they vainly praiſe?
Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie,
All underneath at pleaſure ſwaies.
Their Gods but Gold and Silver be,
Made by a frail Artificer:
For they have eyes, that cannot ſee;
Dumb mouths and ears, that cannot hear.
Fools on their Altars incenſe throw,
Who nothing ſmell; their Feet are bound,
Nor have they power to move or goe:
Their throats give paſſage to no ſound.
Their hands can neither give nor take;
Unapt to puniſh or defend:
As ſenſeleſs they who Idols make,
Or to their carved Statues bend.

Your hopes on God, O *Iſrael*, place; *Part 2.*
He is your Help, and ſtrong Defence:
Be he, you Prieſts of *Aarons* Race,
The object of your confidence.
In him, all you that fear him, truſt;
He ſhall protect you in diſtreſs.
The Lord is of his Promiſe juſt,
And will his faithful Servants bleſs:

The Houſe of choſen *Iſrael*,
And *Aarons* holy Family:
The poor, and who in power excel;
That love, and on his aid rely.
They ſhall a mighty People grow;
Their Children happy from their birth:
He will increaſe of gifts beſtow,
Whoſe hands created Heaven and Earth.
He in the Heaven of Heavens reſides,
And over all his Creatures reigns:
Among the ſons of men divides
The Earth, and all that Earth contains.
Who ſleep within the vaults of Death,
No Offerings to his Altars bring:
O praiſe his Name, while we have breath;
And loudly Halelu-jah ſing.

PSALM CXVI.

As the 4.

MY Soul intirely ſhall affect
The Lord, whoſe ears my grones reſpect
In miſery
He heard thy cry;
To him thy Prayers direct.

Sorrows of Death my Soul aſſail'd;
The greedy jaws of Hell prevail'd:
Depreſt with grief,
When all relief,
And humane pity fail'd;

I cry'd; My God, O look on me;
Thou ever Juſt, th' afflicted free.
O from the Grave
Thy Servant ſave;
For mercy lives in thee.

The Innocent, and long diſtreſt;
The humble mind by wrongs oppreſt;
Thy Favour ſtill
Preſerves from ill:
My Soul then take thy reſt.

God ſtaid my feet, and dry'd my tears;
Redeem'd from Death, and deadly fears:
That ſtill I might
Walk in his ſight,
And number many years.

Thus with a firm belief I pray'd: Part 2.
Yet in extreams of trouble ſaid;
All on the Earth
Of mortal birth,
Even all of Lies are made.

What ſhall I unto God reſtore
For all his Mercies? Fall before
His holy Throne,
And him alone
With ſacred Rites adore.

I will perform my Vows this day,
Where they frequent, who God obey.
Right precious is
The Death of His:
He ſees, and will repay.

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids Seed;
By Thee from raging Tyrants freed.
My Prayers ſhall riſe
In Sacrifice;
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will perform my Vows this day,
Where they frequent who God obey:
Even in his Court;
Within thy Fort,
Renowned *Solyma*.

PSALM CXVII.

As the 47.

YOu Nations of the Earth,
Our great Preſerver praiſe.
All you of humane birth,
To Heaven his Glory raiſe:
Whoſe Mercy hath
No end, nor bound:
His Promiſe crown'd
With conſtant Faith.

PSALM CXVIII.

As the 111

PRaiſe our good God, that King of kings,
From whom eternal Mercy ſprings.
Let *Iſrael*, let *Aarons* Race,
Let all that flouriſh in his Grace,
Confeſs, that from the King of kings
Eternity of Mercy ſprings.
He in my trouble heard my Prayers,
And freed me from their deadly ſnares:

He

He fights my Battails; then how can
I fear the Power of feeble Man?
Assists my Friends; my Enemies
Shall with their slaughter feast mine eyes.
Far better to have Confidence
In God, than trust to mans Defence:
On him much safer to relie,
Than on the strength of Monarchy.
The Nations all at once assail'd;
But by his Aid my Sword prevail'd.
Their Armies had beset me round;
I with their Bodies strew'd the ground.
Though they like Bees about me swarm;
His holy Name and pow'rful Arm
Shall soon consume their numerous powers,
As Fire the crackling Thorn devours.

Mad men! his Fall you seek in vain, *Part 2.*
Whom great Jehovah's Hands sustain.
He is my Strength; his Praise my Song:
By him preserv'd from powerful Wrong.
Our Tents with publick Joy shall ring:
The Just of their Deliverance sing.
He with his own Right hand hath fought;
His own Right hand hath Wonders wrought.
I shall not dye, but live to praise
The Lord, who hath prolong'd my Daies.
He with his Scourge my Sin corrects;
Yet from the Darts of Death protects.
You to his Service sanctifi'd,
The Temple Doors set open wide;
That I may enter in his Name,
And celebrate his glorious Fame.
Those are the Doors, at which all they
Shall enter, who his Will obey.

His

His Praiſe with Hymns immortallize!
My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries.

Part 3. That Stone the Builders from them caſt;
Is higheſt on the corner plac't.
God hath reveal'd theſe Myſteries,
So full of Wonder, to our Eyes.
This is his Day; a Day of Joy;
Of everlaſting Memory.
Great God of gods, thy King protect;
Propitious prove to thy Elect.
O bleſt be he, whom God ſhall ſend!
We, who within his Courts attend,
You from his Sanctuary bleſs;
And daily pray for your ſucceſs.
God, even the Lord, hath ſhed his light
Into our Souls, and clear'd our ſight.
Bind to the Altars horns, a Lamb,
New-weaned from the bleating Dam.
Thou art my God; my Songs ſhall praiſe,
And to the Stars thy Glory raiſe.
Praiſe our good God, The King of kings;
From whom eternal Mercy ſprings.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

Ps. the 1. BLeſt are the Undefil'd, who God obey;
Seek with their hearts, nor from his Precepts ſtray.
No tempting Vice ſhall thoſe from Virtue draw,
Who with unfainting Zeal obſerve his Law.

Lord,

Lord, by thy ſacred Rule my ſteps direct.
Thoſe ſhall not bluſh who thy Commands affect.
Thy Juſtice learnt, my Soul ſhall ſing thy Praiſe.
Forſake me not, O guide me in thy Waies!

BETH.

Young man, thy Actions by his Precepts guide: *Part 2.*
From theſe let not thy zealous Servant ſlide.
Thy Word, writ in my heart, ſhall curb my Will.
O teach me how I may thy Laws fulfill!
Thoſe, by thy Tongue pronounc'd, I will unfold.
Thy Teſtaments by me more pris'd than Gold.
On theſe I meditate, admire; there ſet
My Souls delight: theſe never will forget.

GIMEL.

O let me live t' obſerve thy Laws: mine Eyes *Part 3.*
Illuminate to view thoſe Myſteries.
Me, a poor Pilgrim, with thy Truth inſpire:
For whom my Soul even fainteth with deſire.
The Proud is curſt, who from thy Precepts ſtraies.
Bleſs, and preſerve my Soul, which theſe obeies.
No hate of Princes from thy Law deters:
My Study, my Delight, my Counſellers.

DALETH.

My down-caſt Soul, as thou haſt promis'd, raiſe. *Part 4.*
Thou know'ſt my Thoughts; direct me in thy waies.
Inform, and I thy Wonders will profeſs.
O ſtrengthen me, that labour in Diſtreſs!
Shew thy clear Paths, falſe Errors miſt remov'd.
I have thy choſen Truth and Judgements lov'd.

To

To theſe I cleave: O ſhield me from Diſgrace,
Inlarge my heart to run that heavenly race.

HE.

Part 5. Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will obſerve:
Nor from that ſacred Knowledge ever ſwerve.
My Soul to thoſe delightful Paths confine:
From Avarice purge, and to thy Laws incline.
Divert from vain deſires, my darkneſs clear:
Confirm the Soul devoted to thy Fear.
Free from fear'd ſhame: thy Judgements are upright.
O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

VAU.

Part 6. His Soul protect, who on thy Word relies;
And ſilence my reproachful Enemies.
O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preſerve:
So I thy Laws for ever ſhall obſerve;
Will freely walk in thy affected way:
Will boldly before Kings thy Truth diſplay.
For in thy Statutes I my comfort place;
Thoſe ſtudy, love, and with my Soul imbrace.

ZAIN.

Part 7. Think of thy Promiſe, which my Hopes hath fed,
All ſtorms appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead.
Nor for proud ſcoffs have I thy Laws declin'd:
Confirm'd, when I thy Judgements call to mind.
They, who thy Laws deſert, incenſe my rage:
Sung in the manſion of my Pilgrimage.
Thy Name, great God, I prais'd, when others ſlept;
This comfort had, ſince I thy Statutes kept.

CHETH.

CHETH.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore, Part 8.
Thy Laws obſerve, and promis'd Grace implore.
My Actions by thy ſacred Rules direct;
And thy Commands with forward Zeal effect.
The Wicked rob; but I thy Statutes priſe:
At Midnight to applaud thy Juſtice riſe.
Who fear and keep thy Laws, ſuch are my Friends.
Inſtruct; thy Mercy through the World extends.

TETH.

Thou to thy Servant haſt perform'd thy Word: Part 9.
Diſcerning knowledge to his Faith afford.
Thou Sea of Goodneſs, that my Soul conforms
Unto thy Statutes, by Afflictions ſtorms.
The Proud, fat at the Heart, baſe Slanders raiſe:
But I will truſt in thy affected Waies.
Me bleſt Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.
Thy Laws more pris'd than Ships with treaſure fraught.

JOD.

Inform me, my Creator, in thy Laws; Part 10.
That thine may ſee thy Obſerver with applauſe.
Thou ever juſt, in favour doſt correct.
With promis'd Mercy comfort thine Elect.
That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy;
Thoſe keep: the Proud, who cauſleſs hate, deſtroy.
Who fear and know thy Laws, to me unite:
O, leſt I periſh, guide me by their light!

CAPH.

CAPH.

Part 11. With Expectation faint, and blind; yet ſtill
My Soul expects. Thy Promiſe, Lord, fulfill.
I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.
Confound my Foes: when ſhall my Sorrows end!
The Proud have pitch'd their toils; infring'd thy Laws:
O ſacred Juſtice, ſnatch me from their jaws.
They had almoſt devour'd; but I affect
Thy Precepts: quicken, and by thoſe direct.

LAMED.

Part 12. Thy faithful Promiſes are fixt above;
Firm as the Poles, or Earth; which never move:
By thy eternal Ordinance diſpos'd.
Thy Laws my Life; elſe Grief my eyes had clos'd.
Nor will I theſe forget; by theſe renew'd.
Thy choſen ſave, who hath thy Truth purſu'd.
The Wicked chaſe my Soul, which thee obeys.
Thy Word ſhall laſt, when Heaven and Earth decays.

MEM.

Part 13. O how I love thy Laws! thoſe exerciſe!
By them made wiſer than my Enemies.
More than my Teachers know, more than the Old:
With Virtue theſe inflame, from Vice with-hold.
That they may guide me, I have cleans'd my Heart:
And from thy Preceps never will depart:
Then *Hermons* Honey to my taſte more ſweet.
By-ways I hate; by thine become diſcreet.

NUN.

NUN.

Thy Word, my Light; a Lamp to guide my way. *Part* 14.
I ſware t' obſerve thy Truth, and will not ſtray.
My wounded Soul with promis'd mercy heal:
Accept my offerings, and thy Will reveal.
Although inclos'd with Death; though Foes have laid
Snares for my Soul; yet have I thee obey'd.
My comforts, my eternal Heritage.
O may I keep them, till I die through age.

SAMECH.

I love thy Law; my hate to ſin is great: *Part* 15.
O thou my hope, my Shield, my ſafe retreat!
My Will ſhall thine obey. Hence you prophane.
Lord, ſave my Soul, nor let me hope in vain.
Uphold; and I thy Juſtice ſhall applaud.
Thou haſt intrap'd thy Foes in their own fraud;
Caſt out like Droſs. My heart affects thy path,
Yet trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

AIN.

O leave me not to my outragious Foes: *Part* 16.
Nor to their ſcorn my righteous Soul expoſe.
Mine Eyes even fail, while I thy aid expect.
Be merciful, and in thy Wayes direct.
Inlarge my mind, thy Wayes to underſtand:
'Tis time; for they infringe thy juſt Command,
Which more than Gold; than Gold refin'd I priſe;
In all upright. But hate deceitful lies.

PE.

Part 17. Thy Word, the Gate of Life, even Babes inſpires
With Knowledge: this my obſequious Soul admires:
This I with thirſty appetite devour.
Thy ſtreams of Mercy on thy Servant pour.
Compoſe my ſteps: ſo ſhall not ſin ſubject,
Nor man oppreſs: for I thy Laws affect.
Shine on my Soul; thy Statutes teach: mine Eyes
Shed ſhow'rs of tears, when men thy Laws deſpiſe.

TSADDI.

Part 18. As Thou thy Self, ſo all thy Laws are juſt:
Faithful to thoſe, who in thy Promiſe truſt.
Zeal hath conſum'd me, for my Foes neglect
Of thy pure Laws, which I in heart affect.
Thoſe to obſerve, though mean and ſcorn'd, intend.
Truth crowns thy Word; thy Juſtice without end.
Theſe in my grief, and trouble comfort give.
Inform with Knowledge, that my Soul may live.

COPH.

Part 19. O hear my cries! preſerve his life, who will
Thy Laws obey, and juſt Commands fulfill.
My Eyes out-watch the Night; my cries prevent
The early Morn, in due Devotion ſpent.
Hear, and revive; thy Juſtice execute
On lawleſs men: preſerve from their purſuit.
Thy oft-tri'd Mercy ever is at hand.
Thy Judgements on eternal Baſes ſtand.

RESCH.

RESCH.

Behold my ſorrows; patronize my cauſe. *Part 20.*
Thy Word perform to him, that keeps thy Laws.
Death ſhall devour, who thy Commands neglect.
Thou, great in Mercy, my ſought life protect.
In all extreams I have thy Will obſerv'd:
Griev'd, when Tranſgreſſors from thy Statutes ſwerv'd.
To me, who love thy Laws, thy Grace extend:
Thy Truth began with Time, and knows no end.

SCHIN.

Tyrants oppreſs; thy Word reſtrains my Mind: *Part 21.*
Wherein I joy, like thoſe who Treaſure find.
Fraud I abhor; inamour'd on thy Waies.
Seven times a Day my Lips thy Juſtice praiſe.
Who love thy Laws, ſweet Peace, and Safety bleſs.
In Thee I hope, nor thy juſt Will tranſgreſs.
Thy Word obſerve: thy Statutes I affect;
Which through theſe humane Seas my courſe direct.

TAU.

Accept my Prayers: with Knowledge, Lord, indue; *Part 22.*
From Death redeem; ſince to thy Promiſe true.
Thy Statutes taught, I will thy Praiſe reſound.
Thy Word extol, and Laws with Juſtice crown'd.
Theſe are my choice: uphold with thy right Hand;
Who feed on Hope, and joy in thy Command.
Prolong my life, that I thy Praiſe may ſing.
Lord, thy ſtray'd Sheep back to thy Paſture bring.

PSALM CXX.

As the 5.

DIſtreſt, and in my mind diſmay'd,
When deſtitute of humane aid,
To Thee ſucceſsfully I pray'd.

Lord, ſhield me from the Fraudulent;
From thoſe that are on malice bent;
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou falſe tongue, ſteep'd in the gall
Of Serpents! what reward, for all
Thy miſchief, ſhall to thee befall!

Like Arrows ſhot from *Parthian* ſtrings,
Fir'd Juniper, and Scorpions ſtings;
Such art thou, O thou worſt of things!

Wo's me, that I from *Iſrael*
Exiled, muſt in *Meſech* dwell;
And in the Tents of *Iſmael*!

O how long ſhall I live with thoſe,
Whoſe ſavage minds ſweet Peace oppoſe;
Where Fury by diſſwaſion grows:

PSALM CXXI.

As the 15.

TO the Hills thine Eyes erect,
Help from thoſe alone expect.
He who Heaven and Earth hath made,
Shall from *Sion* ſend thee aid.

God

God thy ever-watchful Guide,
Will not ſuffer thee to ſlide.
He, even he, who *Iſrael* keeps,
Never ſlumbers, never ſleeps.
He, thy Guard, with Wings diſplay'd,
Shall refreſh Thee in their Shade:
Suns ſhall not with heat infect,
But their temperate beams reflect:
Nor unwholſom Serene ſhall
From the Moons moiſt influence fall.
When thou travel'ſt on the way,
When at home thou ſpend'ſt the Day,
When ſweet Peace thy life delights,
When imbroyl'd in bloody Fights,
God ſhall all thy ſteps attend,
Now, and evermore defend.

PSALM CXXII.

As the 111

O Happy Summons! to the Court
And Temple of the Lord reſort.
Jeruſalem, our Feet ſhall tread
Within thy Walls: O thou the Head
Of all the Earth and *Judah*'s Throne;
Three Cities ſtrongly joyn'd in one!
The Tribes in throngs to Thee aſcend;
The Tribes which on the Lord depend:
Fat Offerings to his Altar bring,
And his immortal Praiſes ſing.
There ſhall he his Tribunal place,
The Judgement-ſeat of *Davids* Race.
Your joys ſhall with your days increaſe,
Who love and pray for *Salems* Peace.

May Peace within thy Walls abound;
Thy Palaces with joy reſound:
Even for my Friends and Kindreds ſake,
May never War thy Bulwarks ſhake:
Even for the hope of *Iſrael*,
And Houſe, where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

As the 34.

THou mover of the rolling Sphears,
I through the Glaſſes of my Tears,
To Thee my Eyes erect:
As Servants mark their Maſters hands:
As Maids their Miſtreſſes commands,
And liberty expect:

So we, depreſt by enemies,
And growing troubles, fix our Eyes
On God, who ſits on High:
Till he in mercy ſhall deſcend
To give our miſeries an end,
And turn our tears to joy.

O ſave us, Lord, by all forlorn;
The ſubject of contempt and ſcorn.
Defend us from their pride,
Who live in fluency and eaſe;
Who with our woes their malice pleaſe,
And miſeries deride.

PSALM CXXIV.

BUt that God fought for us, may *Israel* say; *As the 72.*
But that God fought for us, in that sad Day;
When men inflam'd with wrath; against us
rose:
We had alive been swallowed by our Foes:
Then had we sunk beneath the roaring Waves,
And in their horrid entrails found our graves:
Then had their violence, like torrents pour'd
From melting Hills, our wretched lives devour'd.
O blest be God! who hath not given our blood
To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food.
Our Souls, like Birds, have scap'd the Fowlers Net;
The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.
Our only confidence is in his Name,
Who made the Earth, and Heavens immortal frame.

PSALM CXXV.

THey, who the Lord their Fortress make, *As the 9.*
Shall like the Towers of *Sion* rise;
Which dreadful Earth-quakes never shake,
Nor raging tumults of the skies.
Lo! as the Hills of *Solyma*
Divine *Jerusalem* enclose:
So shall his Angels in the Day
Of danger, shield them from their Foes.
The Wicked shall not long subject
Their holy Race; lest through despair
They should the Laws of God neglect,
And be as their Commanders are.

Lord, to the Good be good; the Juſt
Protect: Their puniſhments increaſe,
Who follow their rebellious luſt:
But crown thy *Iſrael* with Peace.

PSALM CXXVI.

As the 111

WHen God had our deliverance wrought,
And *Sion* out of Bondage brought;
It ſeem'd to us a Dream; who were
Diſtracted between Hope and Fear.
Then ſacred Joy fill'd every Breaſt:
In flowing Mirth, and Songs expreſt.
The wondring *Heathen* oft would ſay;
How good! how great a God have they!
Great things for us the Lord hath wrought;
Above the reach of humane thought:
We therefore will his praiſes ſing.
The Remnant, Lord, from Bondage bring;
As Rivers through the parched Sand,
Or ſhow'rs which fall on thirſty land.
Who ſow in Tears, ſhall reap in Joy.
We after long Captivity,
Unto our native Soil retire;
The ſcope and crown of our deſire.

PSALM CXXVII.

As the 7.

UNleſs the Lord the houſe ſuſtain,
They build in vain;
In vain they watch, unleſs the Lord
The City guard.
In vain you riſe before the Light,
And break the ſlumbers of the Night.

In

In vain the bread of ſorrow eat,
Got by your ſweat;
Unleſs the Lord with good ſucceſs
Your labours bleſs:
For he all good on his beſtows,
And crowns their eyes with ſweet repoſe.

Increaſing ſons, his Heritage,
Renew their age;
The pledges of their fruitful love,
Given from above:
As formidable to the Foe,
As Arrows from a Giants bow.

He is belov'd of God, and bleſt
Above the reſt;
Whoſe Quivers with ſuch Shafts abound;
By men renown'd:
Nor ſhall his adverſary dread;
When they at the Tribunal plead.

PSALM CXXVIII.

HAppy he, who God obeys, *As the 15.*
Nor from his direction ſtrayes:
Thou ſhalt of thy labours feed;
All ſhall to thy wiſh ſucceed:
Like a fair and fruitful Vine,
By thy Houſe, thy Wife ſhall joyn:
Sons, obedient to command,
Shall about thy Table ſtand;
Like green plants of Olives, ſet
By the moiſtning rivulet.

He who fears the Power above,
Thus ſhall proſper in his love.
God ſhall thee from *Sion* bleſs;
Thou ſhalt joy in the ſucceſs
Which the Lord will *Salem* give,
While thou haſt a day to live:
Thou ſhalt ſee our *Iſraels* peace,
And thy childrens large increaſe.

PSALM CXXIX.

As the 111

OFt from my early youth have they
Afflicted me, may *Iſrael* ſay:
Oft from my early youth aſſail'd;
As oft have their endeavours fail'd.
My back with long deep furrows wound;
As Plow-ſhares ear the patient ground.
The ever Juſt hath broke their bands,
And ſav'd me from their cruel hands.
Let *Sions* Foes with infamy
Be clothed, and untimely dye.
Be they like Corn on Houſes tops,
Which Reapers ſickle never crops,
Nor Binder in his boſome bears:
But withers ſtill before it ears.
No Travailer their labours bleſs,
Nor ſay, We wiſh you good ſucceſs.

PSALM

PSALM CXXX.

OUt of the horrour of the Deep, *As the 19.*
Where fear and ſorrow never ſleep,
To the my cries
In ſighs ariſe:
Lord from deſpair thy ſervant keep:
O lend a gracious ear,
And my petitions hear.

For if thou ſhould'ſt our ſins obſerve:
And puniſh us, as we deſerve:
Not one of all
But then muſt fall;
Since all from their obedience ſwerve:
Yet art not thou ſevere,
That we thy Name might fear.

Thy Mercies our miſdeeds tranſcend:
My hopes upon thy Truth depend:
Diſconſolate
On thee I waite;
As weary Centinels attend
The chearful Morns upriſe
With long-expecting eyes.

O you that are of *Jacobs* Race,
In him your Hopes, and Comforts place;
His praiſes ſing;
The living Spring
Of Mercy and redundant Grace:
For he will *Iſrael*
Redeem from Sin and Hell.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXI.

As the 32.

THou Lord my witneſs art;
I am not proud of heart;
Nor look with lofty eyes;
None envy, nor deſpiſe;
Nor to vain pomp apply
My thoughts, nor ſore too high:
But in behaviour mild;
And as a tender child,
Wean'd from his Mothers breaſt,
On thee alone I reſt.
O *Iſrael*, adore
The Lord for evermore:
Be He the only ſcope
Of thy unfainting hope.

PSALM CXXXII.

As the 72.

REmember *David*, Lord; remember Thou
His Troubles; thy Redemptions; and the Vow
He to the mighty God of *Jacob* made;
Bound by an Oath; and in theſe words convey'd:
No Roof ſhall cover me, nor ſweet repoſe
Refreſh my Limbs, or ſleep my eye-lids cloſe,
'Till I have found a place for his abode;
Even for the Temple of the living God.
The Ark, we heard, in *Ephrata* long ſtood;
And found it in the valley cloth'd with Wood.
We will into thy Tabernacle go,
And there our ſelves before thy Foot-ſtool throw.

Aſcend

Aſcend to thy eternal Reſt at length;
Thou, and the Ark of thy admired ſtrength.
O let thy Prieſts be cloth'd with ſanctity,
And all thy Saints ſing with triumphant joy:
For *Davids* ſake, receive into thy Grace:
From thy Anointed never turn thy Face.
For thus thou ſwor'ſt who never wilt forget;
Thy Son ſhall long poſſeſs thy royal Seat:
And if thy Children my commands obſerve,
Nor from the rules of my preſcription ſwerve;
Their Off-ſpring ſhall the *Hebrew* Scepter ſway,
Even while the Sun illuminates the Day.
For *Sion* I have choſen; *Sion* great
In my affections; my eternal Seat.
I will abundantly increaſe her ſtore;
And with the flow'r of Wheat ſuſtain her poor:
Her Prieſts ſhall bleſſings to her People bring;
Her joyful Saints in ſacred meaſures ſing.
There ſhall the Horn of *David* freſhly ſprout;
Their lamp of glory never ſhall burn out:
His *Diadem* ſhall flouriſh on his head:
But Nets of ſhame his Foes ſhall over-ſpread.

PSALM CXXXIII.

O Bleſt eſtate! bleſt from above! *As the* 111
When Brethren joyn in mutual love.
'Tis like the precious Odors ſhed
On conſecrated *Aarons* head:
Which trickled from his Beard and Breaſt,
Down to the borders of his Veſt.
'Tis like the pearls of Dew that drop
On *Hermons* ever-fragrant top:

Or

Or which the ſmiling Heavens diſtill
On happy *Sions* ſacred Hill.
For God hath there his favours plac't,
And joy, which ſhall for ever laſt.

PSALM CXXXIV.

As the 47.

YOu, who the Lord adore,
And at his Altar wait;
Who keep your watch before
The threſhold of his Gate;
His praiſes ſing
By ſilent Night,
Till cheerful light
In th' Orient ſpring.

Your hands devoutly raiſe
To his divine Receſs;
The Worlds Creator praiſe,
And thus the People bleſs;
The God of Love,
From *Sions* Towers,
To you and yours
Propitious prove.

PSALM CXXXV.

As the 72.

O You, who Ephods wear and Incenſe fling
On ſacred flames; Jehovah's praiſes ſing.
You, who his Temple guard, O celebrate
His glorious Name; his noble Acts relate.
How great a joy with ſuch ſincere delight
To crown the Day, and entertain the Night!

For

For *Israel* is his choice; and *Jacobs* Race
His treasure, and the object of his Grace.
In power how infinite! how much before
Those mortal gods, whom frantick men adore!
All on his Will depend; all homage owe,
In Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below.
At his command exhaled Vapors rise,
And in condensed clouds obscure the Skies.
From thence, in show'rs He horrid Lightning flings;
And from their Caves the strugling Tempests brings.
He the first-born of Men and Cattle slew;
Fresh streams of blood the Towns and Plains imbrew.
Th' Inhabitants that drink of *Nilus* flood,
At his confounding Wonders trembling stood.

Great Princes, who excell'd in fortitude, Part 2.
And mighty Nations by his power subdu'd.
Strong *Sihon*, whom the *Amorites* obey'd;
And strenuous *Og*, who *Bashans* Scepter sway'd;
With all the Kingdoms of the *Canaanites*,
Who to the Conquerours resign their rights:
To whom he their dismantled Cities grants,
And in those fruitful fields his *Hebrews* plants.
Thy Name shall last unto Eternity;
And thy immortal Fame shall never dye.
Thou dost thy Servant pardon and protect;
Advance the Humble, and the Proud deject.
Those helpless gods, ador'd in foreign Lands,
Are Gold and Silver; wrought by humane hands:
Blind Eyes have they, deaf Ears, still silent Tongues:
Nor breath exhale from their unactive Lungs.
Who made, resemble them; and such are those,
Who in such senseless stocks their hopes repose.
O praise the Lord, you who from *Israel* spring;
His Praises, O you Sons of *Aaron*, sing:

You

You of the Houſe of *Levi* praiſe his Name:
All you who God adore, his Praiſe proclaime.
From *Sion* praiſe the only Good and Great;
Who in *Jeruſalem* hath fixt his Seat.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Cantus. THe Bounty of Jehovah praiſe: This

Baſſus.

God of gods all Scepters ſways. Thanks to the

Lord of lords afford; And his amazing Wonders

blaze: For from the King of kings E-ter-nal

Mercy



Mercy ſprings.

Him praiſe, who fram'd the arched Sky;
Thoſe Orbs that move ſo orderly.
Firm Earth above,
The Floods that move
Diſplay'd, and rais'd the Hills on high.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

Who Sun and Moon inform'd with Light,
To guide the Day, and rule the Night:
The fixed Stars,
And Wanderers
Created by divine fore-ſight.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

The firſt-born of *Ægyptians* ſlew;
Whoſe wounds the thirſty Earth imbrew:
And from that Land,
With powerful hand,
Th' oppreſſed ſons of *Jacob* drew.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

The parted Seas before them fled,
Who in their empty chanels tread:

The

The joyning waves,
Ægyptian graves:
And his through food-leſs Deſerts led.
For from the King of kings
Eternal mercy ſprings.

Who numerous Armies put to flight;
And mighty Princes ſlew in fight:
Og proſtrate laid,
Who *Baſhan* ſwai'd;
And *Sihon* the crown'd *Amorite*.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

By his ſtrong hand thoſe Giants fell;
And gave their Lands to *Iſrael*:
Confirm'd by deed
Unto their Seed:
Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

Remembred us in our diſtreſs;
And freed from thoſe, who did oppreſs.
He food doth give
To all that live.
The God of Heaven, O *Iſrael*, bleſs.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

PSALM CXXXVII.

As the 1.

AS on *Euphrates* ſhady banks we lay,
And there, O *Sion*, to thy Aſhes pay
Our funeral tears: our ſilent Harps, unſtrung,
And unregarded, on the Willows hung. Lo,

Lo, they who had thy desolation wrought;
And captiv'd *Judah* unto *Babel* brought,
Deride the tears which from our Sorrows spring;
And say in scorn, A Song of *Sion* sing.
Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?
Or holy Hymns sing in a forrein Land?
O *Solyma!* thou that art now become
A heap of stones, and to thy self a Tomb!
When I forget thee, my dear Mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget:
When I a joy disjoyn'd from thine, receive;
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave.
Remember *Edom*, Lord; their cruel pride,
Who in the Sack of wretched *Salem* cry'd;
Down with their Buildings, raze them to the ground,
Nor let one Stone be on another found.
Thou *Babylon*, whose Towers now touch the Skye;
That shortly shalt as low in ruins lye;
O happy! O thrice happy they, who shall
With equal cruelty revenge our fall!
That dash thy Childrens brains against the stones:
And without pity hear their dying groans.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

MY Soul, applaud our glorious King; *As the 46.*
Before the Gods his praises sing:
His Mercy an eternal Spring.

For this, on consecrated ground
Will I adore; thy Truth resound;
Thy Word above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'st me, when to thee I cry'd;
When Danger charg'd on every side;
By thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All thoſe, who awful Scepters bear,
When they of thy Performance hear,
Shall worſhip thee with reverent fear.

They ſhall his Truth and Mercy praiſe,
Who all the World with Juſtice ſwaies;
Whoſe Wonders Adoration raiſe.

Although inthron'd above the Skies,
He on the lowly caſts his eyes,
But doth the Inſolent deſpiſe.

Though ſtorms of Troubles me incloſe;
Yet thou ſhalt ſave me from my Foes,
And raiſe me in their overthrows.

For God his Promiſe will effect;
The Faithful faithfully protect;
Nor ever his own Choice reject.

PSALM CXXXIX.

As the 111

THou know'ſt me, O thou only Wiſe;
Seeſt when I ſit, and when I riſe;
Can'ſt my concealed thoughts diſcloſe;
Obſerv'ſt my Labours and Repoſe;
Know'ſt all my Counſels, all my Deeds,
Each word which from my Tongue proceeds:
Behind, before, by thee inclos'd;
Thy Hand on every part impos'd.
Such knowledge my capacity
Tranſcends; ſo wonderful, ſo high!
O which way ſhall I take my flight?
Or where conceal me from thy ſight?
Aſcend I Heaven; Heaven is thy Throne:
Dive I to Hell; there art thou known.

Should

Should I the Mornings wings obtain,
And flie beyond th' *Hesperian* Main;
Thy powerful Arm would reach me there,
Reduce, and curb me with thy fear.
Were I involv'd in shades of Night;
That Darkness would convert to Light.
What Clouds can from discovery free!
What Night, wherein thou canst not see!
The Night would shine likes Dayes clear flame;
Darkness and Light, to Thee the same.
Thou sift'st my reins, even thoughts to come:
Thou cloth'dst me in my Mothers womb.
Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd
This Fabrick, be thou ever prais'd.

O full of Admiration *Part 2.*
Are these thy Works! to me well-known.
My Bones were to thy view displaid,
When I in secret shades was made;
When wrought by thee with curious art,
As in the Earths inferiour part.
On me, an Embryon, didst thou look:
My members written in thy Book
Before they were: which perfect grew
In time, and open to the view.
Thy Counsels admirable are;
And yet as infinite as rare.
O could I number them, far more
Than Sands upon the murmuring shore!
When I awake, thy Works again
My thoughts with wonder entertain.
The Wicked thou wilt surely kill.
Hence you, who blood with pleasure spill.
Their tongues thy Majesty profane;
They take thy sacred Name in vain.

Lord, hate not I thy Enemies?
And grieve, when they againſt thee riſe?
I hate them with a perfect hate;
And, as my Foes, would ruinate.
Search and explore my heart: O try
My thoughts, and their Integrity.
Behold, if I from Virtue ſtray:
And lead in thy eternal Way.

PSALM CXL.

As the 14.

LOrd, ſave me from the Violent;
From him who takes delight in ill:
Whoſe heart Deceit and Miſchief fill;
On bloody War and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents whet;
Poyſon of Aſps their Lips incloſe.
O ſave from fierce and Wicked Foes;
Who toils, to overthrow me, ſet!

The Proud have hid their cords and ſnares;
Spread all their Nets; their Gins have laid.
To God, Thou art my God, I ſaid;
O gently hear thy Suppliant's prayers.

My ſtrong Preſerver in the fight,
As with a Helm, my head defends.
Let not the Wicked gain their ends;
Lord, leſt their pride riſe with their might.

Themſelves let their own Slanders wound:
Deſtroy Him who their fury leads.
Let burning coals fall on their heads;
And quenchleſs flames imbrace them round.

Caſt

Cast them into the Depths below;
From thence, O never let them rise!
Let Death the Slanderer surprise;
And Mischief salvage Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;
The Poor defend from Death and Shame.
The Just shall celebrate thy Name;
And ever in thy Presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO Thee I cry; Lord, hear my cries; *As the 22.*
O come with speed unto my aid:
Let my sad Prayers before Thee rise,
Like Incense on the Altar laid;
Or as when I, with hands displaid,
Present my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian set;
My Lips with barrs of Silence close.
O let me not thy Laws forget;
And wickedly combine with those,
Who Thee, and all that's good, oppose;
Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Just wound and reprove;
Such stripes and checks, an argument
Of their sincere and prudent love;
Like Odours of a fragrant Scent,
Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.
My prayers shall for their safety move.

Mongst Rocks their Chiefs in ambush lye,
Yet have my suff'rings understood.

Our ſevered bones are ſcattered by
The mouths of graves, like clefts of Wood,
Lord, ſave from thoſe, that hunt for blood:
On Thee with faith I caſt mine eye.

O from their Machinations free,
That would my guiltleſs Soul betray;
From thoſe who in my wrongs agree,
And for my life their engins lay.
May they by their own craft decay;
But let me thy Salvation ſee.

PSALM CXLII.

As the 4.

WIth ſighs and cries to God I praid;
To him my ſupplication made;
Pour'd out my tears,
My cares and fears;
My wrongs before him laid.

My fainting ſpirits almoſt ſpent:
He knew the path in which I went.
Yet in my way
Their ſnares they lay,
With mercileſs intent.

My Eyes I round about me throw;
None ſee, that will th' Oppreſſed know;
No refuge left;
Of hope bereft;
Vain pity none beſtow.

Then unto God I cry'd, and ſaid,
Thou art my Hope, and only Aid;
The Portion
I build upon,
While with frail fleſh araid.

O Sourſe of Mercy, hear my cry,
Leſt I with waſting ſorrow die:
Shield from my foes,
Who now incloſe;
Since of more ſtrength than I.

My Soul out of this Priſon bring,
That I may praiſe thee, O my King.
Who truſt in thee,
Shall compaſs me,
And of thy Bounty ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

LOrd, to my cries afford an ear, *As the 39.*
Th' afflicted hear;
According to thy Equity,
And Truth reply;
Nor prove ſevere: for in thy ſight
None living ſhall be found upright.

The Foe my Soul beſiegeth round,
Strikes to the ground:
In darkneſs hath inveloped,
Like men long dead:
My mind with ſorrow overthrown;
My heart within me ſtupid grown.

I call to mind thoſe ancient Daies
Fill'd with thy praiſe:
Thy Works alone poſſeſs my thought,
With wonder wrought.
To thee I ſtretch my zealous Hand;
Deſir'd like rain by thirſty land.

Part 2. Approach with ſpeed; my Spirits fail;
Thy Face unveil:
Leaſt I forthwith grow like to thoſe,
Whom graves incloſe.
O let me of thy Mercy hear,
Before the morning Sun appear.

My God, thou art the only ſcope
Of all my hope:
O ſhew me thy preſcribed way,
Leſt I ſhould ſtray.
For to thy Throne I raiſe mine eyes;
My Soul, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes: to Thee loe I
For refuge flie:
Inform me, that I may fulfill
Thy ſacred Will.
My God, let thy good Spirit lead,
That in thy paths my Feet may tread.

O for thy Honour quicken me,
Who truſt in Thee:
Out of theſe Straights, for Juſtice ſake,
Thy Servant take.
In mercy cut thou off my Foes,
Whoſe hate hath multiply'd my woes.

PSALM CXLIV.

As the 111 THE Lord, my Strength, be only prais'd;
The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd:
In doubtful Battle given me might,
And skill how to direct, and fight.

My

My Fautor, Fortreſs, high-built Tower;
My Rock, Redeemer, Shield and Power;
My only Confidence; who ſtill
Subjects my People to my will.
Lord, what is Man, or his frail Race,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſuch a vapour grace!
Man nothing is but vanity;
A ſhadow ſwiftly gliding by.
Great God, ſtoop from the bending Skies,
The Mountains touch, and Clouds ſhall riſe;
From thence thy winged Lightning throw;
Rout and confound the flying Foe;
Stretch down thy hand, which only ſaves,
And ſnatch me from the furious Waves.
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inur'd to perjuries and lies:
Their Hands defil'd with fraud and wrong.
Then will I in a new-made Song,
Unto the ſoftly-warbling ſtring,
Of thy Illuſtrious Praiſes ſing.

Thou Kings preſerv'ſt; haſt me preſerv'd; *Part 2.*
Even *David*, who thy Will obſerv'd;
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inur'd to perjuries and lies:
Foul deeds their violent hands defile;
Hands prone to treachery and guile:
That in their Youth our Sons may grow
Like Lawrel Groves; our Daughters ſhow
Like poliſh'd pillars deck'd with Gold;
Which high and Royal roofs uphold:
Our Magazines abound with Grain,
Proviſion of all ſorts contain:
Increaſing Flocks our Paſtures fill,
And well-fed Steers the Fallows till;

That

That no incurſions Peace affright;
No Armies joyn in dreadful fight;
No daring Foe our Walls inveſt,
Nor fearful ſhrieks diſturb our reſt.
Bleſt People! who in this eſtate
Injoy your ſelves without debate:
And happy, O thrice happy they,
Who for their God, the Lord obey!

PSALM CXLV.

As the 111

I Still will of thy Glory ſing;
Thy Name extoll, my God, my King.
No day ſhall paſs without thy praiſe;
Prais'd while the Sun his Beams diſplays.
Great is the Lord, whoſe praiſe exceeds:
Inſcrutable are all his Deeds.
One Age ſhall to another tell
Thy Works, which ſo in power excell.
The Beauty of thy Excellence,
And Oracles intrance my Senſe.
Men ſhall thy dreadful Acts relate;
My Verſe thy Greatneſs celebrate;
To memory thy Favours bring,
And of thy noble Juſtice ſing.
For in Thee Grace and Pity live;
To anger ſlow, ſwift to forgive.
All on thy Goodneſs, Lord, depend:
Thy Mercies all thy Works tranſcend;
Even all thy Works ſhall praiſe thy Name;
Thy Saints ſhall celebrate the ſame:
Of thy far-ſpreading Empire ſpeak;
Thy Power, to which all Powers are weak:

To

To make thy Acts to Mortals known,
And glory of thy awfull Throne.

Thy Kingdom never shall have end: *Part 2.*
Thy Rule beyond Times flight extend.
The Lord shall those, who fall, sustain;
And Souls dejected raise again.
All seek from Thee their livelyhood;
Thou in due season giv'st them food:
Thy liberal Hand, Men, Birds, and Beasts,
Even all that live, with plenty feasts.
The Lord is Just in all his Waies,
Who Mercy in his Works displaies;
Is present by his power with all,
Who on his Name sincerely call:
For he will their desires effect;
Regard their cries; from Foes protect.
Who love Him, Safety shall enjoy:
The Lord the Wicked will destroy.
My Tongue his Goodness shall proclame.
Man-kind, for ever praise his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

Hallelu-jah.

O My Soul, praise thou the Lord: *As the 29.*
Whilst thou liv'st, his praise record.
Whilst I am, eternal King,
I will of thy praises sing.
O, no hope in Princes place;
Trust in none of humane race;
Who can give no help at all,
Nor prevent his proper fall.

When

When his parting breath expires,
He again to Earth retires.
Ev'n in that uncertain day
All his thoughts with him decay.
Happy he, whom God protects;
He, on whom his Grace reflects.
Happy he, who plants his truſt
On the only Good and Juſt.
He who Heavens blew Arch diſplay'd;
He who Earths Foundation laid;
Spread the Land-imbracing Main;
Made whatever all contain:
True to what his Word profeſt;
He revengeth the oppreſt;
Hungry Souls with food ſuſtains,
And unbinds the Priſoners chains:
To the blind reſtores his ſight;
Rears, who fall by wicked might.
Righteouſneſs his Soul affects.
Friendleſs Strangers he protects,
Widdows, and the Fatherleſs;
Thoſe confounds who theſe oppreſs.
Zion, God, thy God ſhall raign,
While the Poles their Orbs ſuſtain.
Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXLVII.

As the 111

JEhovah praiſe with one conſent.
How comely! ſweet! how excellent,
To ſing our great Creators praiſe!
Whoſe hands late ruin'd *Salem* raiſe,
Collecting ſcattered *Iſrael*,
That they in their own Towns may dwell:

He

He cures the ſorrows of our minds;
Our wounds imbalms, and ſoftly binds.
He numbers Heavens bright-ſparkling Flames,
And calls them by their ſeveral Names.
Great is our God, and great in might;
His Knowledge O moſt infinite!
The Humble unto Thrones erects;
The Inſolent to Earth dejects.
Preſent your thanks to our great King;
On ſolemn Harps his Praiſes ſing;
Who Heaven with gloomy Vapors hides,
And timely Rain for Earth provides.
With graſs he clothes the pregnant Hills,
And hungry beaſts with Herbage fills.
He feeds the Ravens croaking brood,
(Left by the Old) that cry for food.

He cares not for the ſtrength of Horſe, *Part 2.*
Nor mans ſtrong limbs, and matchleſs force:
But thoſe affects, who in his Path
Their feet direct with conſtant Faith.
O *Solyma*, Jehovah praiſe;
To God thy Voice, O *Sion*, raiſe:
Who hath thy City fortify'd;
Thy ſtreets with Citizens ſupply'd:
Firm peace in all thy borders ſet,
And fed thee with the flower of Wheat.
He ſends forth his Commands, which flie
More ſwift than Lightning through the Skie:
The Snow-like Wool on Mountains ſpreads;
And hoary Froſts like Aſhes ſheds;
While ſolid Floods their courſe refrain,
What Mortal can his cold ſuſtain?
At his Command, by Wind and Sun
Diſſolv'd th' unfetter'd Rivers run.

His

His Laws to *Jacob* he hath ſhown;
His Judgements are to *Iſrael* known.
Not ſo with other Nations deals,
From whom his Statutes he conceals.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29.

YOu, who dwell above the Skies,
Free from humane miſeries;
You whom higheſt Heaven imbowers,
Praiſe the Lord with all your powers.
Angels, your clear Voices raiſe;
Him you Heavenly Armies praiſe:
Sun, and Moon with borrow'd light;
All you ſparkling Eyes of Night:
Waters hanging in the air;
Heaven of Heavens his Praiſe declare.
His deſerved Praiſe record;
His, who made you by his Word;
Made you evermore to laſt,
Set your bounds not to be paſt.
Let the Earth his Praiſe reſound:
Monſtrous Whales, and Seas profound;
Vapors, Lightning, Hail, and Snow;
Storms, which when he bids them, blow:
Flowry Hills, and Mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the Skie;
Trees that fruit in ſeaſon yield;
All the Cattle of the Field;
Salvage beaſts; all creeping things;
All that cut the Air with wings.
You who awful Scepters ſway;
You inured to obey;

Princes,

Princes, Judges of the Earth;
All of high and humble birth;
Youths, and Virgins, flouriſhing
In the beauty of your ſpring:
You who bow with Ages weight;
You, who were but born of late:
Praiſe his Name with one conſent:
O how great! how excellent!
Than the Earth profounder far;
Higher than the higheſt ſtar.
He will his to honour raiſe.
You his Saints, reſound his Praiſe;
You who are of *Jacobs* Race,
And united to his Grace.
Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CXLIX.

TO the God, whom we adore,
Sing a Song unſung before:
His immortal Praiſe rehearſe,
Where his Holy Saints converſe.
As the 29.

Iſrael, O thou his Choice,
In thy Makers Praiſe rejoyce:
Zions Sons, rejoyce, and ſing
To the Honour of your King.
In the Dance his Praiſe reſound;
Strike the Harp, let Timbrels ſound.
God in Goodneſs infinite,
In his People takes delight.
God with ſafety will adorn
Thoſe, whom men afflict with ſcorn.
Let his Saints in glory joy;
Sing as in their Beds they lye:

Highly

Highly praiſe the living Lord;
Arm'd with their two-edged Sword,
All the *Heathen* to confound;
And the Nations bordering round;
Binding all their Kings with cords;
Fettring their captived Lords:
That they in divine purſuit,
May his Judgements execute;
As 'tis writ, ſuch Honour ſhall
Unto all his Saints befall

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CL.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29.

PRaiſe the Lord inthron'd on high;
Praiſe him in his Sanctity;
Praiſe him for his mighty Deeds;
Praiſe him who in Power exceeds;
Praiſe with Trumpets, pierce the Skies;
Praiſe with Harps and Pſalteries;
Praiſe with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes;
Praiſe with Violins, and Lutes;
Praiſe, with ſilver Cymbals ſing;
Praiſe on thoſe which loudly ring.
Angels, all of humane birth,
Praiſe the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Hallelu-jah.

FINIS.

A Paraphraſe UPON ECCLESIASTES.

CHAP. I.

THis Sermon the much-knowing Preacher made:
King *David*'s Son; who *Judah*'s Scepter ſwai'd.
O reſtleſs vanity of Vanities!
All is but vanity, the Preacher cries.
What profit have we by our Labors won,
Of all beneath the Circuit of the Sun?
The Earth is fixt, we fleeting: as one Age
Departs, another enters on the Stage.
The ſetting Sun reſigns his Throne to Night:
Then haſtens to reſtore the morning Light.
The Wind flies to the South, ſhifts to the North;
And wheels about to where it firſt brake forth.
All Rivers run into th'inſatiate Main;
From thence, to their old Fountains creep again.
Inceſſantly all toil. The ſearching Mind,
The Eye, and Ear, no ſatisfaction find.
What is, hath been; what hath been ſhall enſue:
And nothing underneath the Sun is new.

Of what can it be truly ſaid, Behold
This never was? The ſame hath been of old.
For former Ages we remember not:
And what is now, will be in time forgot.
Lo I, the Preacher, King of *Iſrael*;
Who in ability and power excel;
In wiſdoms ſearch apply'd my Induſtry,
To know what ever was beneath the skie:
(For God this toil, on Mans ambition layes,
To travel in ſo intricate a Maze.)
I all their works have ſeen: all are but vain; (pain.
Conceiv'd with ſorrow, and brought forth with
The crooked never can be rectifi'd;
Nor the defective numbred, or ſupply'd.
Thus in my Heart I ſaid; Thou art arriv'd
At Honors height; more wiſdom haſt atchiev'd
Than all that liv'd in *Solyma* before:
Thy Knowledge, Judgment, and Experience more.
As wiſdom, ſo I folly did purſue;
And madneſs try'd: theſe were vexations too.
Much wiſdom great anxieties infeſt:
And grief of Mind by Knowledge is increaſt.

CHAP. II.

I Said in my own Heart, Go on, and prove
What Mirth can do: taſte the delights of Love.
In Pleaſures change thy careleſs Hours imploy:
This alſo was a falſe and empty Joy.
Avaunt, ſaid I, O Laughter thou art mad!
Vain Mirth, what canſt thou to contentment add?
Then ſought the cares of Study to decline
With liberal Feaſts, and flowing Bowls of Wine.
With all my wiſdom exercis'd, to try
If ſhe at length with folly could comply:

And

And to diſcover that Beatitude,
Which Mortals all their lives ſo much purſu'd.
Great works I finiſh'd; ſumptuous Houſes built:
My Cedar Roofs with Gold of Ophir gilt.
Choice Vineyards planted: Paradiſes made;
Stor'd with all ſorts of fruits, with Trees of ſhade:
And water'd with cool Rivolets, that dril'd
Along the Borders: theſe my Fiſh-pools fil'd.
For ſervice, and delight, I purchaſed
Both Men and Maids: more in my Houſe were bred.
My Flocks and Heards abundantly increaſt:
So great, as never King before poſſeſt.
Silver and Gold, the Treaſure of the Seas,
Of Kings, and Provinces, foment mine eaſe:
Sweet Voices, Muſick of all ſorts, invite
My curious Ears; and feaſt with their delight.
In greater fluency no Mortal raign'd:
In height of all, my wiſdom I retain'd.
I had the Beauties which my Eyes admir'd;
Gave to my Heart what ever it deſir'd:
In my own works rejoic'd. The recompence
Of all my Labours was deriv'd from thence.
Then I ſurvey'd all that my hands had done:
My troubleſome delights. Beneath the Sun
What ſolid good can mans indeavour find?
All is but vanity, and grief of Mind.
At length I wiſdom pond'red in my thought;
And madneſs weigh'd: for folly is diſtraught.
What man can my untraced Steps purſue?
Or do that Act which to the King is new?
Then found, how wiſdom folly did excel;
As much as brighteſt Heaven the Shades of Hell.
The wiſemans Eyes are towred in his head:
The Fool in Darkneſs walks, by Error led:
Yet equal Miſeries on either wait;
And both we ſee obnoxious to one fate.

Thus in my heart I ſaid; The Fool, and I
Suffer alike, and muſt together Die:
Why then vex I my brains to grow more wiſe?
Even this was not the leaſt of Vanities.
Both muſt be ſwallowed by Oblivion;
What is, will not to after times be known:
The wiſe and fooliſh to the Earth deſcend;
And in the Grave their various travels end.
For this I hated Life, which only feeds
Increaſing Sorrows: fruitleſs are our Deeds;
And weariſom; Man no content can find:
For all is vanity, and grief of Mind.
I hated all the Glory I had won;
My State, my Structures; all my hands had done:
Fore-ſeeing how that certain hour would come,
When I muſt leave them; Nor yet know to whom.
Who can divine if prudent or a Fool?
Yet he muſt over all my Labours Rule;
Of all my wiſdoms purchaſes poſſeſt:
This vanity was equal with the reſt.
I therefore ſought to make my Heart deſpair;
To ſlight the frail ſucceſs of all my Care.
What by Integrity, and honeſt toil,
A wiſe man gathers; muſt become his ſpoil
Who only pleas'd his Senſe: this is a great
Vexation, and an undiſcern'd deceit.
What hath a Man for all his Induſtry,
And grief of Soul, ſuſtain'd beneath the sky?
All is but ſorrow from the Hour of Birth;
Till he with age return unto the Earth:
His Travel, pain; night yields him no repoſe:
This vanity from our firſt Parents flows.
To eat, to drink, t'enjoy what we poſſeſs
With freedom, is the greateſt Happineſs
That Mortals can attain unto: A good
Deriv'd from God, by Men not underſtood.

Who

Who feaſted more than I? who ſpent his ſtore
More liberally? or cheer'd his Genius more?
God wiſdom gives, gives Knowledge and Delight,
To thoſe whoſe hearts are perfect in his ſight:
To Sinners trouble; who their time employ
To gather what the Righteous ſhall enjoy;
By their own Avarice in plenty pin'd:
This is a vanity, and grief of Mind.

CHAP. III.

LO all things have their times, by God decreed
In Natures changes; all things which proceed
From Mans Intentions under the vaſt skie:
A Time when to be born, a Time to Die:
A time to plant, to extirp; to Kill, to Cure: *root-up*
A time to batter down, a time to immure:
A time of laughter, and a time to turn
Our ſmiles to tears: a time to dance, to mourn:
To ſcatter Stones, to gather them again;
A time to embrace, embraces to refrain:
A Time to get, to loſe; to ſave, to ſpend:
To tear aſunder, and the torn to mend:
A time to ſpeak, from ſpeaking to ſurceaſe:
A time for Love, for Hate; for War, for Peace.
What good can humane Induſtry obtain,
When all things are ſo changeable and vain?
For God on Man theſe various Labours throws;
To afflict him with variety of woes.
He in their times all beautiful hath made;
The World into our narrow hearts convay'd:
Yet cannot they the cauſes apprehend
Of his great works; the Original, nor End.
What other good can Man from theſe produce,
But to take pleaſure in their preſent uſe?

To eat, to drink, t'enjoy what is our own;
Is ſuch a gift as God beſtows alone.
His purpoſe is Eternal; nor can we
Add or Subſtract from his Divine Decree:
That Mortals might their bold Attempts forbear;
And curb their wild affections by his fear.
What hath been, is; what ſhall be, was before:
And what is paſt, the Almighty will reſtore.
Beſides; the ſeats of Juſtice I ſurvay'd:
There ſaw how favour and corruption ſway'd.
Then ſaid I in my heart; God ſurely ſhall
Reward the juſt; the unjuſt to Judgment call.
All Purpoſes and Actions have their Times:
A time for Vengeance to purſue our Crimes.
As much as ſenſe concerns, God manifeſts
To Men how little they diſſent from Beaſts:
One end to both befals; to equal Death
Are liable; and breath the ſelf ſame Breath.
Then what preheminence hath Man above
A Beaſt; ſince both ſo Tranſitory prove?
Both travel to one home: are Earth, and muſt
Return to their Originary Duſt.
Who knows that Souls of men aſcend the ſky?
That thoſe of Beaſts with their frail Bodies dy?
What Mortal then can make ſo good a choice,
As in his own acquirements to rejoice?
This is his Portion: for of things to come,
None can inform him in the Graves dark Womb.

CHAP. IV.

THen I obſerv'd the Bold oppreſſions done,
In Preſence of the all-ſurvaying Sun:
Beheld the tears that fell from Sorrows Eyes:
No Comforter t'aſſwage her Miſeries:

With

With all th'oppreſſors powerful Violence;
While weak Integrity found no defence.
For this, before the Living I prefer'd
Thoſe whom the quiet Caves of Death interr'd:
Before them both, ſuch as have yet not been;
Nor theſe diverſities of evil ſeen.
Again obſerv'd, how our beſt Actions bred
Ignoble Envy; by our Vertue fed:
Nor friendſhip could ſo great a vice controul.
This was a Vanity, and grief of Soul.
The Fool ſits with his Arms a-croſs; his hours
In ſloth conſumes, and his own fleſh devours.
Better, ſaith he, a handful is obtain'd
With happy eaſe, than two by trouble gain'd.
While I this chace of Vanity purſue;
A worſe preſents her folly to my view:
Lo, one who hath no Second, Child, nor Heir,
Wears out his Life in reſtleſs toil and care,
To gather Riches; nor can ſatisfie,
With all his ſtore, the Avarice of his Eye:
Nor thinks, for whom do I my Soul deceive?
And injur'd Nature of her Dues bereave?
This is a ſore diſeaſe, if truly known:
And ſuch a vanity, as yields to none.
Two better are than one; of more regard:
Their Labour leſs, and greater their Reward.
If either fall, one will the other raiſe;
When he who walks alone, his Life betrays.
If two together lie, both warmth beget;
But he who lies alone receives no heat.
If one prevails; two may that one reſiſt:
Cords hardly break, which of three lines conſiſt.
More real worth a poor wiſe Child adorns;
Than an old Fooliſh King, who counſel ſcorns.
He from a Priſon, to a Throne aſcends:
This, born a Prince, his Life obſcurely ends.

His Subjects after his Succeſſor run;
As from the ſetting to the riſing Sun.
The vulgar are inconſtant in their choice;
Nor in the preſent Government rejoice:
The following, as the firſt, to change inclin'd,
This is a vanity, and grief of mind.

CHAP. V.

WHither thou goeſt conceive, and to what end,
When thy bold feet the Houſe of God aſcend.
There rather hear his Life-directing Rules;
Than offer up the Sacrifice of Fools.
For ſinful are their gifts, who neither know
What they to God ſhould give, or what they owe.
The Ryot of thy tongue let fear reſtrain:
Nor with raſh Oriſons his Ears profane.
God ſits in Heaven, with Rays of Beauty crown'd;
Thou a poor Mortal creep'ſt upon the ground:
Since nothing lies concealed from his view,
Nor ſcapes his knowledge, let thy words be few.
As Dreams proceed from multitude of Cares:
So multitude of words a Fool declares.
Perform thy vows to God without delay:
Fools pleaſe not him: thy vows ſincerely pay.
Since they are offerings of the grateful will;
Vow not at all, or elſe thy vows fulfil.
Let not thy tongue oblige thy fleſh to ſin:
Nor ſay, I err'd: by that pretext to win
Thy Angels Pardon. Why ſhouldſt thou incenſe
Thy God, and draw his wrath on thy offence?
In multitudes of words and Dreams appear
Like vanities: my Son, *Jehovah* fear.
Nor let it quench thy Piety, when thou
Shalt ſee the poor beneath the mighty bow;

All

All Laws perverted, Juſtice caſt aſide;
As if the Univerſe had loſt her guide:
That Power to whom all are ſubordinate,
Shall cruſh them with an unſuſpected fate.
The Mother Earth, to all her boſom yields:
Even Princes are beholding to the fields.
Who Silver Covet, and Exceſs of Gain,
Shall ever want: this folly is as vain.
As Riches multiply; even ſo do they
Who feed thereon, and on their Plenty prey.
What profit to the owner can ariſe,
But to behold them with his careful Eyes?
Sweet is the ſleep, which honeſt toil begets;
Whether he liberally, or little eats:
When ever-troubleſome Abundance keeps
The wealthy waking, and affrights his ſleeps.
What Penury than Riches can be worſe,
If by the Owner turn'd into a Curſe?
Or to conſuming Vice become a ſpoil?
Who Sons begets to miſery and toil.
Naked he iſſu'd from his Mothers Womb:
And naked muſt deſcend into his Tomb.
Of all, with travel got, and kept with fear,
He nothing to the Houſe of Death ſhall bear:
But muſt return as Empty as he came;
His Entry, and his Exit, but the ſame.
What boots it then to Labour for the wind?
This is a ſore affliction to the Mind.
He feeds his ſorrow in continual Night:
Repleat with Anguiſh, Fury, and Deſpight.
This truth have I found out in her purſuit:
To feed our Bodies, to enjoy the fruit
Of our enricht endeavours, and to give
Our ſelves their comforts, whil'ſt on Earth we live;
Is good and Pleaſurable: this alone
Is all we have, that can be call'd our own.

For,

For, to have Riches, and the Power withal
To uſe them freely, is the Principal
Of Earthly Benefits: for God on thoſe
He moſt affects, this Happineſs beſtows.
That man retains no ſenſe of former Ills:
Whoſe Heart the Lord of Life with gladneſs fills.

CHAP. VI.

THis, as a Common Miſery, have I
With ſorrow ſeen beneath the ambient Sky:
God Riches and Renown to men imparts;
Even all they wiſh: and yet their narrow hearts
Cannot ſo great a fluency receive;
But their fruition to a Stranger leave.
What falſer vanity, or worſe diſeaſe,
Could ever on the life of Mortals ſeize?
Though he a hundred Children ſhould beget,
Though many years ſhould make his Age compleat;
Yet if he to himſelf his own deny,
Then want a Grave, and violently die:
Better were an abortive, born in vain,
That in obſcurity departs again,
Enveloped with ſhrouds of endleſs Night;
Who never ſaw the Sun diſplay his Light,
Nor Good or Evil knew: he is more bleſt;
And ſoon deſcends to his perpetual Reſt.
Though th'other twenty Ages have ſurviv'd;
His Miſery is but the longer Liv'd.
Yet both muſt to that fatal Manſion go,
Where they to none are known, nor any know.
All that Man Labours for is but to Eat:
Yet is his Soul not ſatisfi'd with Meat.
What therefore hath the wiſe more than the Fool?
What wants the poor that can his Paſſions rule?

Far

Far better is a clear and pleas'd aſpect;
Than meagre looks, which vaſt deſires detect;
Such as can never ſatisfaction find:
Yet this is vanity, and grief of Mind.
For be he what he will, he muſt be Man;
A Name repleat with Miſery: nor can
But deſperately with ſuch a Power contend,
On whom himſelf, and all the world depend.
As Riches, ſo our cares and fears increaſe:
O diſcontented Man, where is thy peace!
Who knows what's good for thee in theſe thy Days
Of Vanity. A Shadow ſo decays.
Or can inform thy Soul what will befal,
When thou art loſt, in greedy Funeral?

CHAP. VII.

AN honeſt Name, acquir'd by vertuous deeds,
The fragrant ſmell of Precious Oyls exceeds.
Even ſo the Hour of Death, that of our Birth:
Which Fame ſecures, and Earth reſtores to Earth.
Better to be at Funerals a Gueſt;
Than entertained at a Nuptial Feaſt:
For all muſt to the ſhades of Death deſcend;
And thoſe that live ſhould think of their laſt End.
Sorrow than Mirth, more to perfection moves:
For a ſad Countenance the Soul improves.
The wiſe will therefore join with ſuch as mourn:
But Fools into the Bowers of Laughter turn.
A wiſe mans reprehenſions, though ſevere,
More than the Songs of Fools ſhould pleaſe the Ear.
As Thorns beneath a Caldron catch the fire,
Blaze with a noiſe, and ſuddenly expire;
Such is the immoderate laughter of vain Fools:
This Vanity in our diſtemper rules.

Oppreſſions

Oppreſſions purchaſes the Judgment blind;
Make wiſe men mad; a Gift corrupts the Mind.
Beginnings in their Ends, their meed obtain:
Humility more conquers than Diſdain.
Nor be thou to diſtracting Anger prone:
By her deformities a Fool is known.
Nor murmuring ſay: Why are theſe days of ours
Worſe than the former? doth the chief of Powers
So differently the affairs of mortals ſway?
Such queſtions but thy Arrogance diſplay.
Wiſdom, with Ancient Wealth, not got by care,
Great bleſſings heap on thoſe who breath this Air.
Both are to mortals a protecting ſhade,
When bitter ſtorms, or ſcorching beams invade:
But if divided; he who is poſſeſt
Of Life-infuſing Wiſdom, is more bleſt.
Gods works conſider: who can rectifie,
Or make that ſtraight which he hath made awry?
In thy proſperity let joy abound;
Nor let adverſity thy patience wound:
For theſe by him ſo intermixed are,
That no man ſhould preſume, nor yet deſpair.
All perturbations, all things that have been,
I, in my days of vanity, have ſeen:
How their own juſtice have the juſt deſtroy'd;
And how the vicious have their vice enjoy'd.
Be therefore not too righteous, nor too wiſe:
For why ſhould'ſt thou thy ſafety ſacrifice?
Be not too wicked, nor too fooliſh: why
Should'ſt thou by violence untimely die?
'Tis beſt for thee, that thou to neither lean;
But warily obſerve the ſafer Mean.
For they ſhall all their miſeries tranſcend,
Who God adore, and on his will depend.
A wiſe man is by wiſdom fortifi'd:
More ſtrong than twenty which the City guide.

For

For Juſtice is not to be found on Earth:
None good, nor innocent, of humane Birth.
Give not to all that's ſaid an open Ear;
Leſt thou thy Servants execrations hear:
For thy own heart can tell, that thou haſt done
The like to others. Thy example ſhun.
All this by wiſdom try'd, I ſeemed wiſe:
But ſhe from humane apprehenſion flies.
Can that which is ſo far remov'd, and drown'd
In ſuch profundities, by Man be found?
Yet in her ſearch I exercis'd my Mind;
Of things the Cauſes, and Effects to find:
The wickedneſs of Folly ſought to know;
Folly and Madneſs from one Fountain flow.
More ſharp than Death I found her ſubtle Art,
Who Nets ſpreads in her Eyes, Snares in her Heart;
Her Arms inthralling Chains: the prudent ſhall
Eſcape; the Fool by her enchantments fall.
Of all the Preacher hath experience made;
The reaſons, one by one, diſtinctly weigh'd:
Yet could I not attain to what I moſt
Deſir'd to know: in my inquiry loſt.
One good among a thouſand Men have known:
Among the Female Sex of all not one.
Though in perfection God did Man create;
Yet we through vanity degenerate.

CHAP. VIII.

WS any equal to the truly wiſe?
To him that can interpret Myſteries?
For wiſdom makes the face of Man to ſhine
With awful Majeſty, and Light Divine.
Obſerve the Kings Commands: Remember thou,
Even in that Duty, thy Religious vow.

Depart

Depart not diſcontented; nor Diſpute
With him, who can with Puniſhments confute.
For Power is throned in the Breath of Kings:
And who dare ſay, they charge unlawful things?
He who obeys, Deſtruction ſhall eſchew:
A wiſe man knows both when, and what, to do.
For all our Purpoſes on Time depend,
And Judgment; to produce them to their end.
They wander in the Penſive ſhades of Night,
Who want the guide of this directing Light:
Surpriz'd by unexpected Miſeries;
Nor can Inſtruction make the fooliſh wiſe.
What Guard of Teeth can keep our parting Breath
Or who reſiſt the fatal Stroke of Death?
None ſhall return with Conqueſt from that Field
Nor Vice Protection to the vitious yield.
This Vanity I ſaw beneath the Sun;
The Mighty by abuſed Power undone:
And though Intomb'd with ſumptuous Funeral;
In his own City ſoon forgot by all.
Impiety delights in her miſdeeds;
In that Revenge ſo tardily ſucceeds.
Although a Sinner, ſin a hundred times;
And were his Years as numerous as his Crimes:
Yet God to thoſe his Mercy will extend,
Whoſe humble Souls are fearful to offend.
But bold Tranſgreſſors with deſtruction meet:
Their ſhortned Days ſhall like a ſhadow fleet.
Among the Sons of Men, this miſchief raigns;
Exalted Vice the meed of Vertue gains:
And thoſe afflictions which to Vice are due,
Suppreſſed Vertue furiouſly purſue.
Then I commended Life-prolonging Mirth:
To feed upon the Bounty of the Earth,
And drink the generous Grapes refreſhing juice;
Is all the good our Labours can produce.

This is the beſt of Life: by God alone
Beſtow'd on Man; and only is his own.

CHAP. IX.

WHen I aſpir'd to know, how God th'affairs
Of Men diſpos'd: obſerv'd the reſtleſs Cares,
The Travels, and diſturbed thoughts, which keep
The toiling Brain from the relief of ſleep:
I then perceived that humane induſtry
Could not the ways, nor works of God deſcry.
Though Men endeavour, though the wiſe ſuppoſe
They apprehend; yet none his wiſdom knows.
But this have found; that both the juſt and wiſe,
Their induſtry, even all their faculties
Are in his Rule, and by his Motion move:
Nor can determine of his Hate or Love.
All under Heaven ſucceeds alike to all;
To good and bad, the ſame events befal;
To pure, impure; to thoſe who Sacrifice,
To thoſe who Piety, and God deſpiſe;
To th'innocent, the guilty; ſuch who fear
Flagitious Oaths, and thoſe who fearleſs ſwear.
What greater miſchief rules beneath the Sun,
Than this; that all unto one period run?
Men, while they live are mad; profanely ſpend
Their flight of time; then to the dead deſcend.
Yet thoſe have hope, who with the living dwell:
For living Dogs dead Lyons far excel.
The living know that they at length muſt die:
They nothing know who in Earth entrails lie.
What better times can they expect, who rot
In ſilent graves, and are by All forgot?
Aboliſh'd is their Envy, Love, and Hate:
Bereft of all, which they poſſeſt of late.

Then

Then take my Counſel; eat thy Bread with joy:
Let Wine the Sorrows of thy heart deſtroy.
Why ſhould unfruitful Cares our Souls moleſt?
Pleaſe thou thy God, and in his favour reſt.
Be thy Apparel ever freſh, and fair;
Pour breathing Odours, on thy ſhining hair:
Enjoy the pleaſures of thy gentle Wife,
Through all the Courſe of thy ſhort-dated Life.
For this is all thy Induſtry hath won:
Even all thou canſt expect beneath the Sun.
Since Time hath Wings, what thou intend'ſt to do,
Do quickly; and with all thy Power purſne:
No wiſdom, knowledge, wit, or work, will go
Along with thee unto the Shades below.
I ſee the ſwift of foot wins not the Race;
Nor wreaths of Victory the Valiant grace;
The wiſe, to feed his hunger wanteth Bread;
Riches are not by knowledge purchaſed;
Nor Popular ſuffrages Deſert advance:
All rul'd by Opportunity and Chance.
Man knows not his own fate. As Birds are tane
With Tramels; Fiſhes by th'intangling Sain:
Even ſo the Sons of Men are unawares
Prevented by Deſtructions ſecret Snares.
This alſo have I ſeen beneath the Sun,
So full of wonder; and by wiſdom done:
A little City man'd but by a few;
To which a Mighty King his Army drew,
Erected Bulwarks, and intrench't it round:
A poor wiſe man within the Walls was found.
Whoſe wiſdom rais'd the Siege: But they ingrate
Neglected him who had preſerv'd their State.
Then wiſdom before Strength ſhould be prefer'd:
Yet is, if poor, deſpis'd; her words unheard.
Men more ſhould liſten to her ſober Rules,
Than to his Cryes, who governs among Fools.

Wiſdom

Wiſdom th'habiliments of War exceeds:
But Folly is deſtroy'd by her own Deeds.
Lo as dead flies with their ill ſavour ſpoil
Th'Apothecaries Aromatick Oil:
Even ſo a little folly damniſies
The Dignity and Honour of the wiſe.
A wiſe mans Heart to his right hand inclines:
A Fool t'his left; and ſuch are his deſigns.
His own diſordered Paths his life defame:
His geſture and his looks a Fool proclaim.

CHAP. X.

ALthough thy Ruler frown, yet do not thou
Reſent his Anger with a Cloudy Brow:
Nor with obedience or thy faith diſpenſe;
For yielding pacifies a great offence.
This in a State no ſmall diſorder breeds;
Which from the errour of the Prince proceeds:
When vicious Fools in Dignity are plac'd;
The rich in worth, trod under and diſgrac'd.
Oft have I Servants ſeen on Horſes ride:
The Free and Noble lacquey by their ſide.
Who ſnares for others ſets, therein ſhall light:
Who breaks a Hedge, him ſhall the Serpent bite.
The Stones ſhall bruiſe him who pulls down a wall:
Who hews a Tree, by his own Axe ſhall fall.
If th'edge be blunt, in vain his Strength he ſpends:
But Wiſdom all directs to their juſt ends.
If Serpents bite before the charm be ſung,
What then avails th'Inchanters babling tongue?
A wiſe-mans words are full of grace and power:
A Fools offending lips himſelf devour.
His words begin in folly; which extend
To Acts of miſchief, and in madneſs end.

He gives his tongues the reins; as if he knew
More than Man knows: th'events that muſt inſue.
Who in the endleſs Maze of Errour treads;
Nor knows the way which to his purpoſe leads.
Wo to that Land, that miſerable Land,
Which gaſps beneath a Childs unſtai'd Command:
Whoſe Nobles riſe betimes to perpetrate
Their Luxuries; the ruin of the State.
Happy that Land, whoſe King is Nobly Born:
Whoſe Lords with Temperance his Court adorn.
By Sloths ſupine neglects the building falls:
The hands of Idleneſs pull down her Walls.
Feaſts are for Laughter made, Wine chears our hearts:
But ſoveraign Money all to all imparts.
Curſe not thy Rulers though with Vices fraught;
Not in thy Bed-Chamber, nor in thy thought:
For Birds will bear thy whiſperings on their Wings,
To the wide Ears of Death-inflicting Kings.

CHAP. XI.

SCatter thy Bread upon thy hungry Main:
This thou, in tract of time, ſhalt find again.
Thy Alms diſpenſe to many; yet to more:
Famine or War perhaps may make thee poor.
Be like the Clouds in bounty; which on all
The thirſty Earth, in ſhowers profuſely fall.
Like pregnant Trees, that ſhed on every ſide,
Their riper fruit; to none that ſtoop deny'd.
They ſhall not ſow who for a Calm defer:
Nor ſhall they reap whom gloomy skies deter.
Know'ſt thou from whence the ſtrugling Tempeſts come
Or how our bones are faſhion'd in the womb?
Much leſs his greatneſs canſt comprize; who made
The Globe of Earth, and radiant Heaven diſplai'd.

The

The Seed of Charity at Sun-riſe ſow;
And when he ſets, into the furrows throw:
Know'ſt thou if this, or that, increaſe ſhall yield?
Or both with grateful Ears inveſt thy Field?
How ſweet is Light! how pleaſant to behold,
The mounted Sun deſcend in beams of Gold!
Yet, though a Man live long; long in delight:
Let him remember that approachingNight
Which ſhall in endleſs darkneſs cloſe his Eyes:
Then will he all, as vanity, deſpiſe.
Young man, rejoice; thy hearts deſires fulfil;
No other Lord acknowledge but thy will;
Thy Senſes freely Feaſt: yet ſhalt thou come
To Gods Tribunal, and receive thy Doom:
Decline his wrath, and Sin-inflicting pain:
For both the bud and flower of Youth are vain.
Think of thy Maker in thy better days;
Before the vigour of thy age decays:
Before that ſad and tedious time draw nigh,
When thou ſhalt loath thy life, and wiſh to die.
Before th'informing Sun, the cheerful Light,
The various Moon, and Ornaments of Night,
In vain for thee their ſhining Tapers bear:
Or fretting drops of Rain deep furrows wear.
When they ſhall tremble, who the Houſe defend:
And the ſtrong Columns which ſupport it bend:
The Grinders fail, reduced to a few; (view:
The Watch no Objects through their Caſements
Thoſe Doors ſhut up that open to the Street;
And when th'unarmed Guarders ſoftly meet:
The Bird of dawning raiſe thee with his voice;
Nor thou in Women, or their Songs rejoice.
When thou ſhalt fear the roughneſs of the way;
When every Peble ſhall thy paſſage ſtay: (white;
When th'Almond-tree his boughs inveſts with
The Locuſt ſtoops: then dead to all delight

Man muſt at length to his long home deſcend:
Behold, the Mourners at his gates attend.
Adviſe; before the Silver Cord grows ſlack;
Before the golden Bowl aſunder crack:
Before the Pitcher at the fountain leak;
Or waſted Wheel beſides the Ciſtern break.
Man, made of Earth, reſolves into the ſame:
His Soul aſcends to God, from whom it came.
O Reſtleſs Vanity of Vanities!
All is but Vanity, the Preacher Cries.
He who was wiſe, the People knowledge taught:
His Lines with well-digeſted Proverbs fraught.
He found out matter to delight the mind:
And every word he writ, by Truth was ſign'd.
Wiſe Sentences are Goads; Nails cloſely driven
By grave Inſtructors: by one Paſtor given.
And now my Son, be thou admoniſhed
By what thou haſt already heard, and read.
There is of making many Books no End:
And ſtudious Night th'intentive Spirits ſpend.
Of all the Sum; fear God, his Laws obey:
Mans Duty; to Felicity the way.
For He ſhall every work, each ſecret thing,
Both good and bad, to publick Judgment bring.

A Paraphraſe UPON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

By *G. S.*

Cum Privilegio Regiæ Majeſtatis.

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Tho. Wykes.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

I Preſume to invite you to theſe ſacred Nuptials: the Epithalamium ſung by a Crowned Muſe. Never was there pair of ſo divine a Beauty, nor united in ſuch harmonious Affections: and infinitely he deſerved her love; redeemed at ſo dear a Price, and inricht with ſo invaluable a Dowry.

SIR, *Let me find your Pardon for thus long continuing to make my Allay currant by the impreſſion of your Name. Directed by your propitious Aſpect, have I ſafely ſteered between ſo many Rocks; and now, arrived at my laſt Harbor, have broken up my ruinous Veſſel.*

The humbleſt of your

Majeſties Servants,

George Sandys.

TO THE

QUEEN.

CHaſt Nymph, you who extracted are,
From that ſwift Thunderbolt of War;
Whoſe Innocence, & Meekneſs prove
An Eagle may beget a Dove;
In this clear Mirror you may find,
The Image of your own fair Mind;
With each Attractive Excellence,
Which Feaſts the more refined ſenſe;
The Crowned Muſe from Heaven inſpir'd
With ſuch rich Beauties hath attir'd
The Sacred Spouſe: for what below
The Sun, could more perfection ſhow?

A Paraphraſe UPON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

Cant. I.

SPONSA.

JOin thy life breathing lips to mine;
Thy love excels the joy of Wine:
Thy Odors, O how redolent!
Attract me with their pleaſing ſcent;
Theſe ſweetly flowing from thy Name,
Our Virgins with deſire inflame.
O draw me, my Belov'd, and we
With winged feet will follow thee.
Thy longing Spouſe at length, great King,
Into thy Royal Chamber bring:

Then

Then ſhall our Souls, intranc't with joy,
In thy due praiſe their Zeal imploy;
Thy celebrated loves recite,
Which more than crowned cups delight.
Who Truth and ſacred Juſtice priſe,
To thee their hearts ſhall Sacrifice.
You Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
You Branches of that holy Stem,
Though black, in favour I excel:
Black as the Tents of *Iſmael*;
Yet graceful, as the burniſht Throne,
And Ornaments of *Solomon*.
Deſpiſe not my diſcoloured look:
This Tawney from the Sun I took.
My Mothers Sons envy'd my worth,
And ſwoln with malice, thruſt me forth
To Keep their Vines in heat of Day,
While, ah, my own neglected lay.
More lov'd than all of humane Seed,
O tell me where thy Sheep do feed;
Where reſt they, in what grateful ſhade,
When ſcorching Beams the Fields invade!
Why ſhould I ſtray, and run to thoſe
Who are but thy diſguiſed Foes?

SPONSUS.

O Thou the faireſt of thy kind!
I will inform thy troubled Mind.
Follow the way my Flock had led,
And in their ſteps ſecurely tread;
Thy Kids feed on the fruitful plains,
Beſides the Sheep-Coats of our Swains.
Thou love art like thoſe generous Steeds
Which *Pharo* for his Chariot breeds,

Trickt

Trickt in their rich Caparisons,
How shine thy Cheeks with sparkling Stones.
Which loosely dangle from thine Ears!
Thy Neck the Oceans Treasure wears.
I will a golden Zone impart,
Enameled with curious Art.

SPONSA.

WHile he the Prince of Bounty feasts,
And entertains his happy Guests;
My Spikenard shall perfume his hair,
Whose Odor fills the ambient air.
All Night his sacred Head shall rest
Between the Pillows of my Breast.
Not Myrrh, new bleeding from the Tree,
So acceptable is to me:
Nor *Camphire* Clusters when they blow,
Which in *Enggadi*'s Vineyard grow.

SPONSUS.

THY Beauty, Love, allures my sight,
And sheds a Firmament of Light.
In Either Eye there sits a Dove;
So mild, so full of Artless Love!

SPONSA.

THou, my Belov'd art fairer far;
Thou as the Sun, I but a Star.
Come, my Delight, our pregnant Bed
Is with green Buds and Violets spread:

Our

Our Cedar Roofs are richly guilt,
Our Galleries of Cyprus built.

Cant. II.

SPONSUS.

I Am the Lily of the Vale,
The Roſe of *Sharons* fragrant Dale:
Lo, as th'unſullied Lily ſhows
Which in a Brake of Brambles grows;
My Love ſo darkens all that are
By erring men admir'd for fair.

SPONSA.

LO, as the Tree which Citrons bears
Amidſt the barren ſhrubs appears:
So my Belov'd excels the Race
Of Man in every winning Grace.
In his deſired Shade I reſt,
And with his fruits my Palate feaſt:
He brought me to his Magazines,
Repleniſht with refreſhing Wines:
And over me, a tender Maid,
The Enſigns of his love diſplay'd.
With Flagons O revive my Powers,
And ſtrew my Bed with Fruits and Flowers.
Whoſe taſt and ſmell may Cordial prove,
For, ah, my Soul is ſick with Love:
Beneath my head thy left Arm place,
And gently with thy Right imbrace.

SPON-

SPONSUS.

YOu Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
You Branches of that Holy Stem,
by the mountain Roes, and by
The Harts which through the Foreſt fly,
Adjure you that you ſilence keep,
Nor, till ſhe call, diſturb her ſleep.

SPONSA.

IS it a Dream! or do I hear,
The Voice that ſo delights mine Ear!
Lo, he o're Hills his ſteps extends,
And bounding from the Cliffs deſcends.
Now like a Roe, out-ſtrips the wind,
And leaves the breathed Hart behind.
Behold! without my Deareſt ſtays,
And through the Lattice darts his Rays.
Thus, as his looks, his words invite:
O thou the Crown of my Delight.
Ariſe my Love, my fair One, riſe,
O Come, delay our Joy envies.
Lo, the ſharp Winter now is gone,
The threatning Tempeſts over-blown;
Hark, how the Airs Muſicians ſing,
And carrol to the flowry Spring.
Chaſt Turtles, hous'd in ſhady Groves,
Now murmur to their faithful Loves:
Green Figs on ſprouting Trees appear,
And Vines ſweet ſmelling Bloſſoms bear.
Ariſe my Love, my fair one riſe,
O Come, delay our Joy envies.

O thou my Dove, whom Terror locks
Within the Cranies of the Rocks;
Come forth, now like thy ſelf appear,
And with thy Voice delight mine Ear:
Thy Voice is Muſick, and thy Face
All conquers with reſiſtleſs Grace.
My lov'd Companions, for my ſake,
Theſe Foxes, theſe young Foxes take:
Who thus our tender Grapes deſtroy,
And in their proſperous Rapine joy.
I am my Loves, and He is mine;
So mutually our Souls combine!
He, whoſe affection words exceeds,
His Flock among the Lilies feeds.
Return to me my only Dear;
Stay till the Morning Star appear;
Stay till Nights dusky ſhadows flie
Before the Days illuſtrious Eye.
Run like a Roe, or Hart, upon
The lofty Hills of *Bitheron*.

Cant. III.

SPONSA.

STretcht on my Reſtleſs Bed, all night,
I vainly ſought my Souls Delight;
Then roſe, the City ſearcht: No Street,
No Angle my unwearied feet
Untraced left: Yet could not find
The only ſolace of my Mind.
When lo, the Watch who walk the round,
Me in my Souls diſtemper found:

Of

Of whom, with paſſion, I enquir'd;
Saw you the Man ſo much deſir'd?
Nor many ſteps had farther paſt,
But found my Love, and held him faſt:
Faſt held, till I the ſo long ſought,
Had to my Mothers Manſion brought.
In that adorned Chamber laid,
Of her, who gave me life, I ſaid:
You Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
You Branches of that holy Stem;
I, by the Mountain Roes, and by
The Hinds, which through the Foreſt fly;
Adjure you that you ſilence keep,
Nor, till he call, diſturb his ſleep.

CHORUS.

WHat Beauty from the Deſert comes,
Like Spires of Smoak rais'd from ſweet gums!
With Aromatick Powders fraught,
By Merchants from *Sabæa* brought.

SPONSA.

BEhold the Bed he reſts upon,
The Royal Bed of *Solomon:*
Twice thirty Souldiers, who excel
In Valour, Sons of *Iſrael*,
So dreadful to their Enemies,
Their bright Swords mounted on their thighs.
His Perſon guard from the affright,
And Treaſons of concealing Night.
King *Solomon* a Chariot made,
Of Trees from *Lebanon* convay'd:

The

The Pillars Silver, and the Throne,
With Gold of Indian Ophir ſhone:
With *Tyrian* Purple ceil'd above,
For *Sions* Daughter pav'd with Love.
Come Holy Virgins, O come forth,
Behold a Spectacle of worth!
Behold the Royal *Solomon*,
High mounted on his Fathers Throne,
Crown'd with the Crown his Mother plac'd
On his ſmooth Brows, with Gems enchac'd,
At that ſolemniz'd Nuptial Feaſt,
When Joy his raviſh't Soul poſſeſt.

Cant. IV.

SPONSUS.

HOW fair art thou, how wondrous fair!
Thy Dove-like Eyes in ſhades of hair;
Whoſe dangling Curls appear like flocks
Of Climing Goats from *Gileads* Rocks:
Thy Teeth like Sheep in their return
From *Chiſon*, waſht, and ſmoothly ſhorn.
None markt for barren, none of all
But equal Twins at once let fall.
Thy Lips like threds of Scarlet ſhow,
Whence graceful accents ſweetly flow:
Thy Cheeks like Punick Apples are,
Which bluſh beneath thy flowing hair:
Thy Neck like *Davids* Armory,
With Poliſht Marble rais'd on high;
Whoſe Walls a thouſand Shields adorn,
By Worthies oft in Battel born:

Thy

Thy Breaſts are Twins, Twins of the Roe;
There grazing where the Lilies grow.
I to the Mountains will retire,
Where bleeding Trees perfumes expire:
Until the Morning fleck the sky,
And Nights repulſed Shadows fly.
How beautiful thy looks appear!
In every part from blemiſh clear!
My Spouſe, at length let us be gone;
Leave we the fragrant *Lebanon:*
Look down from *Amana,* Look down
From *Sheners* top and *Hermons* Crown:
From Hills where dreadful Lyons rave,
And from the Mountain *Leopards* Cave.
Thou who my Spouſe and Siſter art;
How haſt thou raviſhed my heart!
Struck with one glance of thy bright Eyes!
One Hair of thine in Fetters ties!
Thy Beauty, Siſter, is divine,
Thy love, my Spouſe, more ſtrong than Wine.
Thy Odors, far more redolent
Than Spices from *Panchaia* ſent:
Thy Lips drop Honey, from below
Thy Palate Milk and Honey flow.
Thy Robes a ſweeter Odor caſt,
Than *Lebanon* with Cedars grac't.
My Love, by mutual vows aſſur'd,
A Garden is with ſtrength immur'd:
A Cryſtal Fountain, a clear Spring,
Shut up and ſealed with my Ring:
An Orchard ſtor'd with pleaſant Fruits;
Pomgranat Trees, there ſpread their Roots,
Where ſweetly ſmelling Camphire blows,
And never dying Spikenard grows;
Sweet Spikenard, Crocus newly blown,
Sweet Calamus and Cinamon:

Thoſe Trees which ſacred Incenſe ſhed,
The Tears of Myrrh, and Aloes bled
From bitter wounds; with all the rare
Productions which perfume the Air.

SPONSA.

THoſe living Springs from thee proceed,
Whoſe Drills our Plants with moiſture feed:
Like Cryſtal Streams which iſſue from
The Fountain-fruitful *Lebanon.*
You cooler Winds blow from the North,
You dropping Southern Gales break forth:
On this our Garden gently blow,
And through the Land rich Odors throw.
Come Love, Come with a Lovers haſt,
Our riper fruits and ſpices taſt.

Cant. V.

SPONSUS.

MY Spouſe, my Siſter, thou who art
The Joy and Treaſure of my heart:
I to my Garden have retir'd,
Reapt Spices which perfumes expir'd;
Sweet Gums from Trees profuſely ſhed,
On dropping Combs of Honey fed;
Drunk Morning Milk, with new preſt Wine:
O Friends, whom like deſires combine;
Eat, drink, drink freely: nor remove,
Till you be all inflam'd with Love.

SPONSA.

SPONSA.

ALthough I ſleep my Paſſions wake,
For he who knockt, thus ſadly ſpake:
My Love, my Siſter, thou more mild
Than galleſs Doves, my undefil'd,
O let me enter! Night hath ſhed
Her Dew on my uncovered Head;
Which from my drenched Locks diſtils,
And with a frozen numneſs chills.
Can I aſſent to thy requeſt,
Diſrob'd and newly laid to reſt?
Shall I now cloath my ſelf again?
And feet ſo lately waſht, diſtain?
But when I had his hand diſcern'd,
Drawn from the latch, my bowels yern'd.
I roſe, no longer could defer
To unlock the Door; when liquid Myrrh,
Thence dropping, on my finger fell,
And breath'd an Odoriferous ſmell.
But ah, when opened he was gone:
His grief fetcht from my heart a groan.
In vain I ſought my Souls Belov'd;
I call'd him, O too far remov'd!
The Watch and thoſe who walk the round,
In this purſuit the Afflicted found:
Smote, wounded, and prophanely tore
The Sable Veil my Sorrow wore.
You Virgins of fair *Solyma*,
I charge you, if you meet him, ſay,
That I his Spouſe am ſick for Love,
And with your tears ſoft pitty move.

CHORUS.

O Thou of all our Sex moſt fair,
Can none with thy belov'd compare!
Doth he ſo much our Loves tranſcend
That we alone ſhould him intend!

SPONSA.

LO! in his face the bluſhing Roſe,
Join'd with the Virgin Lily, grows:
Among a Myriad he appears
The Chief, and Beauties Enſign bears.
His head adorn'd with burniſht gold,
Which Curls of ſhining hair infold,
Black as the newly pruned Crow:
His Eyes like Doves by Fountains ſhow,
Late bathed in a Rivolet
Of Milk, alike exactly ſet:
His Cheeks, ſweet Spice, and flowers confer,
His Lips, like Roſes dropping Myrrh.
His Hand, the wondering Eye invites,
Like Rings that blaze with Chryſolites:
His Belly, poliſht Ivory,
Where Saphires in blew branches lie:
His Legs, like Marble Pillars, plac'd
On Baſes with pure gold inchac'd:
His Looks, like Cedars planted on
The Brows of lofty *Lebanon:*
His Tongue, the Ear with Muſick feeds:
And he in every part exceeds.
You Daughters of *Jeruſalem,*
Such is my Friend, my praiſes Theam.

Cant.

Cant. VI.

CHORUS.

FAir Virgin, parallel'd by none,
O whither's thy Beloved gone!
Direct our forward Zeal, that we
May join in this purſuit with thee.

SPONSA.

BEhold, the more than life deſir'd,
Down to his Garden is retir'd:
There gathers Flowers, Feaſts in the Shade,
On Beds of bruiſed Spices laid.
Our mutual flame all flames exceeds:
My Dear among the Lilies feeds.

SPONSUS.

NOT Regal *Terza*, *Iſraels*
Delight, thy Beauty, Love excels:
Not thou, Divine *Jeruſalem*,
That art of all the World the Gem:
Nor Armies with their Enſigns ſpread,
So threaten with amazing Dread.
O turn from me thy wounding Eyes!
In every glance an Arrow flies!
Thy dangling Hair appears like flocks
Of climbing Goats from *Gileads* Rocks:
Thy Teeth, like Sheep in their Return
From *Chiſon*, waſht and ſmoothly ſhorn;

None markt for barren, none of all
But equal Twins at once let fall:
Thy Cheeks like Punick Apples are,
Which bluſh beneath thy flowing Hair.
They boaſt of many Queens, great ſtore
Of Concubines, and Virgins more
Than can be told: my Undefil'd
Is all in one; the only Child
Of her fair Mother: and brought forth
To ſhew the World an unknown Worth.
Queens, Virgins, Concubines, beheld,
Admir'd, and bleſt th' Unparallel'd.

CHORUS.

WHo's this, who like the Morning ſhews,
When ſhe her Paths with Roſes ſtrews!
More fair than the repleniſht Moon,
More Radiant than the Sun at Noon:
Not Armies with their Enſigns ſpread,
So threaten with amazing dread.

SPONSUS.

I To my pleaſant Gardens went,
Where Nutmegs breath a fragrant ſcent,
To ſee the generous Fruits which grac'd
The pregnant vale, with Springs inchac'd:
To ſee the Vines diſcloſe their Jems,
And Granats blooming on their Stems.
Then unaware, and half amaz'd,
Me thought my raviſht Soul was rais'd
Up to a Chariot, ſwift as Winds,
Drawn by my Peoples willing Minds.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

REturn fair *Shulamite*, return
To us, who for thy abſence mourn.
What ſee you in the *Shulamite !*
Two Armies prevalent in fight.

Cant. VII.

SPONSUS.

O Princeſs, thou than life more dear,
How beautiful thy feet appear ;
When they, with purple Ribands bound,
In golden Sandals print the ground !
Thy Joints, like Jewels, which impart
To wondring Eyes the Workmans Art :
Thy Navel, like a Mazer, fill'd
With Juice from rareſt fruits diſtill'd :
Thy Belly, like a heap of wheat,
With never fading Lilies ſet :
Thy Breaſts two Roes, new weaned, ſhow,
Which fell at once from one fair Doe :
Thy Neck, an Ivory Tower diſplays :
Thine Eyes, which ſhine with equal Rays,
Like *Heſhbons* Pools by *Bathrabim*,
Where ſilver-ſcaled Fiſhes ſwim :
Thy Noſe, preſents that Tower upon
The face of flowry *Lebanon* ;
Which all the pleaſant plain ſurvays,
Where *Abana* her ſtreams diſplays ;

Thy Head, like Carmel, cloth'd with ſhade;
Whoſe Treſſes Tyrian fillets bray'd.
The King, from Cypreſs Galleries,
This Chain of ſtrong Affection ties.
How pleaſant! O how exquiſite!
Thy Beauty fram'd for ſweet delight!
Thy Stature, like an upright Palm:
Thy Breaſts, like Cluſters dropping Balm.
I will aſcend the Palms high Crown,
Whoſe Boughs Victorious Hands renown,
And from the ſpreading Branches Root,
Will gather her delicious fruit.
Thy Breaſts ſhall like ripe Cluſters ſwell,
Thy Breath like new pull'd Citrons ſmell:
Choice Wines ſhall from thy Palate ſpring,
Moſt acceptable to the King:
Which ſweetly ſhall deſcend, and make
The Dumb to ſpeak, the Dead to wake.

SPONSA.

I My Belov'd, am only thine,
And thou by juſt exchange art mine;
Come, let us tread the pleaſant Fields,
Taſt we what fruit the Country yields,
And in the Villages repoſe
When ſhades of Night all Forms incloſe.
Then with the early Morn repair
To our new Vineyard; ſee if there
The tender Vines thruſt forth their Gems,
And Granats bloſſom on their Stems.
There, where no Froſts our Spring deſtroy,
Shalt thou alone my Love enjoy.
How ſweet a ſmell our Mandrakes yield!
Our Gates with various fruits are fill'd:

Fruits

Fruits that are old, fruits from the Tree
New gathered, all preſerv'd for thee.

Cant. VIII.

SPONSA.

O Had we from one Mother ſprung!
Both at her Breaſts together hung!
Then ſhould I meet thee in the Street,
With unreproved kiſſes greet:
And to my Mothers Houſe conduct,
Where thou thy Siſter ſhouldſt inſtruct:
There would I ſpiced Wines produce,
And my Pomegranats purple Juice;
Thy left Arm for my Pillow plac'd,
And ſtrictly with thy right embrac'd.
You Virgins, born in *Sions* Towers,
I charge you by the chief of Powers,
That you a conſtant ſilence keep,
Nor till he call, diſturb his ſleep.

CHORUS.

WHo's this, whoſe feet the Hills aſcend
From Deſerts, leaning on her Friend!

SPONSA.

I My Belov'd firſt raiſed thee
From under the Pomecitron Tree:

Thy

Thy careful Mother, in that Shade,
With anguiſh, her fair Belly laid.
Be I, O thou my better Part,
A Seal impreſt upon thy Heart:
May I thy Fingers Signet prove,
For Death is not more ſtrong than Love:
The Grave not ſo inſatiate,
As Jealouſies enflame debate.
Should falling Clouds with Floods conſpire,
Their Waters could not quench Loves fire:
Nor all in Natures Treaſury,
The Freedom of Affection buy.
We have a Siſter immature,
That hath no Breaſts, as yet obſcure;
What Ornaments ſhall we beſtow,
When Mortals her Endowments know?

SPONSUS.

ON her, if ſtrongly built to bear,
We will a Silver Palace rear;
Or, if a Door, to deck the ſame,
Will Leaves of carved Cedar frame.

SPONSA.

I Am a firm Foundation,
For my Belov'd to build upon;
My Breaſts are Towers: I, his Delight,
His object and ſole Favourite.

SPON.

SPONSUS.

LAte in *Baal-Hamon Solomon*
Let forth his Vineyard: every one
For Fruits and Wines there yearly made,
A Thouſand ſilver Sheckles paid.

SPONSA.

THis Vineyard, this which I poſſeſs,
With diligence I daily dreſs.
Thou *Solomon* ſhalt have thy due:
Two hundred more remain for you,
(Out of the ſurplus of our gains)
Who in our Vineyard took ſuch pains.

SPONSUS.

O Thou that in the Gardens liv'ſt,
And life infuſing counſel giv'ſt
To thoſe that in thy Songs rejoice,
To me addreſs thy cheerful Voice.

SPONSA.

COme my Belov'd, O come away!
Love is impatient of Delay:
Run, like a youthful Hart, or Roe,
On Hills where precious Spices grow.

A Paraphraſe UPON THE LAMENTATIONS OF *JEREMIAH.*

CHAP. I.

HOW like a Widow, ah! how deſolate
This City ſits! thrown from the pride of State!
How is this Potent Queen, who laws to all
The neighbouring Nations gave, become a Thrall!
Who Nightly tears from her ſalt Fountains ſheds:
Which fall upon her Cheeks in liquid Beads.
Of all her Lovers, none regard her woes:
And her perfidious Friends increaſe her Foes.
Judah in exile wanders: ah! ſubdu'd
By vaſt afflictions, and baſe ſervitude.
Among the Barbarous Heathen finds no reſt:
At home, abroad, on every ſide oppreſt.
Ah! ſee how *Sion* mourns! Her Gates, and ways,
Lie unfrequented on her ſolemn Days.

Her

Her Virgins weep; her Prieſts lament her fall:
And all her ſuſtenance converts to gall.
A wretched Vaſſal to her Salvage Foes:
Her numerous Sins the Authors of theſe Woes.
Behold, how they, who by her loſſes thrive,
Into Captivity her Children drive!
O *Sions* Daughter, all thy Beauty's loſt!
Thy chaſed Princes are like Harts imboſt,
Which find no water; and infeebled fly
Before the Eager Hunters dreadful Cry.
Jeruſalem in theſe her Miſeries,
And Days of Mourning, ſets before her Eyes
Thoſe vaniſh't Pleaſures which ſhe once enjoy'd;
Her People now by hoſtile Swords deſtroy'd:
Whil'ſt none afford Compaſſion to her woes;
Her Sabbaths ſcorn'd by her inſulting Foes.
Jeruſalem hath ſin'd; is now remov'd
For her uncleanneſs: thoſe who lately lov'd,
As much deſpiſe; her nakedneſs deſcry'd:
Who ſighs for ſhame, and turns her face aſide.
Pollution ſtains her skirts; yet her laſt end
Remembred not: for this without a Friend
Stupendiouſly ſhe fell. Great God behold
My Sorrows, ſince the Foe is grown ſo bold!
Hath raviſh't all wherein ſhe took delight;
His Inſolence contending with his Might.
Ah! ſhe hath ſeen th'uncircumcis'd profane
Thy Temple, whoſe approach thy Laws reſtrain.
Her People, ſighing ſeek for Bread; who give
Their wealth for food, that their faint Souls may live.
Conſider Lord; O look on the forlorn!
Who am to all the World a general ſcorn.
You Paſſengers, though this concern not you,
Here fix your Steps, and my ſtrange Sufferings view.
Was ever ſorrow like my Sorrow known!
Which God hath on me in his fury thrown!

He

He from the breaking Clouds his flames hath caſt;
Which in my Bones the boyling Marrow waſt:
Hath ſet ſnares for my feet, thrown to the ground;
Left deſolate, and fainting with my wound.
Who of my Sins hath made a yoke, to check
My Inſolence; and caſt it on my Neck.
My Strength hath broken; to my Enemies
Subdu'd my Powers: now, ah! too weak to riſe.
He, in the mid'ſt of me, hath trodden down
My mighty Men; and thoſe of moſt Renown.
His Troops on my ſtrong youth like Torrents ruſh't:
As in a Wine-Preſs, *Judah*'s Daughter cruſh't.
For this I weep! my Eye, my galled Eye,
Diſſolves in Streams: for he who ſnould apply
Balm to my wounds, far, O far off is fled!
My Children deſolate; their Foe, their head.
Her Hands ſad *Sion* rais'd; no Comfort found:
Jehovah charg'd her Foes to giur'd her round.
Jeruſalem, O thou of late belov'd;
Now like a Menſtruous Woman art remov'd.
The Lord is juſt: 'tis I that have rebell'd;
And by my wild revolt his Grace expell'd.
Hear, and behold my woes: my Orphans torn
From my forc'd Arms, and into exile born.
I to my boaſting Lovers call'd for aid:
But they their vows infring'd, my truſt betray'd.
My Prieſts and Princes, while they ſeek for Bread
To feed their hungry Souls, augment the Dead.
Lord look on me! my heart rouls in my Breaſt:
My Bowels toil, like Seas with Storms oppreſt.
I have provok't thy Vengeance with my Sin:
Without the Sword deſtroys, and Dearth within.
My ſighs no pitty move: my cruel Foes
Enjoy thy Wrath, and glory in my Woes.
Yet that preſaged Time will come, when they
Shall equal Sorrows to thy Juſtice pay.

O ſet their impious deeds before thine Eyes;
And preſs them with my weighty Miſeries:
(The Birth of Sin) which break into complaint;
My groans are numberleſs, my Spirits faint.

CHAP. II.

HOW hath *Jehovah*'s wrath, O *Sion*, ſpread
A Vail of Clouds about thy Daughters head!
From Heaven to Earth thy beauty, *Iſrael*, thrown!
Nor in his fierce diſpleaſure ſpar'd his own!
How hath he ſwallow'd *Judah*'s Manſions! ras't
His Holds! and to the ground his Bulwarks caſt!
The Land in his relentleſs rage profan'd;
And with the Blood of her own Princes ſtain'd!
He, in his Indignation, hath the Horn
Of *Iſrael* from his bleeding forehead torn.
Before the Foe, O forc't to flie with ſhame!
His wrath to *Jacob* a devouring flame.
Foe-like hath bent his Bow; his Hoſtile hand
Advanc't, and ſlain the Beauty of the Land:
All that the eye attracted with Deſire;
And pour'd his anger forth like floods of Fire.
Againſt thee, *Solyma*, converts his Powers:
Sad *Iſrael*, and his Palaces, devours.
His ſtrong built Fortreſſes to ruins turns:
Whil'ſt *Judah*'s Daughter for her Children mourns.
His Tabernacle He with Violence
Hath now demoliſh't, like a Garden Fence.
None *Sions* Feaſts and Sabbaths celebrate;
Both King and Prieſt obnoxious to his hate.
Deteſts his Sanctuary, and forſakes
His flameleſs Altar: while the Enemy takes
His Palaces and Walls, fill'd with their Cries:
As late by us in our Solemnities.

The

The ruin of *Jeruſalem* deſigns:
And levels the Foundation with his Lines.
Nor his fierce hand withdraws: the tottering walls
And ſtooping Turrets, languiſh in their falls.
Her Gates ſink to the Earth, with ſhiver'd bars:
Her King and Princes Slaves, or ſlain in Wars.
All Laws ſurceaſe. *Jehovah* to her Seers
No more by Viſions or by Dreams appears.
Her Elders ſit on Earth, with ſilent Woe;
And Duſt upon their Silver Treſſes throw:
In ſack-cloath mourn. Her Virgins hang their heads,
Like drooping Flowers that bow to their cold Beds.
My Bowels toil; mine Eyes with tears are drown'd;
My bleeding Liver pour'd upon the Ground:
To ſee my tender Babes, unpittied, lie
On flinty Pavements, and through famine die.
While others to their weeping Mothers ſay:
O give us Food, our hunger to allay!
Then, fainting by the bloodleſs wound of Death,
In their infolding Arms ſigh out their Breath.
How ſhall my tongue expreſs, O how compare
Thy matchleſs Sorrows, to aſſwage thy Care,
Diſtreſſed *Sions* Daughter! for thy breach
Is like the Seas; whoſe rage no bounds impeach.
Vain tales, and fooliſh, have thy Prophets told;
Nor would they thy exiling Sins unfold:
Falſe Burthens, and falſe Prophecies, invent;
The fatal Authors of thy Baniſhment.
The Paſſengers, they wry their heads aſide;
Hiſs at thee, clap their hands, and thus deride:
Is this their only Joy? which they of all
The world the Beauty and Perfection call? (ſay;
Thy Foes make mouths, ſcoff, grind their teeth, and
Now have we ſwallow'd our deſired prey:
This is that Day we did ſo long expect,
Wherein our hopes have had their wiſh't effect.

God hath accompliſhed his old Decree;
We thy oft-menaced Deſtruction ſee:
Hath ruin'd without pity; made a Scorn
To thy Triumphant Foe, and rais'd his Horn.
To him their hearts now cry: O *Sions* Towers!
All Day, all Night, let tears deſcend in Showers.
O never give thy labouring Thoughts repoſe!
Nor let the humid Night thy Eye-lids cloſe!
Ariſe, and cry; cry from the Nights firſt hour:
Thy Heart before thy God, like water, pour.
O raiſe thy Hands to Heaven; leſt Famines force
ThyChildrens Souls from theirpaleCorps divorce.
Lord, ſee thy Maſſacres! ſhall Curſed Wombs
Become their new-born Childrens fatal Tombs!
Thy Prieſts and Prophets by the Sword are ſlain:
And with their Blood thy Sanctuary ſtain.
Lo! in the Streets old Men and Infants lie:
My Virgins and bold Youth by ſlaughter die.
Thou with their Blood thy Vengeance didſt im-
Thy burning Fury without pitty ſlew. (brew:
As in a ſolemn Day, thy Terrors have
Inviron'd me: thy Anger cloys the Grave.
Thoſe whom I ſwadled, in my Boſom bred;
The Barbarous Foe hath ſent unto the Dead.

CHAP. III.

LO, I, the Man, who by the wrath of God,
Have ſeen afflictions ſtorms, and felt his Rod!
He hath depriv'd me of the chearful Light;
Inveloped with Shades more dark than Night:
Againſt me his revengeful Forces bent;
Nor ſets his Anger with the Suns deſcent.
My fleſh hath waſted; wrinkled my ſmooth skin
With Sorrows Age, and broke my Bones within.

Againſt

Againſt me digg'd a Trench, caſt up a Mound;
With Travels bitter gall beſieg'd me round.
Impriſon'd where no beams their brightneſs ſhed:
Like that dark Region peopled by the Dead.
On every ſide my Flight with Bars reſtrains:
And clogs my galled Legs with maſſy Chains.
Who ſtops his Ears againſt my Cries and Prayers:
With Stone immures, and ſpreads my Path with ſnares.
He like a Bear, or Lyon, lies in wait:
Diverts, in pieces tears, leaves Deſolate.
At me, as at a mark, his Bow he drew:
Whoſe Arrows in my Blood their Wings imbrew.
He lets the People circle me in Throngs;
Who all the Day deride, with ſpiteful Songs.
With Wormwood made me drunk, with gall hath fed:
My Teeth with gravel broke, with Aſhes ſpread.
My Soul to Peace is ſuch a Stranger grown;
As if I never better Days had known.
When I my wrongs to memory recal;
My Miſeries, my Wormwood, and my Gall;
My Paſſions thus exclaim: Ah! Periſhed
Are all my hopes! from me my ſtrength is fled!
Theſe thoughts my Soul have humbl'd: trod to Earth
My Pride; and given my Hopes a ſecond Birth.
Twas thy abundant goodneſs, Lord, that all
Did not together in one Ruine fall.
Thy Mercies with the riſing Light renew:
And thy Fidelity, as large as true.
My Soul is arm'd with ſtedfaſt Confidence:
Since thou my Portion art, and ſtrong Defence.
To thoſe, how gracious, who on thee relie!
Who ſeek thee with unfainting Induſtry!
'Tis good to hope, and reſt upon thy Truth:
'Tis good to bear thy yoke in early youth.
Alone he ſilent ſits; nor will diſtruſt
Thy Promiſe, when he hides his head in Duſt.

His cheek ſubmits to blows, by all revil'd:
Yet knows at length thou wilt be reconcil'd.
When God with grief hath fixt thee to the ground:
His Mercy will pour balm into thy wound.
For He delights not in our Miſery;
On thoſe to trample who in fetters lie:
Hates that the weak ſhould be oppreſt by might;
Or Juſtice ſuffer in the Judges ſight.
O tell, what can befal beneath the Sun,
That is not by the Lords appointment done?
Both good and bad from Him proceeds: why then
Grudge you at puniſhment; vain ſinful Men?
Turn we to God by tryal of our ways:
To Heaven our hearts, our hands, and voices, raiſe.
We have tranſgreſs'd, rebell'd; no pardon gain:
The Food of Wrath; by thee purſu'd and ſlain.
Thou haſt with Clouds thy ſelf inclos'd of late:
Through which no Prayers of ours can penetrate.
With Men, the refuſe and off-skouring made:
Whom all our Foes with open mouths upbraid.
Fill'd with vaſtation, ruins, ſnares, and fears;
While for my Childrens loſs I melt in Tears.
Nor ſhall thoſe briny Rivers ceaſe to flow,
Till God look down with pity on our woe.
Mine Eye, ah! wounds my heart; when I behold
My Cities Daughters to Afflictions ſold.
Thoſe who thy Beauty, *Solyma*, deface,
My Soul like a retrived Partridge chace:
Cut from the living, in a Dungeon thrown;
And over-whelmed with a Pile of Stone.
Storms o're my head their rouling Billows toſt:
Then cry'd I, ah! I am for ever loſt!
Thou from the Dungeon, Lord, my cries didſt hear:
O never from my ſighs divert thine Ear!
Thou ſtood'ſt beſides me in that horrid Day:
And ſaid'ſt; Take courage; nor thy fear obey.

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Thou that haſt ſeen my wrongs, reſtore my right:
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The malice heard which their falſe tongues diſcloſe:
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Of late ſo precious; more eſteem'd than Gold:
How ſlighted! to how low a value brought!
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Their Children cry for Bread, but none receive:
Whoſe thirſty tongues to their hot palats cleave.
Who fed Deliciouſly, now ſit forlorn:
And thoſe who Scarlet wore, on Dung-hills mourn.
The Puniſhments, as did their ſins, excel
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Devour'd with ſudden flames. No Creature found
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To ſuch as meet them in the Streets, unknown.
Whoſe wither'd Skins, more dry than ſapleſs wood,
Cleave to their fleſhleſs Bones, for want of Food.
O far leſs wretched they, whoſe parting Breath
Breaks through their wonds, than thoſe who ſtarve
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And find not Death ſo cruel as Delay.
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And their beloved Babes in Caldrons boil.
On theſe with weeping Eyes, and hearts that bleed,
The famiſht Daughters of my People feed.
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And poured forth the Viols of his wrath:
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You Kings that ſway the many-Peopled Earth;
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And dearly purchas'd water from our wells.

Our necks with heavy burthens are oppreſt:
All Day we toil, at Night depriv'd of Reſt.
We, in the *Egyptian* and *Aſſyrian* Lands,
Are forc't to beg our bread with ſtretcht-out hands.
Our Fathers, who tranſgreſt, in Death remain:
And we the preſſure of their ſins ſuſtain.
Who were our Vaſſals, now our Soveraigns are:
And none ſurvive to comfort our deſpair.
With peril of our lives we ſeek our food;
The Sword in pathleſs Deſerts thirſts for blood;
While Storms of Famine mutiny within;
And like a Furnace tan the ſapleſs ſkin.
In *Judah*'s Cities Virgins they deflour:
In *Sion*, raviſht Wives their wrongs deplore.
They crucifie our Princes in their rage;
Nor honour the aſpect of reverend Age.
Our Youth inforce to grind, with laſhes gall:
And Boys beneath their cruel Burthens fall.
No Judge on high Tribunals now appears:
No Muſick draws our Souls into our Ears.
Joy, from our broken hearts exiled, flies:
Our mirth is chang'd to mourning Elegies.
The Crown from our eclipſed Brows is torn:
By all, except thy puniſhments, forlorn.
Wo to our Sins! for theſe we waſte our years
In Servitude. We drown our Eyes with tears
For thee deſerted *Sion*: Foxes dwell
Among thy ruins! who our woes can tell!
Yet, Lord, thou ever liv'ſt: Thy Throne ſhall laſt,
When Funeral Flames the World to Cinders waſte.
O why haſt thou ſo long forgot thine own!
Wilt thou forſake us as if never known!
O call us back, that we thy face may view:
Thoſe happy Days we once enjoy'd, renew.
But thou haſt caſt us off to tread the path
Of Exile: made the Object of thy wrath.

A Paraphraſe UPON THE SONGS Collected out of the OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

EXODUS XV.

THE Praiſe of our triumphant King,
And of his Victory we ſing:
Who in the Seas with horrid force
O'rethrew the Rider and his Horſe.
My Strength, my God, my Argument,
My Fathers God, hath ſafety ſent.

As the 8. Pſalm.

To

To him will I a Manſion raiſe;
There celebrate his glorious Praiſe.
His Sword hath won Eternal fame;
And great *Jehovah* is his Name.
Lo *Pharaoh*'s Chariots, his proud Hoſt,
Are in the ſwallowing Billows loſt.
God, in the fathomleſs Profound,
Hath all his choice Commanders drown'd.
Down ſunk they, like a falling ſtone,
By raging Whirl-Pits overthrown.
Thy pow'rful Hand theſe Wonders wrought;
Our Foes by Thee to ruine brought.
Thou all that durſt againſt thee fight,
Haſt cruſht by thy prevailing Might.
Thy Wrath thy Foes to Cinders turns,
As Fire the Sun-dri'd Stubble burns.
Part. 2. Blown by thy Noſtrils breath, the Flood
In heaps, like ſolid Mountains, ſtood.
The Seas divided Heart congeal'd;
Her ſandy Bottom firſt reveal'd.
Purſue, o'retake, th'Ægyptians cry'd;
Let us their wealthy Spoil divide;
Our Sword theſe Fugitives deſtroy,
And with their Slaughter feaſt our Joy.
Thou blew'ſt; thoſe Hills their Billows ſpread:
In mighty Seas they ſunk like Lead.
What God is like our God! ſo high!
So excellent in Sanctity!
Whoſe glorious Praiſe ſuch terror breeds!
So wonderful in all thy Deeds!
Thy Hand out-ſtretcht; the cloſing Womb
Of Waves gave all his Hoſt one Tomb.
But us, who have thy Mercy try'd
In our Redemption, thou wilt guide:
Guide by thy Power, till we poſſeſs
The Manſion of thy Holineſs.

Our

Our Foes ſhall this with terrour hear; Part. 3.
Sad Paleſtine grow pale with fear.
Thoſe who the *Edomites* command,
And *Moabs* Chiefs ſhall trembling ſtand.
The Hearts of *Canaan* melt away.
Like Snow before the Suns bright Ray.
Horror ſhall ſeize on all; not one
But ſtand like Statues cut in Stone:
Until thy People paſs; even thoſe,
Whom thou haſt ranſom'd from their Foes.
Thou ſhalt conduct, and plant them, where
Thy fruitful Hills their Shoulders rear:
By thy Election dignifi'd;
Where thou for ever ſhalt abide.
Thy Reign, eternal King, ſhall laſt,
When Heaven and Earth in vapours waſt.
While *Pharaoh*'s Chariots and his Horſe
'Twixt Walls of Seas their way inforce:
Thy Hand reduc'd th'obedient Waves,
Which clos'd them in their rouling Graves:
But *Iſrael* through the bottom ſand
Securely paſt, as on dry Land.

DEUTERONOMY. XXXII.

LEnd, O you Heavens, unto my voice an Ear: *As the firſt*
And thou, O Earth, what I ſhall utter, hear. *Pſalm.*
My words ſhall fall like Dew, like *April* ſhowers
On tender Herbs, and new-diſcloſed Flowers;
While I the Goodneſs of our God proclaim:
O celebrate his great and glorious Name!
Our Rock, whoſe Works are perfect. Juſtice leads,
And equal Judgment walks the Way he treads.
In him unſtain'd Sincerity excels;
The God of Truth, in whom no falſhood dwells.

But

But you are all corrupt, perverſe; nor bear
Thoſe Marks about you, which his Children wear.
O Fools! depriv'd of intellectual Light!
Do you your great Preſerver thus requite?
Your Father? He who made you? did ſelect
From all the World, and with his Beauty deck'd?
Remember; ask the Ancient: They will tell
What in old times, and Ages paſt, befel:
When the moſt High did diſtribute the Earth,
With liberal hand, to all of humane birth:
When yet you were not, He, according to
Your numerous Race, deſign'd a Seat for you.
Part. 2. His People are his Portion: *Jacob* is
Th'Inheritance alone reſerv'd for His.
He, when he wandred through a deſert land,
And in a horrid Wilderneſs of ſand;
Conducted, taught him his high Myſteries;
And kept him as the Apples of his Eyes.
As the old Eagle on her Aiery ſpreads
Her foſtring Plumes; renews their downy Beds,
Feeds, trains them for the flight, ſubdues their fears;
And on her ſoaring Wings her Eaglets bears:
So he ſuſtain'd, So led him; He alone:
No ſtranger-Gods to *Iſrael* then were known.
Whom like a Horſe the towring Mountains bore;
That thoſe rich fields might feaſt him with their ſtore.
With Honey the hard rocks ſuply'd his want;
And pure Oil drill'd from Cliffs of Adamant:
Him with the Milk of Ewes, with Butter fed;
With fat of Lambs, and Rams in *Baſhan* bred;
With fleſh of Goats, with Wheats pure Kernels fil'd;
And drank the Blood, which from the grape diſtil'd.
Part. 3. But *Jeſurun* grew fat; kickt like a Horſe,
Full of high feeding, and untamed force:
Forſook his God, who made, ſuſtain'd, adorn'd;
And that ſtrong Rock of his Salvation ſcorn'd:

With

With barbarous Gods, and execrable Rites,
His Jealouſie and Wrath at once excites.
To Devils they profanely ſacrific'd;
Gods made with hands, before their Maker priz'd:
Gods brought from foreign Nations, ſtrange & new:
Gods, which their Anceſtors nor fear'd, nor knew.
Their Father, their firm Rock, remembred not;
And Him, who had created them, forgot.
This having ſeen with burning Eyes, the Lord
His Daughters, and degenerate Sons, abhor'd;
Said, from theſe Rebels I will hide my face,
And ſee the end of this unfaithful Race.
Since they with Gods, that are but Gods in Name,
My Soul with ſo great Jealouſie inflame;
And through their vanities my wrath incenſe;
I, by the like will puniſh their offence.
Their Glory to an unknown Nation grant,
And in their room a fooliſh People plant.
A fire is kindled in my wrath which ſhall *Part. 4.*
Even in the depth of Hell devour them all:
Polluted Earth with her productions burn;
And aiery Mountains into aſhes turn.
One miſery another ſhall invite,
And all my Arrows in their boſoms light:
Famine ſhall eat them, hot Diſeaſes burn;
And all by violent deaths to Earth return.
The teeth of ſalvage Beaſts their blood ſhall ſpill;
And Serpents with their fatal poyſon kill.
The Sword without, and home-bred Terrors ſhall
Devour their lives. Their Youth untimely fall;
Betrothed Virgins, ſuch as ſtoop with Age,
And ſucking Babes, ſhall ſink beneath my Rage.
Scatter I would like Chaff by Tempeſts blown,
Nor ſhould their Memory to Man be known:
If not withheld by their inſulting Foe;
Leſt he ſhould triumph in their overthrow:

And

And boasting say; This our own hands have done;
Our Swords, the Gods which have their battel won.
Part. 5. A Nation which hath no Intelligence:
Uncapable of counsel; void of sense.
O that my Words could to their hearts descend;
To make them wise, and think of their last End!
How would One man a Thousand put to flight!
And Two a Myriad overthrow in Fight!
But that their Strength hath sold them to their Foes;
And left them naked to their deadly blows.
For, though our Enemies should judge, their Powers
Are faint to His; their Rock no Rock to ours:
Their Vine of *Sodom*, of *Gomorrha*'s Fields;
Which Grapes of Gall, and bitter clusters yields.
Poison of Dragons is their deadly Wine;
To which cold Asps their drowsie venom join.
Is not all this unto my Sight reveal'd?
Laid up in store? and with my Signet seal'd!
To me belongs Revenge and Recompence:
Which I will in the time decreed dispense.
The Day is near which their destruction brings;
And Punishment now flies with speedy Wings.
Part. 6. God will his People judge; at length relent;
And of his Servants miseries repent:
Then when they are of all their power bereft,
No strength, no hope of humane succour left.
And say, Where are the Gods of your defence,
Those Rocks of your presuming confidence;
Whose flaming Altars you so often fed
With fat of Beeves, and Wine profusely shed?
Now let them from their crowned Banquets rise,
And shield you from your furious Enemies.
Behold! I am your God; I, only I,
Assisted by no foreign Deity.
I kill, revive; I wound and heal; no hand
Or power of Mortals can my strength withstand.

I, to the Heavens I made, my arms extend;
Pronounce, I ever was, and have no end.
Whet I my glittering Sword; if I advance
My hand in Judgment; woes paſt utterance,
And vengeance, equal to their merits, ſhall
Upon my Foes, and thoſe who hate me, fall.
The hungry Sword ſhall eat their fleſh, like Food,
My thirſty Arrows ſhall be drunk with blood:
For Captives ſlain, and for the blood they ſpilt,
I will with horror recompence their guilt.
You wiſer Nations, with his People joy;
For he will all their Enemies deſtroy:
His Servants vindicate from their proud Foe;
And to their Land, and them, his Mercy ſhow.

JUDGES V.

YOUR great Preſerver celebrate: *As the 8. Pſalm.*
He who reveng'd our wrongs of late;
When you, his Sons, in *Iſraels* Aid
Of life ſo brave a Tender made.
You Princes, with attention hear;
And you who awful Scepters bear;
While I in ſacred Numbers ſing
The Praiſe of our eternal King.
When he through *Seir* his Army led,
In *Edoms* fields his Enſigns ſpread;
Earth ſhook, the Heavens in drops deſcend;
And Clouds in tears their ſubſtance ſpend.
Before his Face the Mountains melt:
Old *Sinai* unknown fervor felt.
When *Iſrael Sangars* Rule obey'd,
And *Jael*, that *Virago*, ſway'd;
She bold of heart, He great in War;
Yet to the fearful Traveller

All

All ways were then unſafe: who crept
Through Woods, or paſt when others ſlept.
The Land uncultivated lay:
When I aroſe, I *Deborah*,
A Mother to my Countrey grew;
At once their Foes, and fears ſubdue.
Part. 2. When to themſelves new Gods they choſe,
Then were their Walls beſieg'd by Foes.
Did One of Forty Thouſand wear
A Coat of Steel? or ſhook a Spear?
You, who with ſuch alacrity
Led to the Battel; O how I
Affect your Valour! with me raiſe
Your voices; Sing *Jehovahs* Praiſe.
Sing You who on white Aſſes ride,
And Juſtice equally divide:
You, who thoſe Ways ſo fear'd of late,
Where now no Thieves aſſaſſinate:
You lately from your Fountains bar'd,
Where you their clattering Quivers heard:
There, with united joy record
The righteous Judgments of the Lord.
You who your Cities repoſſeſs,
Who reap in peace, his Praiſe profeſs.
Ariſe, O *Deborah*, ariſe;
In Heavenly Hymns expreſs thy Joys.
Ariſe, O *Barak*; Thou the Fame
And Off-ſpring of *Abinoam*;
Of *Iſrael* the renowned Head,
Captivity now captive lead.
Part. 3. Nor ſhall the noble Memory
Of our ſtrong Aids in ſilence die:
The Quiver-bearing *Ephramite*
Marcht from his Mountain to the Fight:
Thoſe who on *Amalek* confine,
The ſmall Remains of *Benjamin*:

From

From *Machir*, Princes: Not a few
Wiſe *Zebulun* with Letters drew:
The valiant Chiefs of *Iſſachar*,
With *Deborah*, Troopt to this War;
Who down into the Valley tread
The way which noble *Barak* led.
But *Reuben* from the reſt disjoin'd
By Hills and Floods, was ſo in mind.
Did'ſt thou theſe glorious Wars refuſe,
To hear the bleating of the Ewes?
O great in Council! O how wiſe!
That couldſt both Faith and Fame deſpiſe.
Gilead, of thundring Drums afraid,
Or ſlothful, beyond *Jordan* ſtaid.
Dan his ſwift-ſailing Ships affects,
And publick Liberty neglects:
While *Aſhur* on his Cliffs reſides,
And fortifies againſt the Tides.
But *Zebulun*, and *Nepthali*,
Who never would from danger flie,
Were ready, for the publick good,
On Tabors top to ſhed their blood.
Then Kings, Kings of the *Canaanites*, *Part* 4.
On *Taanach* Plains addreſt their Fights;
Where ſwift *Megiddo*'s Waters ran:
Yet neither Spoil nor Trophee wan.
The Heavens 'gainſt *Siſera* fought; The Stars
Mov'd in Battalia to thoſe Wars:
By ancient *Kiſhon* ſwept from thence;
Whoſe Torrent falling Clouds incenſe.
Thou, O my joyful Soul, at length
Haſt trod to Dirt their puiſſant Strength.
Their wounded Horſe with flying haſte
Fall head-long, and their Riders caſt.
Thus ſpake an Angel; Curſed be
Thou *Meroz*, all who dwell in thee;

That baſely would'ſt no aid afford,
In that great Battel to the Lord.
Cinœian Hebers Wife, thou beſt
Of Women, be thou ever bleſt;
Bleſt above all: Let all that dwell
In Tents, thy Act, O *Jael*, tell.
She brought him Milk, above his wiſh;
And Butter in a Princely Diſh.
A Hammer, and a Nail ſhe took,
This into *Siſera*'s Temples ſtrook.
He fell, fell down, down to the Floor;
Lay where he fell, bath'd in his Gore;
Lay groveling at her feet: and there
His wretched Soul ſigh'd into Air.
Part 5. His Mother at her Window ſtaid,
And thruſting out her ſhoulders ſaid;
Why are his Chariots Wheels ſo ſlow!
Nor yet my Son in Triumph ſhow!
When her wiſe Ladies ſtanding by,
(Yea ſhe her ſelf) made this reply;
Have not their Swords now won the Day?
Have they not ſhar'd the wealthy Prey?
Now every Souldier for his pains
An Hebrew Dame or Virgin gains:
While *Siſera*, choſing, lays aſide
Rich Robes, in various Colours dy'd;
Rich Robes with curious Needles wrought
On either ſide, from *Phrygia* brought:
The Thread ſpun from the Silk-Worms Womb,
Such as a Conquerer become.
Great God! So periſh all thy Foes;
Love ſuch as love thee: O let thoſe
Shine like the Sun, when he diſplays
I'th' Orient his increaſing Rays.

1 SAMUEL II.

GOD hath rais'd my head on high: *As the 29. Pſalm.*
O my Heart, inlarge thy joy!
God hath now my Tongue unti'd,
To retort their ſcorn, and pride.
In thy Grace I will rejoice;
*P*raiſe thee, while I have a voice.
Who ſo holy as our Lord!
Who but he to be ador'd!
Who ſuch Wonders can effect!
Who ſo ſtrongly can protect!
Be no longer arrogant,
Nor in Folly proudly vaunt:
God our ſecret thoughts diſplays;
All our works his Ballance weighs.
Giants Bowes his Forces break;
He with ſtrength inveſts the Weak.
Who were full, now ſerve for bread;
Thoſe who ſerv'd, infranchiſed.
Barren Wombs with Children flow;
Fruitful Mothers childleſs grow.
God frail Man of life deprives; *Part 2.*
Thoſe who ſleep in Death, revives:
Leads us to our ſilent Tombs;
Brings us from thoſe horrid Rooms:
Riches ſends; ſends *P*overty:
Caſteth down, and lifts on high.
He from the deſpiſed Duſt,
From the Dunghil takes the Juſt;
To the height of Honour brings;
*P*lants them in the Thrones of Kings.
God, Earths mighty *P*illars made;
He the World upon them laid.

He his Servants feet will guide:
Wicked Souls, who ſwell with Pride,
Will in endleſs Darkneſs chain;
Since all humane ſtrength is vain.
He ſhall grind his Enemies;
Blaſt with Lightning from the Skies:
Judge the habitable Earth,
All of high and humble birth:
Shall with ſtrength his King renown,
And his Chriſt with Glory crown.

II. *SAMUEL* I.

As the Pſalm. 39. THY Beauty, *Iſrael*, is fled,
Sunk to the Dead.
How are the Valiant fal'n! the Slain
Thy Mountains ſtain.
O let it not in *Gath* be known;
Nor in the ſtreets of *Aſcalon!*

Leſt that ſad Story ſhould excite
Their dire delight:
Leſt in the Torrent of our woe
Their pleaſure flow:
Leſt their triumphant Daughters ring
Their Cymbals, and curs'd *Pæans* ſing.

You Hills of *Gilboa*, never may
You Offrings pay;
No Morning Dew, nor fruitful ſhowers
Cloth you with Flowers:
Saul, and his Arms there made a Spoil;
As if untoucht with ſacred Oil.

The

The Bow of noble *Jonathan*
Great Battails wan:
His Arrows on the Mighty fed,
With Slaughter red.
Saul never rais'd his Arm in vain;
His Sword ſtill glutted with the Slain.

How lovely! O how pleaſant! when
They liv'd with Men!
Than Eagles ſwifter; ſtronger far
Than Lions are:
Whom love in life ſo ſtrongly ty'd,
The ſtroke of Death could not divide.

Sad *Iſraels* Daughters, weep for *Saul*;
Lament his fall:
Who fed you with the Earths increaſe,
And crown'd with Peace:
With Robes of *Tyrian* Purple deckt,
And Gems, which ſparkling light reflect.

How are thy Worthies by the Sword
Of War devour'd!
O *Jonathan*, the better part
Of my torn Heart!
The ſalvage Rocks have drunk thy blood:
My Brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
To Man, Man bore!
No Woman, when moſt paſſionate,
Lov'd at that rate!
How are the Mighty fal'n in fight!
They, and their Glory ſet in Night!

2 SAMUEL VII.

As the 4. Pſalm.

MY Lord, my God, O who am I!
Or what is my poor Family,
That thou ſhould'ſt crown,
With *Power* renown,
And raiſe my Throne on high!

As this were little; in my place
Haſt promis'd to confirm my Race.
Do men, O Lord,
To men afford
Such, ſuch tranſcendent Grace!

Not to be hop'd for, nor deſir'd;
Not to be utter'd, but admir'd:
My Thoughts to me,
Than they to thee,
Leſs known, when moſt retir'd.

Theſe great things did'ſt Thou, to fulfil
Thy Word and never-changing Will.
Into my Sight
This knowing Light,
Thy Wiſdoms Beams, diſtil.

In Goodneſs, as in *Power* compleat:
No God but thee: O who ſo great!
All this of old
Our Fathers told;
And often did repeat.

What

What Nation breaths, who can or dare
With thee, O *Iſrael*, compare?
For whom alone
God left his Throne,
As his peculiar Care.

To amplifie his Name; to do
Such great, ſuch fearful things for you:
Such Wonders wrought;
From *Ægypt* brought;
From men, from gods withdrew.

Eſtabliſht by divine Decree;
That thou might'ſt be our God, and we
For evermore
Thy Name adore;
As conſecrate to Thee.

Now, Lord, effect what thou haſt ſaid; *Part 2.*
The *P*romiſe to thy Servant made.
Confirm by Deed,
What to his Seed
Thy Word long ſince diſplaid.

Great God, O be thou magnifi'd!
Whoſe Hands the ſtrife of War decide:
Let *Davids* Race,
Before thy Face
For ever fixt abide.

Thou ſaidſt (who *Iſrael* doſt protect)
I will my Servants Houſe erect.
My Thoughts indu'd
With gratitude
Theſe *P*rayers to Thee direct.

Thou Lord, in Goodneſs infinite!
Whoſe Word and Truth like Twins unite.
Thy Promiſe hath
Confirm'd my Faith,
And fill'd me with delight.

Be then my Houſe for ever bleſt;
Of thy dear Preſence ſtill poſſeſt.
Thus haſt thou ſaid;
This Promiſe made:
O with thy Grace inveſt!

ESAY V.

As the 9. Pſalm.

NOW I, to my Beloved, will
A Song of my Beloved ſing:
He hath a Vineyard on a Hill,
Which all the Year enjoy'd the Spring.
This he incloſed with a Mound,
Pickt up the Stones which ſcatter'd lay:
With generous Vines plants the rich Ground;
Dig'd, pruin'd, and weeded every day.
To preſs the Cluſters made a Frame,
Plac'd in a new erected Tower:
But when th'expected Vintage came,
For good, the Grapes prov'd wild and ſowr.
You who on *Judah*'s Hills reſide,
Who Citizens of *Salem* be;
Do you the Controverſe decide,
Between my Vineyard judge, and me.
Though partial Judge. Could I have more
To my ungrateful Vineyard done?
Yet ſuch unpleaſant Cluſters bore,
Unworthy of the ſoil, or Sun.

Then

Then know; This Vineyard, late my Joy,
Manured with ſuch diligence;
Wild Bores, and Foxes ſhall deſtroy,
When I have trampled down her Fence.
Then ſhall ſhe unregarded lie,
Undig'd, unpruin'd, with Brambles ſpread:
No gentle Clouds ſhall on her dry
And thirſty Womb their moiſture ſhed.
That ancient Houſe of *Iſrael*,
The great *Jehovahs* Vineyard is:
They who on *Judah*'s Mountains dwell,
Thoſe choice, and pleaſant Plants of his:
From whom he Juſtice did expect,
But Rapine, and Oppreſſion found:
Thought they ſweet Concord would affect;
When all with Strife, and Cries abound.

ESAY XXVI.

OUR *Sion* ſtrongly is ſecur'd, *As the 2. Pſalm.*
Which God himſelf hath fortifi'd;
High Bulwarks rais'd on every ſide,
And with immortal Walls immur'd:
Her Gates at their approach diſplay,
Who Juſtice love, and Truth obey.

Who fix on him their confidence,
He will in conſtant Peace preſerve.
O then with Faith *Jehovah* ſerve;
Your ſtrong and ever ſure Defence:
Who hurls the Mighty from their Thrones,
And Cities turns to Heaps of ſtones.

Their

Their Structures levels with the Floor,
Which Sepulchres of Duſt incloſe:
Trod underneath the Feet of thoſe,
That were of late Deſpis'd and *Poor*.
Strait is the Way the Righteous tread;
By Thee at once inform'd and led.

For we thy Judgments, Lord, expect,
And only on thy Grace rely:
To thy great Name and Memory
Th' Affections of our Souls erect.
My Soul purſues thee in the Night,
And when the Morn diſplays her Light.

Part 2. Didſt thou thy Judgments exerciſe,
Then Mortals ſhould the Truth diſcern:
And yet the Wicked would not learn;
But thy extended Grace deſpiſe:
Among the Juſt to Injuſtice ſold;
Nor will thy Majeſty behold.

Shouldſt thou advance thine Arm on High,
Though wilful-blind, yet ſhould they view
The Shame and Vengeance which purſue
All thoſe, who thy dear Saints envy:
Thoſe vindicating Flames, which burn
Thy Foes, ſhall them to Cinders turn.

Thou our eternal peace haſt wrought,
And in our works, thy Wonders ſhown.
Though other Lords, beſides our own,
Had us to their ſubjection brought;
Yet, through thy only Goodneſs, we
Remembred both thy Name and Thee.

Dead

Dead are they, never more to riſe
From thoſe dark Caves of endleſs Night;
Nor ever ſhall the chearful Light
Reviſit with their cloſed Eyes.
Thy Vengeance hath expel'd their Breath,
And clos'd their Memories in Death.

Thou, Thou haſt given us wounds on wounds; *Part 3.*
In puniſhing thy Glory ſhown:
Far from thy chearful *Preſence* thrown;
Even to the Worlds extreameſt bounds:
Amidſt our ſtripes, and ſighings, we
Addreſt our zealous *Prayers* to Thee.

As Women groaning with their Load,
The time of their Delivery near,
Anticipating pain with fear,
Screek in their *Pangs*; So we to God:
So ſuffer'd, when in thy Diſgrace;
So cry'd out, when thou hid'ſt thy Face.

For we, with Sorrow's burthen fraught,
Pain, and anxiety of Mind,
Brought only forth an empty Wind;
Nor our deſir'd Delivery wrought.
We neither could repulſe our Foes,
Nor give a period to our Woes.

The Lord thus to his *People* ſpake;
Thy Dead ſhall live; thoſe who remain
In peaceful Graves, ſhall riſe again.
O you who ſleep in Duſt, awake;
Now ſing: on you my *Plants* I'le ſhed
My Dew; the Graves ſhall caſt their Dead.

Go,

Go, hide thee in thy inward Rooms
A little, till my Wrath pass by:
To punish Mans impiety,
The Lord from Heaven in Thunder comes:
The Earth then shall your Blood reveal,
Nor longer shall the Slain conceal.

ESAY XXXVIII.

As the Psalm. 39. IN the substraction of my years,
I said with Tears;
Ah! now I to the Shades below
Must naked go:
Cut off by Death before my Time;
And like a Flower cropt in my Prime.

Lord in thy Temple I no more
Shall Thee adore:
No longer with Mankind converse,
In my cold Herse.
My Age is past ere it be spent;
Removed like a Shepheards Tent.

My frail Life, like a Weavers thred,
My Sins have shred:
My vital powers Diseases waste
With greedy haste:
Even from the Evening to the Day
I languish, and consume away.

And when the Morning Watch is paſt,
Think that my laſt.
Thou like a Lion break'ſt my bones,
Nor hear'ſt my groans:
Even from the Dawning to the Night,
Death waits to cloſe my failing Sight.

Thus Swallow-like, like to a Crane,
My Woes complain:
Mourn like a Turtle-Dove, but late
Rob'd of his Mate.
I my dim eyes to Thee erect:
The Weak O ſtrengthen, and protect!

What praiſe can reach thy Clemency, *Part 2.*
O thou Moſt High!
Thy Words are ever crown'd with Deeds:
Joy Grief ſucceeds.
My bitter pangs at length are paſt;
And long my peaceful days ſhall laſt.

My lively vigour doſt reſtore,
Increaſt with more:
My Years prolong'd, now flouriſhing
In their new Spring:
Thou haſt with Joy dry'd up my Tears;
And with my Grief exil'd my Fears.

Thy Love hath drawn me from the Pit,
Where Horrors ſit:
My Soul-infecting Sins thou haſt
Behind Thee caſt.
The Grave cannot thy Praiſe relate;
Nor Death thy Goodneſs celebrate.

Can they expect thy Mercy, whom
Cold Earth Intomb?
The Living muſt thy Truth diſplay;
As I this Day.
This Fathers to their Sons ſhall tell,
While Souls in humane Bodies dwell.

The Lord as ready was to ſave,
As I to crave:
I therefore to the warbling ſtring
His *P*raiſe will ſing:
And in his Houſe, till my laſt Day,
My grateful Vows devoutly pay.

JONAH I.

As the 9. Pſalm.

ON Thee my captiv'd Soul did call;
Thou, who art preſent every where,
From the dark Entrails of the Whale,
Didſt thy intombed Servant hear,
Thy Hand into the Surges threw,
The Seas black arms forthwith unfold;
Down to the horrid Bottom drew,
And all her Waves upon me rould.
Then ſaid my Soul; For ever I
Am baniſht from thy glorious ſight:
And yet thy Temple with the Eye
Of Faith review'd, in that blind Night.
The Floods my Soul involv'd below;
The ſwallowing Deeps beſieg'd me round:
And Weeds, which in the bottom grow,
My Head with Funeral Treſſes bound.
I to the roots of Mountains div'd,
Whom bars of broken Rocks reſtrain:

Yet

Yet from that Tomb of death reviv'd,
And rais'd to ſee the Sun again.
I, when my Soul began to faint,
My Vows and *P*rayers to thee prefer'd:
The Lord my paſſionate complaint,
Even from his holy Temple heard.
Thoſe who affect falſe vanities,
The Mercy of their God betray:
But I my Thanks will ſacrifice,
And Vows to my Redeemer pay.

HABAKKUK III.

GReat God, with terror I have heard thy Doom; *As the Pſalm.* 72.
The fearful puniſhments that are to come:
Yet in the midſt of thoſe devouring Years,
Then when thy Vengeance ſhall exceed our Fears,
Thy Work in us revive; confirm our Faith,
And ſtill remember Mercy in thy Wrath.
God came from *Theman*, and the Holy-one
From *Parans* Mountain, where his Glory ſhone:
Which fil'd the Heav'ns themſelves with brighter Rays;
And all the Earth repleniſht with his Praiſe.
His Brightneſs as the Suns: his Fingers Streams
Of Light project; his Power hid in thoſe Beams.
Devouring Peſtilence before him flew,
And waſting Flames his dreadful Steps purſue.
Then fixt his Feet, and meaſur'd with his Eyes
The Earths Extent: pale Fears her Sons ſurpriſe,
The ancient Mountains ſhrunk; eternal Hills
Stoopt to their Baſes; All Amazement fills.
His Glory and his Terror he diſplays,
In his unknown and everlaſting Ways.
I ſaw th'afflicted Tents of *Cuſhan* quake,
And *Midians* Cortines in that Tempeſt ſhake.

When

Part 2. When thou, O Lord, the Rivers didſt divide;
And on the Chariots of Salvation ride,
Through the congeſted Billows of the Seas:
Was it becauſe thou waſt diſpleas'd with theſe?
According to thy Oath thou drew'ſt thy Sword;
Thy Oath ſworn to our Tribes; thy conſtant Word.
From cloven Rocks new Torrents took their flight,
And airy Mountains trembled at thy ſight:
The over-flowing Streams inforce their Ways;
The Deeps to Thee their Hands and Voices raiſe;
The Sun and Moon obedient to Command,
Till then in reſtleſs Motion, made a Stand.
Thy Darts and flaming Arrows, ſwift as Sight;
Confound thy Foes, but give thy People Light.
He, in his Fury, marched through the Land;
And cruſht the Heathen with a vengeful Hand.
Th'Anointed, with thy Sword, their Leaders ſlew;
The Joints diſclos'd, where Heads of Princes grew.
With thy tranſfixing Spear their Subjects ſtrake:
Who like a black and dreadful Tempeſt brake
Upon our Front, with purpoſe to devour,
And triumph over our deſpiſed Power.
He through the roaring Floods his People guides:
Through yielding Seas on fiery Horſes rides.

Part 3. When I thy Threatnings heard, my entrails ſhook;
And my unnerved knees each other ſtrook.
My lips with panting ſwell, my cheeks grow wan;
Through all my bones a ſwift Conſumption ran.
O where may I repoſe in that ſad Day,
When armed Troops upon my Country prey!
Although the Fig-tree ſhall no bloſſoms bear;
Nor Vines with their pure blood the penſive chear:
Although the Olive no requital yield;
Nor Corn apparel the deſerted Field:
Though then our Flocks be raviſht from the Fold,
And though our Stalls no well-fed Oxen hold:

Yet

Yet will not I deſpair, but chearfully
Expect, and in thy known Salvation joy.
For thou my Strength and my Protection art:
My feet, more nimble than the flying Hart,
Aſcend the Hills; where I, with holy fire,
Will ſing thy Praiſes to my ſolemn Lyre.

LUKE I.

MY raviſht Soul extols his Name, *As the* 8.
Who rules the Worlds admired Frame: *Pſalm.*
My Spirit, with exalted Voice,
In God my Saviour ſhall rejoice:
Who hath his glorious Beams diſplaid,
Upon a poor and humble Maid.
Me all ſucceeding Ages ſhall
The bleſſed Virgin-Mother call.
The Great, great things for me hath wrought;
His Sanctity paſt humane thought.
His Mercy ſtill reflects on thoſe
Who in his Truth their Truſt repoſe.
He with his Arm hath Wonders ſhown:
The Proud in their own pride ore-thrown;
The Mighty from their Thrones dejects:
The Lowly from the duſt erects.
The Hungry are his welcome Gueſts;
The Rich excluded from his Feaſts.
He mindful of his Promiſe, hath
Maintain'd, and crowned *Iſraels* Faith:
To *Abraham* promis'd, and decreed
For ever to his holy Seed.

LUKE I.

As the 46. Pſalm.

O Praiſe the Lord, his Wonders tell,
Whoſe Mercy ſhines in *Iſrael*;
At length redeem'd from Sin and Hell.

The Crown of our Salvation,
Deriv'd from *Davids* Royal Throne,
He now hath to his People ſhown.

This to his Prophets did unfold;
By all ſucceſſively foretold,
Until the infant World grew old.

That he our wrongs would vindicate,
Save from our foes inveterate hate,
And raiſe our long depreſt eſtate.

To ratifie his ancient Deed,
His promis'd Grace, by Oath decreed,
To *Abraham*, and his faithful Seed.

That we might our Preſerver praiſe,
Walk purely in his perfect ways,
And fearleſs ſerve him all our days.

His path thou ſhalt prepare, ſweet Child,
And run before the Undefil'd;
The Prophet of th' Almighty ſtil'd.

Our knowledge to inform, from whence
Salvation ſprings: from penitence,
And pardon of each foul offence.

Through

Through mercy, O how infinite!
Of our great God, who clears our ſight,
And from the Orient ſheds his Light.

A leading Star t' enlighten thoſe,
Whom Night, and ſhades of Death incloſe;
Which that high Tract to glory ſhows.

LUKE II.

O Thou who art inthron'd on high,
In peace now let thy Servant die,
Whoſe hope on thee relies:
For thou, whoſe words and deeds are one,
At length haſt thy Salvation ſhown
To theſe my raviſht Eyes. *As the 34. Pſalm.*

By thee, before thy Hands diſplai'd
The Heavens, and Earths Foundation laid,
Unto the World decree'd,
A Lamp to give the Gentiles Light;
A Glory, O how infinite!
To *Iſraels* faithful Seed.

Gloria Deo in excelſis.

Deo Opt. Max.

O Thou who All-things haſt of Nothing made,
Whoſe Hand the radiant Firmament diſplaid,
With ſuch an undiſcerned ſwiftneſs hurl'd
About the ſtedfaſt Centre of the World:
Againſt whoſe rapid courſe the reſtleſs Sun,
And wandring Flames in varied Motions run;
Which Heat, Light, Life infuſe; Time, Night, & Day
Diſtinguiſh; in our Human Bodies ſway:
That hung'ſt the ſolid Earth in fleeting Air, (pair.
Vein'd with clear Springs, which ambient Seas re-
In Clouds the Mountains wrap their hoary Heads;
Luxurious Vallies cloth'd with flowry Meads:
Her Trees yield Fruit and Shade; with liberal Breaſts
All Creatures She (their common Mother) feaſts.
Then Man thy Image mad'ſt; in Dignity,
In Knowledge, and in Beauty, like to Thee:
Plac'd in a Heaven on Earth: without his toil
The ever-flouriſhing and fruitful Soil
Unpurchas'd Food produc'd: all Creatures were
His Subjects, ſerving more for Love than Fear.
He knew no Lord, but Thee. But when he fell
From his Obedience, all at once rebel,
And in his Ruine exerciſe their Might:
Concurring Elements againſt him fight:
Troops of unknown Diſeaſes; Sorrow, Age,
And Death, aſſail him with ſucceſſive rage.
Hell let forth all her Furies: none ſo great,
As Man to Man. Ambition, Pride, Deceit, (reign'd:
Wrong arm'd with Power, Luſt, Rapine, Slaughter
And flatter'd Vice the name of Vertue gain'd.
Then Hills beneath the ſwelling Waters ſtood;
And all the Globe of Earth was but one Flood:

Yet

Yet could not clenſe their Guilt: the following race
Worſe than their Fathers, and their Sons more baſe.
Their God-like Beauty loſt; Sins wretched Thrall:
No ſpark of their Divine Original
Left unextinguiſht: All inveloped
With Darkneſs; in their bold Tranſgreſſions dead.
When thou didſt from the Eaſt a Light diſplay,
Which rendred to the World a clearer Day:
Whoſe Precepts from Hels jaws our ſteps withdraw;
And whoſe Example was a living Law:
Who purg'd us with his Blood; the Way prepar'd
To Heaven, & thoſe long-chain'd-up Doors unbar'd.
How infinite thy Mercy! which exceeds
The World thou mad'ſt, as well as our Miſdeeds!
Which greater Reverence than thy Juſtice wins,
And ſtill augments thy Honour by our Sins.
O who hath taſted of thy Clemency
In greater meaſure, or more oft than I!
My grateful Verſe thy Goodneſs ſhall diſplay.
O Thou who went'ſt along in all my way;
To where the Morning with perfumed Wings
From the high Mountains of *Panchæa* ſprings:
To that New-found-out World, where ſober Night
Takes from th'Antipodes her ſilent flight;
To thoſe dark Seas where horrid Winter reigns,
And binds the ſtubborn Floods in Icy Chains:
To *Libyan* Waſts, whoſe Thirſt no ſhowres aſſwage;
And where ſwoln *Nilus* cools the Lions rage.
Thy Wonders in the Deep have I beheld;
Yet all by thoſe on *Judah*'s Hills excell'd:
There where the Virgins Son his Doctrine taught,
His Miracles, and our Redemption wrought:
Where I by Thee inſpir'd his Praiſes ſung;
And on his Sepulchre my Offering hung.
Which way ſo e're I turn my Face, or Feet;
I ſee thy Glory, and thy Mercy meet.

Met

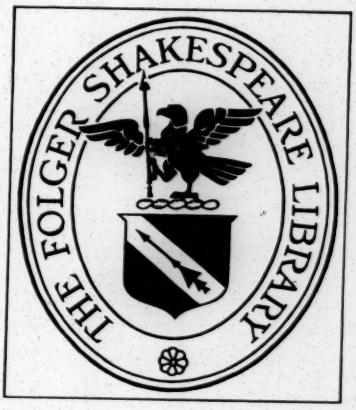
Met on the *Thracian* Shoars; when in the ſtrife
Of frantick *Simoans* thou preſerv'dſt my Life.
So when *Arabian* Thieves be-laid us round,
And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.
That falſe *Sidonian* Wolf, whoſe craft put on
A Sheep ſoft Fleece, and me *Bellerophon*
To Ruin by his cruel Letter ſent,
Thou didſt by thy protecting Hand prevent.
Thou ſav'dſt me from the bloody Maſſacres
Of faithleſs *Indians*; from their treacherous Wars;
From raging Feavers, from the ſultry breath
Of tainted Air; which cloy'd the jaws of Death.
Preſerv'd from ſwallowing Seas; when towring Waves
Mixt with the Clouds, & opened their deep Graves.
From barbarous Pirats ranſom'd: by thoſe taught,
Succeſsfully with *Salian* Moors we fought.
Then brought'ſt me Home in ſafety; that this Earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my Birth:
Bleſt with a healthful Age; a quiet Mind,
Content with little; to this Work deſign'd:
Which I at length have finiſht by thy Aid;
And now my Vows have at thy Altar paid.

Jam tetigi Portum, —— *Valete.*

FINIS.

F. 9.23.44

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1. S676 Bible. English. Paraphrases. 1676. A paraphrase upon the divine poems... 1676.

2. B2521 Bible. O.T. Psalms. English. Paraphrases. 1676. A paraphrase upon the psalms of David...1676.